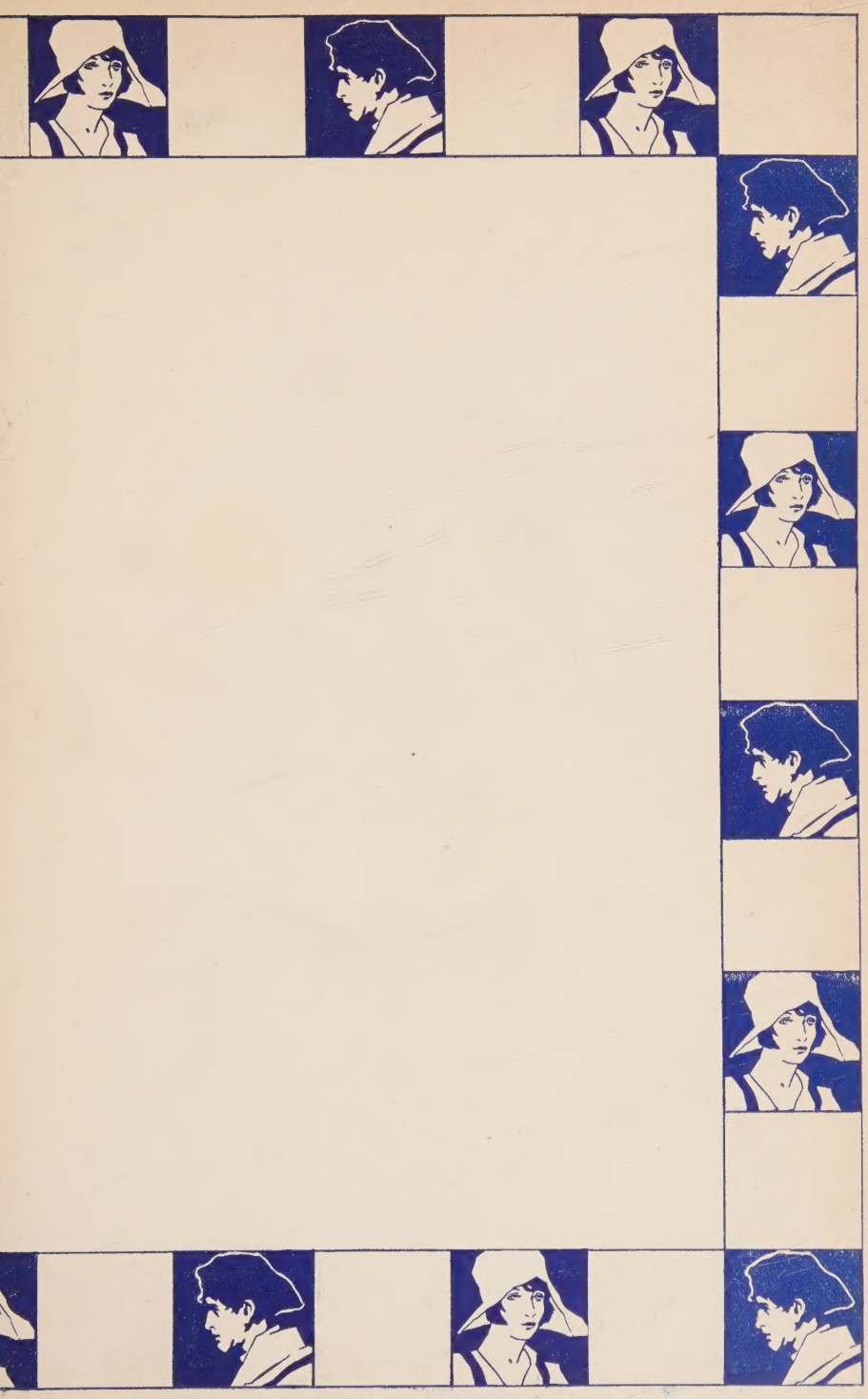
HOLLAND



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HOLLAND

AMSTERDAM
Ellis Silas

HOLLAND

Being a general survey of the Netherlands commonly called Holland

BY

MARJORIE BOWEN

Author of "The Netherlands Display'd"
"Sundry Great Gentlemen" etc.

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN & COMPANY, INC.
GARDEN CITY 1929 NEW YORK

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PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES AT
THE COUNTRY LIFE PRESS
GARDEN CITY, N. Y.

FIRST EDITION

PREFACE

THIS little book deals, in a way necessarily glancing and concise, with the eleven provinces of the kingdom of the Netherlands, and is called after the largest and most important part, Holland, in accordance with the custom which has used this name instead of that of the Netherlands, or the Country of the Dutch; a custom of such endurance that it is even adopted, on occasion, by the Dutch themselves, and seems here to fit in more with the plan of the series than the less-known name of the Netherlands, or the old-fashioned and charming title of the Low Countries.

Holland is very well known under some aspects, and those perhaps the most superficial; and less known under others, more important and more attractive. An attempt here is made to give emphasis to these. The country is very small, but it is packed with interest, and by no means to be quickly or superficially surveyed—though, of course, one may get a quick and delightful impression from a short visit. It is, probably, the easiest country in Europe—which is to say, in the world—for a traveller. You may go by rail, by bicycle, by motor car, on foot, or even by tram, straight over the country, from end to end, without fear of any delays or disagreeableness. There are any number of clubs and societies for the protection and in the interest of the

traveller and tourist—an Automobile Club, and a Cyclists' Club, and a very efficient and elaborate bureau for the information of tourists. There are multitudes of signposts, of maps, and of guides. Most of the little handbooks are, save in the most out-of-the-way places, to be procured in English or French, and the native industry of the Dutch has not failed to find an agreeable and congenial task in compiling the most useful of pamphlets about their own country under every possible aspect. Catalogues of the famous collections in the museums at The Hague and Amsterdam are models of their kind, and these also are issued in French; so that he who does not know Dutch has no cause to be dissatisfied with the amount of information offered him by the country.

The pleasantest way to see Holland is obviously by water; and it is a way in which you can see no other country from coast to coast. This can be accomplished either by hiring a motor boat, or by combining short trips up the canals and along the rivers on passenger steamers, or even by barges and boats going quietly about their own business. Most of these will supply, for a few shillings, a more or less comfortable seat on the deck, from which a most engaging variety of Dutch scenery and Dutch customs may be enjoyed.

The Friesland meers are considered as excellent as the Norfolk Broads for yachting, and offer an even greater choice of wildfowl.

Bicycling is ubiquitous in Holland, and may be undertaken with a great deal of pleasure and profit by the tourist. Itineraries are supplied and routes provided, and all possible information given on this and every other means

of travel, by the Information Bureau at The Hague, whose address is 3A Hoogenieuer Straat, The Hague.

There is a good variety of hotels of every class, most of them every season becoming more cosmopolitan; though the country has not yet—and it is as well—in any way made itself open to receive a large stream of tourists. The only province that has done so, Zeeland, has been by no means improved by the process. More is lost than is gained by extensive and indiscriminate catering to the taste of foreigners. The native flavour and atmosphere disappears —or, worse still, is artificially preserved—and no tourist is really pleased to find an imitation of his home comforts and facilities being too obviously enjoyed by a section of his own countrymen who have come to this certain place, not because they are interested in it, but because it is easy.

The Hague has always been cosmopolitan, and this helps to make it one of the most delightful cities in the world.

Travel in Holland is not remarkably cheap, but the opportunities of spending money are very limited, and if one avoids the most expensive hotels one may see the whole country for a not very alarming outlay.

Holland is hardly a country for set sightseeing. Her peculiar charms and her particular interests are, perhaps, discovered by one's self, without the help of too many guides or too much information, provided by either native or foreigner. Salient points, of universal appeal, one can hardly miss; and one is likely to derive more enjoyment from those other less remarkable features that one discovers for one's self.

The country is, of course, most peculiar in the very fact

of being there at all; it is the one country in the world which has been made by man. The old saw, "God made the world, but the Dutch made Holland," is perfectly correct.

Here you have a country which has been created by its own inhabitants, out of mud and very little else, and maintained by almost incredible perseverance and industry, the Dutch Government spending immense sums on the preservation of their little country from the sea. The building and care of the dikes, the draining of the marshes and polders, are incessant, and involve an enormous and endless expenditure; and, of course, bring in no return beyond the fact that there is a land on which to begin to labour. This fact must colour everything to do with Holland.

Thanks are due to Mr. G. J. Renier, who read the book in manuscript and assisted in the verification of some statements of fact.

The author also gratefully acknowledges the assistance given her by the Directorate of the Information Office for Tourists, The Hague, in granting permission to reproduce the illustrations for this volume.

M. B.

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HOLLAND

Chapter I

GENERAL SURVEY

THE Dutch people, like any other people, strongly dislike to be treated as a curiosity or a "sight," and to have their country considered as a museum. There is apt to be something very offensive to other people in the enthusiasm of the foreigner for everything that is curious or strange in the land he is visiting; and the Dutch are peculiarly sensitive on this point, because they have had an extremely glorious history, a very remarkable past, and the enthusiasm and interest aroused by these are apt to run too far, and lead to ignorance and disregard of their very definite present position and their very real present prosperity. Irritated by these constant references to their past splendours, the Dutch tend rather to resent their own history. They would much prefer that the foreigner and the traveller be interested in their present conditions, which, they reasonably maintain, they have achieved in the face of enormous difficulties, and which are in the forefront of our European civilization.

The geographical peculiarity of the Low Countries, and the architecture and agriculture, the landscape, the customs, and even the people themselves, which have grown out of this, have always fascinated the foreigner. The low horizon, the extraordinarily luminous air, the

remarkably vivid colouring, the strange effect of light and shade created by this flat country, surrounded by water and intersected by water, have always had a magical effect on the alien visitor. To the English, the French, and the Italian very typical aspects of the country have something of the magical and the fantastic. This is not apparent to the Dutch themselves; they regard their country—and with good reason—with a very practical eye, for it has cost them, and always will cost them, a great deal of practical genius, pains, and industry—a perpetual watchfulness and a definite care; and they would rather that you applauded their industry and their progress than that you admired their wistful horizons and the curious lights in their canals, the deep shadows along the banks, or their peculiar architecture and the unique effects of the immense skies above their blond flats; nor do they greatly care for you to dwell on the days of their ancient magnificence, when, with such unsurpassable heroism, they wrenched themselves free from their lawful lord, Philip of Spain, or, later, when they disputed the trade of the East and the dominion of the seas with the English. All that, they say, is dead and done with; and they would far rather that you did not search for memorials of it, as of course you are tempted to do, but dwelt with admiration on what they are achieving at the present moment.

One must confess that, to the average traveller, the past of a country and its landscape are likely to make a far more absorbing appeal than its material prosperity and its present position among the nations. The immediate achievements of the Dutch are t like the achievements of any other modern country to arouse any very

great enthusiasm, save in the breast of the specialist in some modern industry or art; and the present writer at least found the whole charm and attraction of Holland to lie in her association with the past, in her unique architecture, and in her individual landscape, and ignored much of modern construction and modern interest which, Dutch people declared, should have been visited, noted, and commented upon.

Duly sensible of the pride of the Dutch in their present position and their present achievements, at the same time unconvinced that these are what will appeal most strongly to the foreigner—that is, to the English and the Americans who are likely to read this little book—I give here a brief account of the modern aspect of the Netherlands, and touch on those points in which the Dutch themselves have most pride and satisfaction. Hereafter the more detailed account of the eleven provinces into which the country is divided will deal wholly with the point of view of the potential visitor; and that, I think, will be always concerned with the too rapidly disappearing traces of Holland's past, the too rapidly transformed aspect of her delightful landscape, both of which are being swiftly and considerably defaced by the progress and prosperity with which the present-day Dutchman is so reasonably satisfied.

We can see, in our own countries, factories and docks, schools and hospitals, orphanages and coal mines; and therefore it seems to me that, unless one has some particular reason to be interested in one or other of these things, one will not go abroad to look at them.

Lest, through not looking at them, we should not know

of them, and therefore fail to give the Dutch full credit for their possession, and as I have been already rebuked for omitting these modern triumphs in regard to another book which tried to represent the charm and fascination of the Netherlands as I felt it, and as I thought other English people might feel it, let us put down (though, from lack of space, very briefly) the present-day position of Holland in some of her manifold activities and achievements. I still think we shall not, if we are only visitors, care—at least, not very greatly care—to look for evidences of these, and perhaps not even care if they exist or not; but if we satisfy our conscience and Dutch patriotism by putting it on record that they are there, then we may enjoy ourselves with a clear conscience in looking at those aspects of the Netherlands which most charm and attract the foreigner, however incomplete a view they may seem to the Dutch to give of the country.

Let us, then, put it on record that the Netherlands are, in the words of one of their own handbooks, "in the prime of their existence"; that science, art, commerce, industry, and agriculture are most flourishing; and that the way in which they administer their colonies is exemplary. Furthermore, Holland is a constitutional monarchy, and ruled by a most popular queen, who is a descendant of the house of Orange-Nassau. This lady is the only queen regnant in Europe, and her house may be considered to be one of the most illustrious and distinguished of any that have occupied the place of ruler among the nations.

The people are represented by a Second Chamber of one hundred members and a First Chamber of fifty members, who are elected for a period of four years, on the

principle of proportional representation. There is a general suffrage for men and women above twenty-six years of age.

The population of the Netherlands is about seven million. The capital is Amsterdam, with by far the largest population; second comes the other great port, Rotterdam, and Utrecht fourth. Court and Government are established at The Hague, the third largest city.

Here may be mentioned another grievance which the Dutch people frequently cherish toward the rest of Europe; it is mentioned because it is a legitimate grievance. I refer to the popular idea that Holland made a great deal of money during the war. There seems to be no doubt that this is utterly untrue, and that Holland suffered most severely through the five years of the war, and is still paying the penalty of her neighbours' quarrels—as, indeed, she has so often paid before. The first terrible consequence to the Netherlands, a country which possesses scarcely any timber of its own, and very little coal, was the almost complete lack of fuel. A large number of factories ceased working, and a vast amount of unemployment ensued. Even the wealthiest people suffered from severe cold, and the lack of electric light paralyzed life in every direction. It is sufficient, perhaps, to add that, whereas in 1913 more than sixteen thousand ships entered the port of Rotterdam, the number had shrunk to one thousand three hundred and forty by 1918, and that in Amsterdam alone one half of the population lived on charity, while the national debt was doubled. Added to this, many of the Dutch suffered considerable loss from falls in foreign securities, mostly Russian and Austro-Hungarian; and it should be remembered, to the great credit of the

Dutch, that, despite these devastating losses, they opened their frontiers freely to the refugees, mostly Belgian, the State committing itself to an expenditure of forty-five million guilders without pausing to consider if a refundment of the money was likely. Private charity was also prompt and generous; and this is the more praiseworthy in a prudent people who have always put a high value on money, and cultivated thrift and economy. Naturally there were a certain number of people in Holland, as in every other country, who contrived to make money out of the miseries of their country and their fellow countrymen and neighbours; but this cannot alter the fact that the nation as a whole suffered terribly, and behaved generously; and is now even only just recovering from the shattering blows at its trade and commerce. Nor can it be denied that, looking at the matter from the point of view of the Dutch themselves, their statesmen behaved with remarkable ability in maintaining neutrality throughout a most difficult five years. This was a feat of no inconsiderable statesmanship, and one cannot look at the painting, in their Chamber at The Hague, of the Cabinet which held the country together during the war without a sensation of profound admiration and respect. The way in which the country has, too, pulled itself together since the war, and laboured hard to make good the losses and devastation of that ghastly period, is altogether worthy of praise. The national qualities of perseverance and industry have come nobly to the rescue once more, and everyone visiting Holland should, in common justice, remember that, despite all the wild and spiteful talk to the contrary, Holland did not sit back during the European war and fatten

herself on the miseries of her neighbours, but suffered acutely herself and did her best to relieve the distress of others.

It is also remarkable that this small country controls colonies of fifty-three million inhabitants, from which same colonies come much of her importance and her wealth.

The geographical position of Holland is well known, and perhaps constitutes her peculiar attraction in the eye of the passing traveller, as has already been suggested; nearly the whole northwestern part is below sea level, and protected from the water by an unbroken series of dunes, which have to be strengthened, here and there, by dikes. The rivers which flow through this soil have to be prevented from flooding the surrounding country, also by means of dikes; the whole area is encircled by this means and drained, so that the very low-lying land now consists of a great number of basins called polders, which are kept dry by means of regular drainage, all the polder ditches being connected with pumping machines, so that when the water gathers too deeply it is removed by the pumps into canals or the sea. By this means alone are the Netherlands prevented from returning to their original swamp.

These polders, after centuries of care, have now become fertile arable and grazing land, requiring, however, incessant vigilance and constant expenditure. The Dutch engineers are naturally, with so much experience, some of the finest in the world. Among their achievements in another direction may be mentioned the enormous railway bridge near Moerdyk which spans the Hollandschdiep; and the

Dutch hydraulic engineers are at present engaged in the gigantic scheme of reclaiming the Zuyder Zee, thereby restoring to their country a province which was lost to her by the inundations of the Middle Ages.

Holland is a Free Trade country. The occupations of the people are developed under the combined influences of the climate and the peculiar character of the land. These occupations are agriculture, cattle breeding and dairy farming, horticulture, fishing, manufactures, general trade and commerce, and, in a much smaller degree, mining. Holland, still mainly an agricultural country, is becoming to an increasing degree a manufacturing country; for—alas for "the searchers for the picturesque"!—factories, workshops, and all the impedimenta of modern commerce now impinge upon the landscape, once broken only by the picturesque windmills. There are, in all, eighteen thousand factories, principally metal and textile; the most important of these are at Delft, Amsterdam, Utrecht, and Dordrecht. As shipbuilders the Dutch hold the fifth position in the world. At Rotterdam there are seventy shipbuilding yards. This is one of their oldest and most interesting, as well as one of their most flourishing, industries.

Old Dutch national fuel was peat, which is found in Drenthe and parts of Guelders. It is very unsuitable for industrial purposes, however, and as the war proved how disastrously dependent they were on foreign supplies of coal, the Dutch with their usual industry and perseverance sought for a substitute, and discovered in parts of the country lignite—something between peat and coal—

which does excellent service used instead of the real hard coal.

In 1898 the mineral wealth of South Limburg was discovered. The coalfields there have recently been exploited; the number of miners was doubled in 1917, being then fourteen thousand, and there now exist, in South Limburg, nine mines, four of which belong to the State. The total output is rising rapidly. The Dutch metal industry supplies the requisite machinery, and it is hoped that these coal mines will become the foundation of the industry and prosperity of the country, for which further development the canalization of the Maas, which is being vigorously undertaken, is a vital necessity.

Clay working, or pottery, is the oldest industry. The Dutch still make the bricks, tiles, and potteries for which they were once so famous. It is impossible here to do more than mention some of the many other trades and occupations in which the Dutch engage. In Groningen, for instance, and, indeed, in the entire north, there is a vast dairy industry. Besides cheese and butter being made, the milk is condensed and exported. In the neighbourhood of Amsterdam there are no less than thirty cocoa and chocolate factories. At Breda there are more cocoa works, and a large and flourishing sugar factory. At Gouda a considerable stearine trade is practised. The tobacco factory gives work to tens of thousands of persons. As many as a hundred and eighty factories for the production of tobacco are situated in the province of North Brabant. Great progress has recently been made in the manufacture of hydroplanes and airplanes, and of marine instruments,

which marks the beginning of an entirely new industry in the Netherlands. Dutch weapons, armour, clocks, globes, compasses, etc., were always much admired and valued in Europe, as well as their pottery and goldsmith's and silversmith's work; indeed, everything that required patience, industry, and a slow and fine execution was pre-eminently well done by the Dutch; and their present activities show that they have by no means lost their skill and patience.

Their agriculture, once so supremely important, and still their chief occupation, is largely under the care of the Dutch Government, for since 1898 there has been a Director General of Agriculture; and the farmers largely coöperate in societies. Potatoes, other vegetables, bulbs, fruit, and beetroot are a very considerable export, but Holland does not grow enough grain to supply its own wants; for wheat it is dependent upon North America, Russia, the Argentine, and Rumania. It also imports all the elaborate dressings and manure required to make the artificial soil in which its produce is grown, and therefore it may be at once seen what suffering and loss this fact caused during the war, when these foreign supplies were stopped.

Cattle breeding and fisheries are extremely important, and a great deal of butter, margarine, cheese, beef, veal, and pork is exported. There are eighty thousand men and over six thousand vessels employed in fishing. Exports in this trade are also very considerable. Commerce and navigation were the very foundations of the life of the Dutch from the earliest days of their existence. They always used to ship English grain and German wine, while

during the reign of Charlemagne they went as far as Bremen and the western coasts of Denmark, Sweden, and the higher Baltic Sea in their search for trade; in the Eleventh Century they formed the centre of commercial intercourse between Transylvania and the countries of the Rhine and the Baltic and western Europe.

Despite the rivalry of the Hansa League and the English, Dutch commerce in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth centuries attained a height of unexampled prosperity. Though this decayed toward the end of the Eighteenth Century, it has since revived, and Holland can now claim the place of fifth commercial country in the world. This imposing trade has centred principally in the world-famous and most magnificent ports of Amsterdam and Rotterdam, which have recently been enlarged and improved, with new locks, new waterways, and new basins; while at the present moment there is a government scheme afoot to secure to the old seaport of Dordrecht a new short and open communication with the sea.

Nor, with all this commercial enterprise and prosperity, are education, science, and the arts neglected. Government elementary and secondary schools see to the instruction of the children; while there are three state universities, at Leyden, Utrecht, and Groningen, a municipal university at Amsterdam, and a voluntary university in the same city. There are a vast number of craft and technical schools for instruction in specialized subjects, from cookery to shipbuilding. The highest form of technical instruction is given at the Delft Technical University, which has nearly two thousand students. There road making, hydraulics, architecture, technology, naval archi-

pottery works at Gouda and Rozenburg, while the Netherlands boast no fewer than seventy-three glass factories.

The stage, formerly not greatly admired in the Netherlands, has made great strides of later years, and, like music, is the subject of much intelligent work and appreciation.

These brief notes will be enough to prove that Holland occupies a deservedly high place among the nations, and this by reason of her own inherent qualities; for of natural advantages she has few—it is a land almost without timber, almost without coal; without any other minerals; with a soil not naturally highly productive, and a climate by no means equable or useful. Holland, in fact, is little more than the delta, the muddy swamp, of two huge rivers, the Rhine and the Maas, flowing down from Germany; but to this position astride the river mouths, as the gate to the German hinterland, she owes much of her prosperity. It is immensely to the credit of this great people that they have been able, by their own personal qualities, to build up a nation which was for long a model to Europe, and which still maintains itself in the fore ranks of civilization.

We all of us, and principally the Anglo-Saxons—the English and Americans—owe much to Holland, and these benefits should not be forgotten. If nothing more is said in the following pages about the present position, activities, and achievements of the Dutch, it is not that these are undervalued, but that it is thought that other aspects of this fascinating country will be of more interest to the average traveller, as they were to the present writer. All who are interested in the manifold activities which

have just been so shortly glanced at will find ample opportunities for pursuing their interest further. Visits, for instance, to either of the great ports Amsterdam or Rotterdam can easily be arranged, and the tourist is assured of the most courteous and intelligent attention on the part of all the officials who undertake to show these wonders of modern commerce.

As for the character of the people, it is reflected in what they have accomplished. They are, above everything, hard-working, sober, quiet, and persevering. If they had not been, they could not have survived in this country, but must long since have been lost beneath the waves of the North Sea.

They have the defects of these qualities. They do not attach great importance to charm, to humour, to splendour or wit. They have a liking for money in the bank, and very little for display; they are content with small comforts and small pleasures. The continual menace of the sea and the continual threats of powerful neighbours have made them prudent and watchful. Essentially a domestic nation, they have little occasion for the distractions of art or amusement. Content with their own homes, they have no great inclination for theatres, cabarets, operas, or concerts, though most towns have a considerable musical club. Naturally, this aspect of the Dutch character is being largely modified by outside influences. Women, like the women all over the world, are leaving the home and going out into commerce and art more and more, and this movement is affecting the whole life of the nation. Dutch women are, however, all devoted to children, the Dutch babies are among the prettiest, most

contented, and best cared for in the world. The Dutch are hospitable and courteous toward the stranger, unless they suspect patronage or mere silliness. The upper classes are inclined to exclusiveness, and there is among them an intricate division into sets and cliques bewildering to the stranger; but the middle and lower classes are genial and pleasant to get on with.

The following chapters on Holland are divided according to the eleven provinces, and it is presumed that the traveller will enter the country in South Holland, by either Rotterdam or the Hook; and so, by way of North Holland and (passing from Enkhuizen to Stavoren) Friesland, come down again, and leave the country by Zeeland. The journey may, of course, be taken the other way, or in an entirely different way; but this has been the rough method chosen.

THE HAGUE: THE VYVER

THE HAGUE: THE HALL OF THE KNIGHTS (THE RIDDERZAAL)

Chapter II

SOUTH HOLLAND

If you go to the Netherlands by the night service from England the boat will come in at the Hook of Holland in the early morning, a few miles from the capital of South Holland and the most important and attractive city in the whole country—The Hague; and, though there is nothing to be seen at the Hook, this is not an ill arrival, for the peculiar atmosphere of the country is discernible immediately in the colourless flats and the usually colourless sky of early morning. It is pleasantly broken by the Dutch flag, the red, white, and blue of which is so similar to our own, and typifies a maritime nation.

Above this, if you are fortunate, you may see a long orange banderole, a beautiful, lively colour against the vague tints of the flats and the heavens. On all important or official occasions these orange streamers are floated above the Dutch flag, and they have a deep significance as well as an unusual magnificence of line and tint as they hang or float in the calm or stormy skies.

South Holland is part of the old state of Holland, once so important as to give its name to the whole country. Holland, Zeeland, Utrecht, Guelders, Overyssel, Friesland, and Groningen were the seven provinces which

composed the "generality," or United Provinces. The northern provinces were usually under different Stadtholders, princes of a younger branch of the house of Nassau, and the ancestors of her present Majesty.

The Hague was the residence of the Stadtholders of Holland and Zeeland, and also of earlier princes and rulers than these; for the name means "the Count's Enclosure," and here was once a densely wooded marsh, in the midst of which was built a hunting lodge for the Counts of Holland, who ruled here as nominal vassals of the Emperor. After the middle of the Thirteenth Century these potentates left Haarlem, which had been till then their seat of government, and chose The Hague as their principal residence. The States-General made it their political capital from 1585, but The Hague remained what has been called "the largest village in Europe" till Louis Bonaparte, in the beginning of the Nineteenth Century, when King of Holland, conferred upon it at length the privileges of a town. It is most delightfully situated, about two miles from the sea, which is reached by avenues shaded with lofty trees, and paved with a typical Dutch brick, the only means of making substantial roads across these marshy sands. The marshes have been drained, and a most elegant park of ancient trees and artificial water now surrounds The Hague.

The town, inevitably, is being enlarged and modernized. In every way commodious, delightful, still the seat of government and the residence of the foreign ministers, with a cultivated and elegant cosmopolitan air, which does not, however, destroy its own individuality, The Hague is the favourite residence of the retired well-to-do mer-

chant, and most of the Dutch nobility possess a town-house here.

Opulent suburbs of new villas stretch now all the way to Scheveningen, once a small lonely fishing village, but now a very sumptuous and up-to-date seaside resort, rather like Brighton, England, with a fine, vigorous air and a good pier. It is certainly one of the attractions of The Hague that it is possible to reach the sea so easily, and by the most pleasant of little trams, which, on one of their routes, go directly through the ancient forest, now an exceedingly well-kept park.

Even the old parts of The Hague are being considerably modernized. It is long since that the canals were filled in, as they have been filled in in so many Dutch towns, thereby in a large measure destroying their unique character, and the last few years have seen modern shops, restaurants, and cafès catering civilly to the needs of an increased population and an increased prosperity, but not altogether adding to the enjoyment of the tourist in search of the unexpected and the unusual. The Hague, in short, is becoming like all the other capitals of Europe. A certain standard of efficiency and culture is now demanded everywhere, and the efforts to achieve this give all the principal towns of Europe a certain sameness.

The chief interest of The Hague centres in the Vyver, and this is, as yet, unspoilt, and almost exactly as you may see it in old prints of the early Sixteenth Century. The Vyver itself is a pond of considerable size, once the watering place for the horses belonging to the palace of the Counts of Holland. This palace was a building of vast mediæval magnificence, known as the Hof van Hol-

land, and now called the Binnenhof, which is the Inner Court, and the Buitenhof, which is to say the Outer Court. The Binnenhof is still the place where the States-General and the two Chambers meet. The north side of the Vyver is adorned by a fine avenue of trees, which faces a row of noble Seventeenth Century houses, and the view from here across the placid water, in the middle of which is a small island with two swans, with the irregular outline of the buildings beyond, is at once sober and imposing. To the right is the low archway which passes underneath the ancient prison, the Gevangenpoort, and, to the left, the charming old building now used as the Town Museum, while at the end of the row of buildings composing the Binnenhof is the Maurits-Huis, a most elegant and attractive mansion built by a prince of the house of Nassau, Prince Jan Maurits, one-time Governor of Brazil. It now houses a valuable collection of pictures, which is, to most people, one of the chief pleasures of The Hague.

One thinks, however, that far more attractive than any picture in the Maurits-Huis is this picture of the water and the buildings as one walks under the trees along the north side of the Vyver. To many people this quiet spot, so peculiar to find in the middle of a large and busy town, is almost sacred; for here was the first scene of the first free government of Europe, and here, for many years and under many great and resolute men, was maintained a quiet but stubborn fight against divers foreign tyrannies; while in the Stadtholder's quarters of the Binnenhof lived the Princes of Orange, who were, perhaps, the most extraordinary family of men of action and genius which European history has shown.

All the associations with this spot of ground, however, are not so noble and pleasant. There, in the courtyard in front of the old Hall of the Knights, was executed Jan van Oldenbarneveldt, in his extreme old age—a judicial murder of the worst description, and one for which that great soldier, Maurice of Orange, must partially bear the blame.

In the dark, cramped rooms above the arch of the Gevangenpoort were lodged two other patriotic statesmen—the brothers Jan and Cornelis de Witt; and there, on those stones in front of the prison, where the statue of one now stands, they were literally torn to pieces by an infuriated mob on the occasion of the horrible French invasion of 1672, when the frantic people believed that the elder, Jan, who had for long been Grand Pensionary of Holland, had betrayed their interests by leaving the country unprotected and by trying to prevent the young heir of the house of Orange, William III, from taking the office of Stadtholder. It was a ghastly crime, details of which do not bear relating. A few steps away you can still see Jan de Witt's magnificent yet austere house in the Kneuterdyk, the home where his family were waiting for him on that fearful day, and to which he never returned again, even in death; for his dishonoured and mutilated remains had to be gathered together and hurriedly buried with those of his brother in the Nieuwe Kerk, where you may yet see a plain stone to these noble idealists, who were perhaps neither base enough nor practical enough for popular government. It is as well not to visit the dark, dismal, and melancholy building where they spent their last hours, and where many others,

even more wretched and more unjustly treated, languished, were tortured, and died. The prison of the Gevangenpoort is one of the "sights" of The Hague, but one that were well missed; nor would it be any loss if the ugly little building itself were destroyed, for it is redolent of nothing but crime, cruelty, wretchedness, and despair, and these monuments to the black intolerance of other ages were best, one feels, utterly demolished.

As a pleasing contrast there is, at the side, a very charming teashop, Van Veen's, which sells the most gratifying of China tea and Chinese fruits. The statue of Jan de Witt—a rather late atonement on the part of the Dutch—which stands opposite is, like so many of its kind, neither adequate nor pleasing. He is better commemorated in his house in the Kneuterdyk just mentioned, which is well worth going to see. It is now the home of a private collection of pictures and antiques. Most of the original decoration remains. The small walled garden is also intact, and it does not require much imagination to see the grave Grand Pensionary discussing the affairs of Europe here with Sir William Temple, the elegant and acute English ambassador.

Returning to the Gevangenpoort, and passing under the dark and forbidding arch, and then turning to the left, one will find oneself in the Buitenhof and then in the Binnenhof. This irregular pile of buildings is now largely of modern design and construction, but a great deal of it has been restored on the antique model, and the centre building, called the Hall of the Knights, is a genuine piece of mediæval architecture, a fine brick building resembling a chapel, with gables and turrets, built

in the time of Floris V, Count of Holland. This has been excellently restored, and is used for extraordinary sittings of the two Chambers.

In the large wing of the Binnenhof are the rooms commonly occupied by the States-General of the Netherlands, the old Hall of the States of the time of the Great Republic; grave and quiet apartments, with a small amount of rich decoration, with a curiously intense historical atmosphere, as if the grave deliberations and momentous decisions which took place here had left a certain sombre heaviness in the air. The chapel of the Binnenhof has long since disappeared. It was of exceptional beauty and richness, and contained the ancient tombs of the Counts of Holland and their wives.

Leaving the Binnenhof, we come out again at the Maurits-Huis, which looks so charming and elegant when seen across the Vyver. It is a typical patrician mansion of the Seventeenth Century, and it is regrettable that it had to be put to this use as a picture gallery, where, as usual in such collections, there is not sufficient room for all the treasures to be adequately displayed. Some are on screens, and some have been badly hung, as square pictures placed across the oval left above the mantelpieces. Rich and elegant as these pictures are, the chief charm of the Maurits-Huis will remain, for many, in the building itself and the wistful and extraordinarily individual view of the Vyver and the distant houses and trees from the windows. In the days of the old Prince, Jan Maurits, the Maurits-Huis was suitably adorned with panels of exotic wood from Brazil and paintings of South American birds and beasts. All this was destroyed

by a great fire in the early part of the Eighteenth Century, when the first Duke of Marlborough was in residence at the Maurits-Huis, he being then commander in chief of the allied forces in the Netherlands.

The collection of pictures itself is, of course, one of the most celebrated in Europe, and as there is a most complete catalogue sold in the Maurits-Huis it is hardly necessary to make any comment in this brief survey. The nucleus of the collection consists of pictures collected by the princes of the house of Orange as early as the first half of the Seventeenth Century. A great number of the pictures have, besides their own merit, vivid historical interest, showing not only portraits of many famous people, but also scenes of the life of Holland in the past. There are five Rubenses and three Van Dycks, and three excellent Holbeins, a Velasquez, and a Murillo; but the native paintings are of the greater value and the greater interest, though Van Dyck's Peter Stevens and Anna Stevens are famous, and Holbein's Portrait of Robert Cheseman, Falconer of Henry VIII, is of exceptional merit and beauty. Other most renowned pictures in this collection are Rembrandt's very ugly Lesson in Anatomy, a bold and fantastic Presentation in the Temple by the same master, greatest of all Dutch painters and one of the greatest painters of all times, and the famous View of Delft, by Jan Vermeer, which had such an enormous effect on landscape painting in the Nineteenth Century. The picture is entirely simple and entirely truthful. Its success rests on the brilliancy of its atmospheric effects and the purity of the vivid colouring. By the same superb painter is a remarkable study of a girl's head,

typical of the clarity and charm of Dutch painting at its best, and touched with an imagination that Dutch painters too often lack. The visitor will discover for himself numerous other masterpieces, and two or more rooms devoted to smaller and less imposing pictures of national interest —portraits of the princes of the house of Orange, their generals and admirals, and charming pictures of menageries and still life, and little interiors, full of animation, colour, and humour, which have never been surpassed by any other school of painters.

Nor will the visitor need to have pointed out Paul Potter's famous Bull, which has achieved an extraordinary celebrity, so much so, one is told, that many people come to The Hague expressly to see this picture, and new arrivals demand eagerly, "Where is the Bull?" "As if," as one Dutchman remarked drily, "they expected to see it being led about the streets." This popular picture acquired, no doubt, a good deal of its fame by the extraordinary value set upon it by the French, who bore it off to Paris and placed it sixth in value among all the pictures in the Louvre. The Dutch received it back after Waterloo. It is an ugly, stiff, and wooden-looking picture, about which far too much has been said and written. It is a conscientious student's work, painted when Paul Potter was only twenty-two, and it is extremely difficult to account for its vast popularity.

The Town Museum, a few paces away from the Maurits-Huis, and situated in an old mansion almost as charming, also contains several remarkable pictures, including some very fine Corporation pieces, so typical of the Dutch life in the Seventeenth Century, and a par-

ticularly beautiful view of The Hague, by Jan van Goyen. There are also some other most agreeable objects in this small museum—local pottery and glass, views of The Hague in the old days, medals, and goblets of honour; and the whole is excellently arranged, even the cushions, of faded velvet with silver storks, the arms of The Hague, being left in the deep window seats.

There are several other museums in The Hague; also the Royal Library, which contains several treasures, such as a Bible with the autograph of Mary Queen of Scots and the prayer book of Philip the Good of Burgundy, as well as a most valuable collection of coins, medals, and gems, the finest of which are exhibited, the whole number amounting to above forty thousand coins and more than three hundred medals. The Plein is an extensive square to the east of the Maurits-Huis; here pass most of the neat, clean trams which hasten all over The Hague. It was once the kitchen garden of the Hof van Holland and now contains a not very interesting statue of William the Silent.

There are several other set "sights" in The Hague, and the studiously inclined may inspect the national archives, which are kept with great care, neatness, and efficiency; but perhaps the greatest pleasure of a visit to The Hague may be gained from wandering round the streets which still retain the lovely flat-brick, Seventeenth Century patrician houses, or from wandering out into the beautiful woods, where the deer still linger under the shade of the lofty trees.

In these woods, about a mile and a half from The Hague, is situated the small palace called the House in

the Wood, built by the widow of Frederick Henry. It is an utterly plain building, and the interior has been spoiled by a good deal of rococo *chinoiserie* of the Eighteenth Century. There still remains untouched the small and oddly adorned ballroom, covered by gigantic allegorical figures of the school of Jordaens, where the Duke of Monmouth danced with his cousin Mary, Princess of Orange, shortly before he engaged on his fatal expedition to England.

The woods and the old streets, and this rather melancholy and lonely little palace, all of them so redolent with memories of poignant affairs and great men long dead, form the most considerable fascination of The Hague.

Nor, whatever one misses, must one miss a visit to the ugly little Nieuwe Kerk, where lies buried the great Spinoza, most enlightened and gentle of suffering philosophers, who lies now not far from the graves of the De Witts, with whom he so passionately sympathized.

The principal church of The Hague is the old cathedral of St. James, known as the Groote Kerk, a Gothic building of the Sixteenth Century, with a modern openwork iron spire. The tower rises high above the town, and contains a charming carillon of thirty-eight bells, carillons being so entirely characteristic of the Low Countries, and sounding so sweetly, and yet austerely, in the chilly fresh air.

The Groote Kerk, where William III was christened, and where lie buried a great number of Dutch heroes, including Admiral Obdam, who fell in one of the stalwart battles with the English which occurred so often in the

Seventeenth Century, and in which honours were nearly always equal, was once a whitewashed building—as were all the churches of Holland, as you may see in the pictures of Bosboom, with no other decorations than long green curtains before the plain glass windows, an elaborate baroque organ, and the escutcheons of the noble families buried there, an elaborately carved wooden pulpit, and probably, as here, the coats of arms of the Knights of the Golden Fleece, who left this memorial whenever they held a chapter in a church. The chapter was held here in 1456. Lately, however, the whitewash has been painfully removed from these churches, at least in portion, leaving at great cost and trouble paintings exposed underneath. In many cases, too, stained glass has been put in the plain windows, and every effort has been made to undo the ravages of the iconoclasts.

These well-meant efforts are not happy in result. There was a peculiar atmosphere, and a wonderful effect of light and shade, in these huge Gothic cathedrals, turned, by means of whitewash, into meeting-houses, and stripped of all mediæval adornment, and filled by the baroque monuments and the elaborate coats of arms of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth centuries. Attempts at restoration have spoiled this atmosphere, and provided no other. The rich, opulent, and sombre appearance of a mediæval Roman Catholic cathedral cannot again be achieved, and we have neither one thing nor the other, but a mere monument to mistaken industry.

Nor are the paintings uncovered of much interest, being the mere crude daubs on religious subjects put up

by unskilled artisans for the benefit of those who could not read these legends in books for themselves.

It may be remarked here that though Holland is pre-eminently a Protestant country, and is associated with the most strenuous efforts of the Reformation, her whole history being bound up, as it were, with Protestantism and Calvinism, yet at the present day there is a considerable reaction. A great number of the population are Roman Catholics, no less than one fifth being so in The Hague. The intense Calvinism which so coloured the people and the country is now to be found in only a small minority.

The Roman Catholic churches of Holland have not, however, the same air as those of the south of Europe. They are subdued, austere, bleak, and rather grim in atmosphere; a kind of Jansenism seems to pervade them. The religion has obviously been influenced by the character of the people.

One of the most distinguished modern buildings at The Hague, and one of special interest to visitors, is the handsome Peace Palace (Vrede Paleis), built in 1907–1913 in Dutch Renaissance style. It has an imposing tower, and is pleasantly situated in well-kept gardens. This is an important centre for the activities of many nations, for here the international Courts of Arbitration, etc., are held. The materials and workmanship of this building have been contributed from all over the world.

Two other modern buildings, "Petrolia," in the Benoordenhout, and the Rotterdam Bank, in the Knew-

terdyk, are impressive examples of modern Dutch architecture.

The Hague is swept by sea clouds and sea breezes. The sky seems in a perpetual movement of mists and vapours. The air is salt and stimulating. The winds that blow round the corners of the old streets, and ruffle the placid waters of the Vyver, are chill with the chilliness of the sea, and fragrant with the freshness of the woods through which they have blown. One has, indeed, in spite of the size and importance of The Hague, very little sense of being in a city. And in this peculiar air, as in the incessant carillons, and in that encircling park, the survival of the Counts of Holland's hunting woods, lies much of the atmosphere of The Hague, I think.

Such small shops as are left before the invasion of the large plate-glass store of international origin are very attractive. The Dutch genius for still life lends itself to arranging the shop windows with delicacy and taste. Particularly noticeable are the luxurious flower shops, at any time of the year filled with the most elaborate and exotic blooms, like pictures by Van Huysum or Van Helst. Flowers, of course, are a specialty of the Dutch, and these blooms from Boskoop and Aalsmeer are of the most extraordinary variety and perfection, the most gorgeous of dahlias, tulips, freesias, roses, and lilies being all seen in and out of season; for what may not be grown in the open is produced under glass.

There are very many wealthy people in The Hague, and they all love flowers; and Dutch industry and enterprise have seen that they are always well supplied. These flower shops are a great pleasure to the passerby. Very

notable, too, in the shops and in the houses are those rich, curious, and sumptuous objects from the East which have for so long coloured Dutch life and Dutch art—from the days when the Dutch East India Company began, the people of this country have always treasured Eastern porcelain and potteries, Eastern lacquer and metalwork, Eastern carpets and Eastern teas, coffees, spices, and preserved fruits. This constant trade and connection with the East have undoubtedly profoundly influenced Dutch art and decoration, and the gorgeousness of these exotic luxuries sits strangely and pleasingly on the native austerity and practical good sense. In the days of their sternest Calvinism and most rigid austerity the Dutch did not disdain these opulent trifles and these sumptuous adornments from another and a very different world. And now, after the assimilation of centuries, North and East seem to have blended, and there is nothing incongruous in these Indian carpets, jade and alabaster Buddhas, Chinese lacquer cabinets, and grotesque Javanese dolls adorning the interior of a merchant's or a noble's mansion which still retains, as so many of these old houses do, the Dutch style, the Dutch paintings of fruit or still life above the chimneypiece, the Dutch panels of a peculiar pea-green, and the cases of Dutch delft.

Dutch interest in matters antiquarian is not confined to the products of the East, and the searcher after curios will find abundant exercise for his hobby in The Hague. Perhaps we may be excused mention of the treasure house, in the Korte Poten, of Meijer Elte, known far beyond The Hague as a connoisseur in old books and prints.

Delft, where the celebrated pottery is still manufac-

tured, is very easily reached from The Hague. It is hardly worth while to take the train there, so convenient is the electric tram which runs along the straight road from The Hague to Delft. This delightful old town, still almost entirely unspoilt, is one of the most charming, if not *the* most charming, in South Holland, and has, besides, what are known as "historical associations"—and these of the first importance; for here was assassinated William the Silent, and here, in the Church of Saint Ursula, lie buried many of the members of the great house of Orange, and Hugo de Groot (Grotius), one of the most famous of Dutchmen.

A great beauty of Delft lies in the fact that the canals have not been filled in, but flow still as they used to flow when the town was first built—a good many years ago now. These canals are extremely clean, and are bordered with fragrant lime trees. The Schie passes through Delft, and out into the Maas at Delfshaven. This very ancient town was destroyed by fire in 1536, but some of the buildings of that period still survive. It was also damaged, more than a hundred years later, by the explosion of a powder magazine; but it remains almost a perfect specimen of a Dutch town of the Seventeenth Century, and has a most peculiar and unexplainable charm, especially when the lime trees are in blossom above the silent canals in the infinitely quiet streets.

In the old monastery, since called the Prinsenhof, was William the Silent assassinated; and you can still see the hole in the staircase made by the bullet of the murderer. The first floor of the Prinsenhof is used as a small museum, and is far more interesting than most museums. It

DELFT

DELFT: ROTTERDAM GATE

contains, too, the finest portrait I know of William the Silent himself, showing him as a dark, resolute, handsome young man—a welcome change from the endless representations of him showing him old, worried, and bald, in cap and gown.

In the church is this great man's baroque monument, by Hendrik de Keyser, erected by the United Provinces to his memory. It is in white and black marble, and stands—incongruously to an English eye—on the spot where the altar used to be. It is not large enough, and is more remarkable for the care and ingenuity of the workmanship than for any grandeur or nobility in either the design or the result.

Underneath the monument is the vault where are buried nearly all the princes of the house of Orange. One of these princes is commemorated by a relief by Canova. The memorial of Hugo de Groot (Grotius) is only a simple stone; but above this is hung a silver wreath, which is a tribute from America to the great jurist and internationalist, whose statue stands also outside in the wide market place.

In this market place is the Stadhuis. The belfry is ancient Gothic, but the building itself is by Hendrik de Keyser, who built it after the original edifice had been destroyed by fire in 1618. The interior contains a large piece by Van Mierevelt, the famous portrait painter, who was a native of Delft; and also a collection of the portraits of the Princes of Nassau by the same artist.

Opposite the Prinsenhof—and this is the most attractive portion of an attractive town—is situated the Oude Kerk, which is very old indeed, portions of it,

they say, going back to soon after 1250. The interior contains some notable tombs, including that of Admiral Maarten Tromp, a victor in thirty-two naval battles, and the seaman who is said to have hoisted the broom to his masthead as a defiance to Blake; also that of Piet Hein, Admiral of the West India Company, and one of the great heroes of Dutch song and legend, who in 1628 captured the Spanish treasure fleet, with its freight valued at nearly twelve million florins, of which sumptuous booty the sole survivor seems to be a small clock, still in the museum at Middelburg.

It is easy and agreeable to go to Rotterdam from Delft by water, along the Schie; and as one leaves the town by the old Rotterdam Gate one may notice two heavy and rather melancholy buildings, which are both typical of the old days of the glory of the Dutch Republic. One was once the arsenal and the other the warehouse of the Dutch East India Company.

Between Delft and The Hague is Ryswyk, where a most notable peace was once concluded in a mansion belonging to William III which has long since disappeared.

A leisurely journey down the Schie brings us, by the most characteristic way, into Rotterdam, and we may notice, on the right, an old gateway with the lion of Holland standing, in melancholy grandeur, on one of the flat fields. Perhaps the handsomest thing we shall see in Rotterdam is the gateway that greets us as we enter the city, and the most picturesque this same entry, with the ancient houses on either side of the Schie, here turned in a canal.

Rotterdam is situated on both banks of the Maas—the largest town but one in the country, and, of course, a port

of the first importance. It is a very old town, and its first charters go back to 1340; but it has not till quite recently been a very important town. Its prosperity has increased enormously since the middle of the Nineteenth Century, and has been advanced further by the construction of the new waterway which replaced the silted-up mouth of the Maas.

Apart from the cosmopolitan activities of this immense port, the shipbuilding yards, breweries, distilleries, factories, and works, there is not very much to attract the traveller in Rotterdam; and really the finest and most impressive view of the great commercial city is obtained from the railway bridge, which spans busy streets. Travelling across this at night, you can look down into all the lit thoroughfares, and see the numerous waterways intersecting the houses, all the strings of gaudy lights, all the dark masts of the shipping rising into the purple twilight, and receive the impression of a very imposing and magnificent panorama of modern activities.

Examined closely, and by daylight, a great deal of Rotterdam appears ugly, and even sordid; and here are the nearest approaches to mean streets and slums that the country affords.

The celebrated thinker and humanist Erasmus came from Rotterdam, and was, perhaps, her greatest son, though he left no works in his native language. There is a bronze statue of 1622 of the scholar in Rotterdam, and a pleasing story says that every midnight he turns one page of the iron book he holds.

The Groote Kerk, the most important church in Rotterdam, was once a very handsome building, but has

been very much hemmed in by modern housing; it is to some rather disfigured by an unfinished tower, which has a blunt and heavy look. From the top of this tower, however, a very wide perspective may be obtained of a typical Dutch landscape—more water than land, and more sky than either, though in clear weather no less than six famous towns may be discerned. These are Briele, Delft, The Hague, Leyden, Gouda, and Dordrecht, lying clearly on the vague-hued plains like the neat drawings that adorn an old map.

The interior of the church has been disfigured by pews and stalls, but it contains an organ as large as the famous organ at Haarlem, and some marble monuments to those doughty Dutch heroes who maintained the supremacy of their High Mightinesses on the seas. Two are by the two most famous Dutch sculptors: Rombout Verhulst and Jan Blommendael.

There is a pleasant park in Rotterdam, very well kept, with the neat promenades in which the Dutch excel; and there is a walk of its own special interest along the Boompjes, which name celebrates a rather stunted row of elm trees. There is also a notable collection of pictures in the Boymans Museum. There are a good number of canvases, old and new, rather indiscriminately hung, in rather dark and gloomy rooms. The most attractive are the Dutch landscapes and still life: the Ruysdaels, the Van Goyens, and the works of lesser-known landscape painters, who depicted with such charming sincerity the intimate and delicate landscapes of their native country. In the same building is a small collection of the

antiquities which are to be found in all Dutch towns, and which have a poignant, if limited and local, appeal.

A short excursion by steamer takes one from Rotterdam to Briele, famous in history from its capture by the "Beggars of the Sea," *les Gueux,* in 1572, which was the first signal of the overthrow of Spanish supremacy. There is a fine old church—that of St. Catherine—in this now small and unimportant town, and a rather inadequate monument to these same "Beggars."

Briele was one of the "cautionary towns" given by the struggling Netherlands to Queen Elizabeth, and there were, at one time, English governors there, the most notable being Sir John Conway, who was also Governor of Ostend, and one of whose daughters had the curious name of Brilliant—from the fact of being born at Briele, and not from any inherent glittering quality in herself, as might have been supposed.

There is a Dutch word *bril* meaning "spectacles," and at the time of the capture of Briele a famous punning rhyme was made about the Duke of Alva's "spectacles" being stolen away. *Briele* was also the name of the ship on which William of Orange sailed when he led his expedition to England in 1688.

For these associations, and the pleasure of the steamer trip on the wide waters, a visit to this now small, remote town cannot be considered as time wasted.

Taking The Hague again as a starting point, it will be found that Leyden is as easily reached as Delft, and in as comfortable a manner. This very ancient town, the seat of one of the most famous universities in Europe,

and of a great celebrity because of the famous siege, is not quite so typically an ancient Dutch town as Delft, but, in its way, as pleasant. Leyden still has its canals—or, rather, what appear to be canals—flowing slowly through the quiet streets. These waters are, in reality, the branches of the Old Rhine. The town, which must, in its time, have sheltered as many learned men and as many pedants as were ever got together in one place at one time, is still in the full flourish of its academic existence.

The university is, as universities go, comparatively modern, having been founded in 1574; but a book could be filled with a mere list of the names of the great scholars who soon made the fame of the new Dutch university. The old university buildings, which are situated in what was once a nunnery, and the university library—one of the most sumptuous and the oldest in the country—still have the proper scholastic air of peace, meditation, and repose. Nothing could be more stately and attractive, or more a triumph of mere manner, than the Rapenburg, or the Kloksteeg, behind the fine old Church of St. Peter, which breathes an extraordinary atmosphere of elegance and learning, and a measured calm.

There is a particularly well-arranged Town Museum in the old Cloth Hall—in itself of great interest. There is a very erudite collection of antiquities in another museum, and more entrancing old houses, gates, churches, bridges, and all manner of odd portions of mediæval, Renaissance, and Seventeenth Century architecture than can easily be described, or even easily investigated. A long stay in Leyden would by no means exhaust all its possibilities for interest and enjoyment. The irregular

and ornate Town Hall itself, with a tower and cupolas like a dried root and flower, and a most ornamental Latin inscription commemorating the celebrated siege, is in itself a treasure and a delight to the sight and to the memory. Neither is there any lack of trees or carillons in Leyden, both of them blurring the sharp edges of a too obtrusive modernity. There is a park called after Van der Werf, the heroic burgomaster of the great siege; and there are also the Church of St. Pancras and the very old ruins of a castle, on a slight hill, which is oddly connected with Hengist, of Kentish fame. More worth a visit, even, than any of these is the entrancing and peculiar St. Anna Hofje. Lucas van Leyden, a Dutch engraver almost the equal of Albrecht Dürer, was a native of this town, and among her many famous painters she counts the most famous of the whole country—Rembrandt van Ryn.

René Descartes spent many years of his life in a small village outside Leyden, Endegeest, while at Rynsburg lived Spinoza, where his ash-shaded house may still be seen. Noordwyk-aan-Zee, a typical neat, clean, prosperous Dutch seaside place, is only six miles from Leyden, with which it is connected by one of the ubiquitous steam tramways. It is more pleasant to go there by steamboat. These Dutch seaside places, much patronized by the Dutch themselves and by Germans, consist of little but dunes and sand and fine distant views, with far-reaching horizons, and rows and rows of modern hotels and boarding houses, comfortable, but by no means picturesque. The air and the sands are both of the best, but there are no other attractions.

From Leyden one may follow the Old Rhine to Bodegraven, the headquarters of the Dutch defence under William III against the terrible French invasion of 1672, and from Bodegraven go to Boskoop, the centre of the Dutch horticultural industry, a very garden of sweets in spring and summer, when the small holdings grow, on their rich artificial soil, every variety of fragrant blossom and shrub. The waterways and the landscape of this part of South Holland are extremely lovely in light and colour. Nothing can be more charming than these very wide, airy, distant perspectives, broken only by delicate bouquets of trees, the spires of distant churches, or the exact proportions of a small farmhouse, generally sheltered from the wind by a screen of clipped limes or elms. Careful and industrious cultivation of every inch of the ground, the neatness and tidiness of the country and the inhabitants, are most noticeable, as are the dignity and sedateness given to the whole scene by the use of water as a means of transport. From Boskoop you can go, still by water, to Gouda, which, approached in this manner, is one of the most beautifully situated of all the beautifully situated towns in the Low Countries, the old ramparts and fortifications having here, as in so many other cases, been turned into the most agreeable of walks, planted with a quantity of lofty trees, and laid out with the most brilliant parterres of carefully tended flowers.

This little town, which these superb old trees so graciously protect, has, besides its own personal interest as an unrestored and unravaged town of the Middle Ages, two most extraordinary treasures. One of these is the Late Gothic Stadhuis, or Town Hall, which stands, in a

DORDRECHT

HAARLEM: AMSTERDAM GATE

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peculiar way, in the very centre of the market place, with an outside staircase, and is most delicate, graceful, and unique in design. The other is the stained-glass windows of the Groote Kerk of St. John. These, which are in perfect preservation, and have lately been carefully restored, are of the late Sixteenth Century, and show glass painting in the heraldic and allegorical style, as opposed to the purely religious and decorative manner of the mediæval times. These windows are of almost startling sumptuousness, opulence, and beauty, and of the very greatest historical value. One was the gift of William the Silent; and another of Philip II of Spain. Twelve of the most glorious of these are the work of the two Dutchmen, the brothers Wouter and Dirk Crabeth. All are of the most noteworthy splendour and beauty, and show rather oddly in these dark and austere surroundings of the Calvinistic church, with the usual rococo monuments and chapel.

Gouda has also a most charming little weigh-house, the usual Town Museum, and a monument to the brothers Houtman, one of whom led the first commercial expedition to the Dutch Indies, and, for that reason, is well worthy of commemoration.

Rotterdam, Haarlem, and Leyden may all be reached by steamboat from Gouda, and near is the little town of Woerden, beautifully situated on the sluggish waters of the Old Rhine, one of the places most harshly treated by the Maréchal de Luxembourg in his devastation of the Low Countries in 1672. The little town is most attractive; particularly charming are the old Town Hall and the public promenades on the old fortifications. The ware-

house at the entrance of the town was once a castle of the lords of Woerden.

The only other town of considerable importance in South Holland is Dordrecht, or Dort, which is situated on an island made by a flood in the Middle Ages, and looks directly on to the wide expanse of waters formed by the junction of the Merwede, the Old Maas, and the Dordtsche-Kil. Many canals still intersect the town, and there are many old buildings—indeed, whole streets—left which were erected in the days of the town's once great prosperity. It was, in the Middle Ages, the wealthiest city in Holland, and later on the first assembly of the independent states was held there. Later still it was the scene of the famous Synod of Dort, one of the most notable, as well as one of the most senseless, religious disputes of the Seventeenth Century, when such disputes were so in fashion.

Dordrecht has a handsome cathedral, most picturesquely situated on the old haven. Of more than usual handsomeness is the ancient city gate, at the end of the Wynstraat, which overlooks the broad sweep of the conjunction of the rivers and the endless flow of shipping going past. A baroque dome and a bold relief adorn this curious gate, and inside is a small museum, with a collection of antiquities of local interest.

Dordrecht was formerly the seat of the Mint of the County of Holland, and some of the coins may be seen here. It was also the native town of the brothers De Witt, and there are some relics of them in the museum, and a handsome modern statue of the two brothers in one of the streets.

There are two other museums, and an entirely uninteresting Stadhuis. Probably to most people the great attraction of Dordrecht will lie in the views to be obtained across the Merwede, principally from the dikes at Zwyndrecht, which you may reach by a steam ferry from the town. Behind here there are shipbuilding yards, and lovely orchards, and comfortable-looking vegetable gardens, and a typically Dutch view of what appear to be endless horizons and limitless skies, particularly magnificent when adorned by those piled clouds which have been called the "mountains of Holland."

Nowhere, indeed, in the whole of the country can this peculiar effect of vast stretches of water and vast expanses of sky, relieved only by the faint lines of horizons and the slow passing of ships, be better seen and studied than here. The whole perspective seems faint with moisture, overwhelmed by vapour and the sense of water encroaching upon everything and only with difficulty restrained from absorbing all the flat land. Indeed a terrible toll have these gray and sluggish-looking waters taken of those who were daring enough to build on the marshy islands which once rose above them. The Biesbosch, which means "Reed Forest," not far from Dordrecht, was formed by a vast inundation in 1421, when the appalling and almost incredible number of seventy-two market towns and villages were destroyed, and more than one hundred thousand persons perished. The water that flows above their remains has lately been subdued again, and the land reclaimed; and all these reedy swamps are now intersected by a broad artificial canal, so diligently do the Dutch fight for the

land, even reclaiming it from above the bones of their ancestors.

Disasters of this magnitude were not uncommon in the Middle Ages, when there were no great means for keeping the water out, plaster made of mud, and wattles from trees which had to be grown first, being the only available material with which to fight the steady pressure of the rivers and the stormy assaults of the sea. One of these floods left Dordrecht an island, and gives the town the appearance of rising directly from the river, with no visible foundation.

The outline of the town seen from the opposite bank of the Merwede or from a boat, rising up, clear-cut, above the gray water and against the gray sky, is most elegant and melancholy, and contains all those elements which go to make up the peculiar Dutch waterscapes and the peculiar Dutch architecture; only the effect here is more sombre and gloomy than is often the case, since there are neither trees, flowers, nor gardens to soften the stern outlines of the brick houses, the universal grayness of the water.

Chapter III

NORTH HOLLAND

TRAVELLING from the south for North Holland, the first town that the traveller comes to is Haarlem, once described as the Versailles of Amsterdam, and now the second important town in this province, the most important of which is, of course, the capital itself—Amsterdam —which in its history and interest is more like a country than a city, and takes rank with such towns as Venice, Florence, or Genoa, or the free cities of the Empire and the Hansa, which were self-contained republics, and of as much influence in the affairs of men as nations.

In the early days, when this was not a province, but a county, Haarlem was the seat of government of the old Counts of Holland. It still stands in an exceedingly handsome wood, which was used for the mediæval diversion of hunting. In this wood stood the palace of the Counts, and there came Jacqueline of Bavaria, their last and most unhappy heiress, whose tale is something the same as the tale of Mary Queen of Scots, and involved in the same doubts and obscurity. She had four husbands, and one of them was the English Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, who afterward married Eleanor Cobham.

In the beautiful beech-lined avenues of this magnificent park—for the Dutch have here, as in other

cities, turned, with admirable taste, these ancient woods and fortifications into pleasure grounds—one may still recapture something of the atmosphere of those

> old, unhappy, far-off things,
> And battles long ago.

In the terrific struggle for independence in the Sixteenth Century Haarlem underwent a siege no less terrible than that of Leyden, and with worse results, for the heroic town fell, after a desperate resistance of seven months, and the Spaniards massacred the garrison and many of the leading citizens.

Such, however, was the heroic spirit of the Dutch that in less than four years the Spaniards were again expelled; and in the new prosperity which gilded the fortunes of the young Republic Haarlem had a great share.

Here flourished a school of art which included many of the better-known names of the Dutch school of painting —Frans Hals, Ruysdael, and the three Wouwermans; also the two Van Ostades.

At Haarlem, too, was a special school of architecture, founded by Lieven de Key. At the present day Haarlem —very clean, prosperous, and attractive, the seat of the Governor of the province of North Holland—is particularly famous for its horticulture, and supplies bulbs to every country in the world. This same industry is not only the special interest of Haarlem, but perhaps of the whole country. More people, probably, go to Holland to see the tulip fields than to see anything else. Like many another attraction, it has been somewhat staled by being

so continually painted, photographed, written about, talked about, and praised; and perhaps the less-known nurseries of Boskoop, where a greater variety of flowers are grown in what appears to be a more artless profusion, have a greater attraction; nor are they so overrun by sightseers. Still, it cannot be denied that in the spring months—about Easter—the fields of hyacinths, tulips, crocuses, anemones, lilies, arranged in exact squares, just like a patchwork quilt, and divided by the straight lines of canals, tended and kept with every possible exactitude, care, and neatness, have a peculiar and piquant attraction of their own; as have the nurseries themselves, run by firms of world-wide repute, with every modern contrivance and scientific knowledge.

For a small fee to a gardener, who will act as a most enthusiastic and intelligent guide, and by writing your name in a visitors' book, you may be shown over these fields of flowers, once entirely foreign to Holland (for they are all Eastern strangers), and now as typical of the country as the windmill or the orange banderole.

One of these same firms has a complete library relating to the history of the bulb industry, and a most extraordinary history it is. Clusius—the Latin form of a Frenchman's name, Charles L'Écluse—introduced the bulbs, particularly the tulips, from the East at the end of the Sixteenth Century, and—for some reason which is now impossible to discover—the cultivation of the tulip was taken up with wild enthusiasm by the Dutch, and soon became a craze, not only for the horticulturist, but for the speculator. Such enormous sums were lost and gained in their speculation, and the value of single bulbs soared

to such ridiculous heights, so many people were ruined, and the whole population showed such a tendency to be unbalanced on the subject, that it had to be—as every form of gambling has, in its time, to be—suppressed by the Government.

There is no such speculation now, but a great many people make a handsome living out of this prettiest of trades; and more delightful, even, than a visit to the flowering fields at Easter, when the moist air of Holland is heavy with exotic scents, is a visit to one of the horticultural shows held in the ancient park of Haarlem, where the flowers are planted out by the various firms under the trees, forming stars, crescents, and circles of vivid colour in deep green shade.

The other well-known attraction of Haarlem, which has rivalled the flowers in celebrity, is the organ, which is considered the finest and the noisiest in the world. It is in construction of the mid-Eighteenth Century, and may long have been surpassed by I know not how many other organs, but still retains a flourishing reputation. Some of those who have heard it played with a chorus of male voices have declared that the volume of sound was sufficient to blow one from Haarlem to Amsterdam.

Besides the organ, there are other interesting and pleasing objects in the fine old Church of St. Bavon; a cannon ball in the wall, to remind you of the ghastly siege of 1572, and several little models of ships, to recall the Dutch-Swedish Trading Company, which did so much to open up the commerce of the world.

Outside the church is a bronze statue of Laurens Coster, who is believed by some to have invented printing. This

question has been a matter of great dispute among many redoubtable pedants, and is not likely to be settled with certainty now.

Haarlem possessed the first printing press of the Netherlands, but Gutenberg's earliest productions are earlier than this; and no doubt Haarlem and Mainz will continue forever each to claim this great honour.

The Town Hall is exceptionally curious. It is built on the site of the old palace of the Counts of Holland, but the main portions of the building date from 1630. Here once hung the greatest treasures of the town of Haarlem —the collection of her famous painter, Frans Hals. These pictures have now been moved to an old orphanage, where they are most appropriately and excellently hung in a building of the same date as their production. They have also been recently cleaned, and reveal themselves to be of a colour almost startlingly bright.

The museum in the Town Hall still contains numbers of treasures. There are two other local museums—one of Dutch ecclesiastical antiquities, and the other of paintings by Dutch artists of the Nineteenth Century and objects of natural history.

The most odd and attractive Meat Market, by Lieven de Key (1602—1603), is of a more lively interest than anything contained in either of these collections. This curious building is the most peculiar instance of rococo Gothic in the Netherlands, and had an enormous influence on the architecture of the period. There is also a curious tower by the same architect—that of the Church of St. Anna.

There are any number of ancient and fine churches in Haarlem, though the city is suffering, in the eyes of

the searchers for the picturesque, from its modern prosperity. Shortly after the war the housing question became so acute that temporary wooden buildings were erected along the banks of the canals, with disastrous effects on the beauty of the town, though with good practical common sense as far as the comfort and convenience of the inhabitants went. Here also is a prison—a circular building known colloquially as "the Umbrella." It is a cheerful-looking place compared with most other prisons; indeed, one hears little of crime or criminals in this well-ordered, well-governed, and felicitous country.

The surroundings of Haarlem are particularly charming, even for a Dutch town, which usually has the most delightful environment.

In the Frederiks-Park is the pavilion erected in the late Eighteenth Century, and bought by Louis Bonaparte during his short reign as King of Holland; he signed his abdication here in 1810. There is something elegant and charming about this coquettish pavilion rising from amid ancient and lofty trees.

There are many villas and country houses and lovely gardens outside Haarlem, and small towns and villages such as Overveen and Bloemendaal, from which two places are extensive views of the dunes that Jakob van Ruysdael delighted to paint. All is prosperous, opulent, neat, and tidy, magnificent on a small scale, and well and unostentatiously displayed. There are not many ruins in Holland. The Dutch prefer either to demolish these memorials of the past, and use the ground which they encumber, or carefully to rebuild them; but near Haarlem there are the red brick ruins of the castle of Brederode, which bring

to mind the dashing and impetuous friend of William the Silent, the count of that name, who once had his seat here.

Beyond these carefully cultivated, wooded plains, so characteristic of North Holland, are still many undrained meers, and endless windmills set out sharply against the waving line of bare and barren sandhills. These most characteristic features of the Dutch landscape are tending to disappear before the increased use of electricity; but there is a society for their purchase and preservation, not only on artistic, but on practical grounds; for, as has been pointed out, the lesson of the war taught the Dutch that if their supply of electricity failed their very existence would be threatened, and it would be as well to have the old-fashioned method of using the wind ready to their hands.

The grace and beauty of these windmills, very few of which are alike, it would be impossible to exaggerate. Many of them, with their aspects of sturdy activity, appear to be endowed with human intelligence and energy, and they are all of the most admirable design and colouring.

Near Haarlem is the fashionable seaside resort of Zandvoort, exactly like all the other Dutch seaside resorts—bright, cheerful, and comfortable, with excellent sands.

From here the most imposing North Sea Canal is easily reached, and it is well worth reaching. It was through the construction of this enormous canal, in 1865–1876, that Amsterdam recovered its rank as a seaport; and it is considered one of the most striking engineering

achievements of modern times. It is fifteen miles in length, and may be traversed by steamer.

There is something very majestic and imposing in this canal, one of the most dignified and useful of the works of the hands of man, and characteristic both of the physical geography of the country and of the patient enterprise and industry of its people. This scenery cannot be called beautiful or picturesque, but it is such scenery as will be seen nowhere else. Of exceptional interest is the extensive system of canals, dikes, dams, and sluices which has been constructed to allow vessels of heavy burden to come up to the great commercial port, which they were latterly unable to do through the silting up of the Zuyder Zee.

Here also is a complicated system of sluices intended to enable the Dutch to place the entire district under water in case of war. I believe this could be accomplished in about two days.

Amsterdam forms the centre of this natural system of defence, which has twice been used—the second time, and with great effect, by William III of Orange in 1672, when he checked what appeared to be the inevitable advance of the French by flooding the country, the Dutch thus preserving their cherished liberty at the cost of enormous sacrifice of property.

Amsterdam itself, whether by water or rail, is easily reached from Haarlem, and is a law and a subject unto itself, which it is difficult, indeed, to touch upon briefly. Amsterdam, on the influx of the Amstel into the Y, began, as did most of these towns, with the building of a castle, and was originally situated on an inland lake; but the ferocious inundations of the latter part of the Thirteenth

AMSTERDAM: A TYPICAL OLD CORNER

WINDMILLS NEAR ROTTERDAM

Century connected it with the sea by the breaking through of the Zuyder Zee. The land lost then the Dutch engineers are now reclaiming. A great part of the province of North Holland still lies fifteen feet below the level of the sea, and Amsterdam itself is the city of which Erasmus wrote that the inhabitants lived on the tops of trees; for this immense city is entirely built on piles driven into the sandy marsh, and is as much on the water as Venice, to which city it has often, and absurdly, been compared. Amsterdam, of course, is no more the Venice of the North than Edinburgh is the Athens of the North; all such comparisons must be futile, as all these great cities have their own peculiar atmosphere. And the atmosphere of Amsterdam is peculiar and individual indeed.

When the long-drawn-out religious war of the Sixteenth Century ruined the famous port of Antwerp, and the most industrious Flemings were compelled to quit the Spanish Netherlands, the day of the great prosperity of Amsterdam began. The establishment of the Dutch East India Company and the Peace of Westphalia were other influences which worked to raise Amsterdam to the great position of the most important mercantile city in Europe.

Amsterdam shared in the general decay and eclipse of the Netherlands in the Eighteenth and early Nineteenth centuries; but the vast city has shared also in their regained prosperity, and is now in the very forefront of modern seaports, permanently revived with the completion of the great North Sea Canal. Amsterdam is now the chief money market in Holland, the seat of the Bank of the Netherlands, the headquarters of the large shipping companies, the market for the produce of the Dutch

colonies—produce of the first importance, coffee, tobacco, sugar, rice, spices—and therefore one of the first commercial places in Europe. It abounds in industrial establishments, shipbuilding yards, refineries, manufactories, machine shops, breweries, and diamond-polishing mills; and any tourist who has any special interest in any of these branches of human activity and industry finds his curiosity well satisfied here.

Amsterdam has what is, perhaps, the most remarkable Jewish quarter in Europe. It contains, too, an old town which, with the exception of the filling up of some of the canals, is exactly as it was in the Seventeenth Century, and a very bustling, busy, and modern town of hotels, places of amusement, and a most important Stock Exchange, as well as handsome shops, one of the most celebrated museums in Europe, and excellent Zoölogical Gardens. Amsterdam has also always been celebrated for its orphanages, which are run with great care and efficiency. The children still wear charming costumes: those of the city in the black and red colours of Amsterdam, the Roman Catholic girls in black and white, and the Walloons in violet.

Amsterdam, a city of merchants, bankers, traders, and shopkeepers, has always been tolerant and wide in sentiment, and republican and democratic in feeling. A certain section of the wealthy and powerful burghers of Amsterdam are resentful even of the authority of the Orange Stadtholders, and the great city went its own way without much regard for kings and princes; their pride and their power may be seen in their enormous Town Hall—now the royal palace—which cost so much money that the

story goes that the Town Council destroyed the accounts for fear of leaving a record of unwarrantable extravagance behind them. This enormous grandiose and imposing building, of a quite unnecessary size and cost, it would seem, shows how the power and pride of the trader may equal the pride and power of the emperor.

Old-time visitors to Amsterdam were duly impressed by this gigantic Town Hall, as they were meant to be, and brought back awestruck stories of the ingots of gold in the cellars beneath, and the almost incredible wealth housed in the banks of Amsterdam, and the luxury and splendour of the merchants who lived in those tall brick houses, with the ladder-like staircases, which you may still see in abundance in the streets of Amsterdam—notably in the Heerengracht, or Gentlemen's Canal, in the Prinsengracht, or Princes' Canal, and the Keizergracht, or Emperors' Canal, which still remain the most typical portions of ancient Amsterdam.

The tolerant, powerful, and wealthy city gave shelter to many notable exiles—men who had fled from the narrowness and injustice and the tyrannies of their native countries and found here a peaceful and an ordered life. Among these was René Descartes; and he has left on record warm admiration of Amsterdam and the Dutch, and his pleasure at the quiet, amiable life he was able to enjoy in this vast city, where everyone went about his business, and no one interfered with his neighbour.

This wide tolerance for all differences of religious opinion has led, of course, to the establishment of vast numbers of Protestant sects, which are confusing to the foreigner. The churches in Amsterdam may be studied

for themselves, and not for the particular form of worship which they offer.

The Oude Kerk is the oldest church, and was erected somewhere about 1300, though the tower is of the Fifteenth Century. It contains—what is rare in Holland—some old stained glass of about 1555, and also several of the usual robust and hearty monuments to old Dutch heroes, those sturdy and valiant admirals and navigators who sailed out from these modest flats and carried the name of Holland all over the then known world.

In the Nieuwe Kerk, a later building, lies one of the most redoubtable of heroes—no less a person than "the Terror of the Ocean," Admiral de Ruyter himself, who died of wounds received in the far-off Sicilian waters. The whole of the place of the high altar of the old Gothic church is occupied by his baroque monument—perhaps the masterpiece of Rombout Verhulst, who uses every device of gods, goddesses, nymphs, Tritons, shells, flags, and trophies to heighten the glory of this admirable seaman and heroic fighter.

There is an old print of his funeral which shows an immense train of mourners winding across the Dam, the very heart of the activity of Amsterdam, into the doorway of this church, all in mourning cloaks and weepers. The Nieuwe Kerk contains the dust of other heroes, and has a kind of austere grandeur in the plain lines of the structure. It stands in the very centre of the business life of the city, the Dam, which is dominated by the royal palace, or, rather (as one cannot help thinking of it), the Town Hall, a royal palace seeming to be completely out of place in Amsterdam. Also it is a pity that the ancient

burghers should be deprived of the credit of this effort of theirs in the days of their greatest splendour and power.

Many of the old buildings have lately been taken down in Amsterdam, as in many other Dutch cities; and what one chronicles one day may be removed the next. It is as well, therefore, to caution the tourist to see all that he can see while it is there to be seen, and, before he searches for any monument mentioned in any guidebook, to try to discover first, and on the spot, if it still exists.

One of the orthodox sights of the capital of the Netherlands is the Ryks Museum, where the national collection of pictures is hung, in a modern building on the lines of Dutch Renaissance architecture—finely situated, but not in itself pleasing. It is something like our Natural History Museum at Kensington, if not in actual architecture, at least in general effect. The entrance stairs and vestibule are dark, ugly, and disappointing; the decorations are pretentious, dating from the very worst period of art—what we in English should call mid-Victorian. Nor has the architect, the celebrated Cuypers, of whom the Dutch think a great deal, troubled himself much about the question of light—the most important question, one would think, where museums and picture galleries are concerned, and one which is too often neglected. The collection used to be very poorly arranged, but has recently been rehung, to the great advantage of the visitor. To see a large collection of pictures is always rather fatiguing, particularly when they are of the same school.

The pictures, of course, vary considerably in merit; some are very interesting only from a social-historical point of view. Others, again, are of the highest artistic

value. The present new arrangement sets off the pictures to great advantage, and is a considerable improvement on the former method of displaying them. Many of the exhibits are the result of a mere mechanical efficiency, a perfection of technique; others, again, are of extreme beauty and charm, and full of character. Some aspects of life certainly are never represented, but what are portrayed are done with skill and distinction.

The Dutch school of painting is of deep interest, representing one of the first schools of painting to free itself from bondage to Church or State; the painters of the young Dutch Republic were not bound to please priest or patron. It was no longer necessary to turn out religious subjects for the Church, or mythological subjects, or grandiose and flattering portraits for kings or noble. They directed their talents to celebrating their own prosperity, the first flowering of the Golden Age of material comfort and wealth, which came from their own efforts, their own trade, their own labour, and is expressed with so much gusto and pleasure in hundreds of competent and clever canvases.

These pictures, however, are seen at their best in the room for which they were painted, alongside the Seventeenth Century furniture, pottery, tapestry, and tiles to which they are such an excellent accompaniment. They show at their very worst displayed in vast quantities in a museum.

The reconstruction of such a room is shown in this same museum—a Dutch "Regent's" room of the Seventeenth Century, with a ceiling from the old Lepers' Hospital at Amsterdam, antique furniture, and marble busts

by Dutch sculptors, all of which serve to emphasize the benefit these pictures derive from their original surroundings. It would be, of course, impossible to give this amount of space to all the treasures of the Ryks, but perhaps a few might be shown at a time, after the manner adopted by the Print Rooms in the various museums, where a few prints are exhibited in turn.

There are some modern pictures also in the Ryks, and some most interesting objects in the museum on the ground floor, more appealing, perhaps, in their connection with Dutch history than in themselves.

In the garden of the Ryks Museum, which is laid out in the style of the Seventeenth Century, are some remains of old Dutch buildings—a gate from Groningen, and another from Deventer, which one is ungrateful enough to think would have been better left in their proper places. Here they mean nothing much, and there they might have meant a good deal.

The Town Museum is, perhaps, owing to its much smaller scale, more attractive than the Ryks. Here are a number of rooms fitted up in the style of different periods, chiefly reconstructed from old houses in Amsterdam. There is an import and medical museum and a valuable collection of drawings, engravings, and illustrated books, uniforms, weapons, and musical instruments of Holland and the Dutch East Indies.

The modern paintings in this collection will, no doubt, afford gratification to those interested in this particular school. More of the same kind of work, and a collection of drawings by the Old Masters, may be seen in the Fodor Museum. There are some exceptionally fine Old Masters,

including several Rembrandts, in the museum in the house of Baron Jan Six. This gentleman is a descendant of Jan Six, Burgomaster of Amsterdam, and a friend and patron of Rembrandt, who is one of the glories, not only of Dutch, but of universal painting.

His celebrated masterpiece, The Night Watch, is given all honour and glory in the Ryks, and has been more written about and admired than many a more beautiful and useful work. It is not, as everyone knows by now, a "night watch" at all, but a company of men, soldiers and officers, leaving a dark hall by daylight. The principal figures are out of drawing, and have an unpleasant effect of being dwarfed. The great merits of the composition lie in the depths of atmosphere and the luminous interplay of the imposing light and shadow. There is in this picture, as in all the paintings by this great master, a melancholy, wistful air, a passionate longing, as it were, for grandeur and splendour. Rembrandt was at his best in his magnificent portraits, and some of the most celebrated of these may be seen in the Six collection, together with many other exceptionally beautiful portraits by Dutch painters.

The Vondel Park, to the west of the Ryks Museum, celebrates a man considered, in his day, as great as Rembrandt himself—Joost van Vondel—though his fame has never gone far beyond his native country. He wrote a great number of dramas, very well known in their time, the finest and most famous of which, *Lucifer,* has often been likened to Milton's *Paradise Lost.* As it was written in 1654 it is possible that Milton read it before his own work was completed.

Among the attractions, excitements, and diversions of

AMSTERDAM: CHURCH OF ST. NICHOLAS

CHILDREN OF THE ISLE OF MARKEN

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Amsterdam, so many of which have had to be ignored here, the claim of the Zoölogical Gardens must not be ignored, for this is one of the oldest, and still one of the most renowned, zoölogical gardens in the world, and contains not only a large collection of live wild beasts, but a famous aquarium, a zoölogical museum, and a library. Also it has this unique claim to distinction: it has preserved the character of an old Dutch country mansion and garden, and the exotic animals and exotic plants, pavilions, and greenhouses are disposed as they may have been disposed in the Eighteenth Century in one of the rich domains in Guelders, owned by the Dutch patricians or "the Dutch Stadtholder" himself, whose menageries were painted, so often and so magnificently, by Hondecoeter. There is a Dutch garden—one of those formal pieces of gardening which William III introduced into England, and which are still popular in our own country.

Here, too, are some really lovely waterfowl ponds and lawns, rockeries with Alpine plants, and a superb grand Buddha, overlooking a calm sheet of water sprinkled with lily leaves. A special pool for the Dutch wading birds is also very decorative and charming. Here, we are told with great excitement and enthusiasm, still breeds the rare spoonbill, which is something like the ibis; and Holland is the only country in western and central Europe to which this elegant creature pays this honour. In these gardens also is a characteristic and most amusing ruin, arranged with all the gloomy effect so much admired by the Romantic school of novelists, with moat and ivy, and sedgy reeds, and the very air of Matthew Lewis or Mrs. Radcliffe in *The Monk* or *The Mysteries of Udolpho.*

This picturesque ruin is kept up for the benefit of the owls, who appear to appreciate the attention, and sit about in the correct brooding attitude among the half-decayed bricks.

The well-equipped aquarium makes a special boast, not of its delicate and lovely exotic fish, but of a shoal of the humble herring, for it seems that this fish, so extremely well known when dead, is almost impossible to preserve alive; and these are the only specimens exhibited in any aquarium in the world.

The Zoölogical Gardens of Amsterdam also boast two giant salamanders, well over a hundred years old, a white peacock, and a rare albino of the common frog—at least, it did so boast until recently, and one may be sure that if these particular attractions have, in the course of time, perished, the energy and the enterprise of the Dutch have replaced them by curiosities equally exciting.

There are also here a most adequate library and museum, and though perhaps it may be a question to some people as to whether we need, or should have, zoölogical gardens at all, if we are to have them this is a model specimen.

The visitor will need no reminder to visit the docks and harbours of Amsterdam, for these are world-famous, and no one can be in Amsterdam without realizing their importance, and desiring to inspect them further. There is something peculiarly grand and imposing in the sight of all this vast shipping, coming from all over the world, and concentrated here in the docks and havens of this immense town in this small country.

The tourist will also inevitably—and even, perhaps, against his own will—visit the island of Marken in the Zuyder Zee, and Monnikendam, Broek, and Volendam; for these fishing villages, where the inhabitants still wear very vivid and queer costumes dating back to the Middle Ages, are the best-advertised attractions of the whole country, and, as such attractions must be, are almost completely spoiled by their own popularity.

Marken is an island once attached to the coast of Friesland, and isolated by the great inundations which formed the Zuyder Zee. It contains much that is amusing and odd, and the wonder is, not that the inhabitants permit you to inspect their houses and to photograph themselves and their children in return for chocolates and pennies, but that they are not even more utterly spoiled by the troops of sightseers who swarm on their tiny island through all the summer months. Why they are quite so popular we will leave the traveller to discover for himself. If it were possible to visit Marken without being one of a party of excursionists, and to see the town without rousing the attention of the inhabitants, much of extraordinary charm might be discovered. The same applies to all these much-exploited show places round Amsterdam, which have been too often photographed and too often described.

From Amsterdam one can go directly north to Alkmaar, along wide waterways through what were once the flat, dreamy, blond-coloured landscapes with the wide, melancholy horizons that Van Goyen delighted to paint, but are now covered by sombre and grandiose piles of factories and buildings, and all the derricks, cranes, and

paraphernalia of wharfs and harbours and havens, all the bridges, sluices, and dams, which accommodate some of the largest shipping in the world.

One passes through Zaandam, where there is a fine sculptured coat of arms on the sluice gate, and which is considered remarkable because the Czar Peter the Great worked there as a common shipwright, learning to construct ships when he should have been learning to construct an empire, and fooling about in the dress of a Dutch workman while his uncivilized nobles rebelled at home. This spectacular piece of mock humility was rather pointless, and it would have shown greater common sense on the part of Peter if he had employed other people to learn the details of shipbuilding and occupied himself with larger questions of organization. The hut in which he worked is still to be seen. It is most cleverly enclosed in another, outer building.

After Zaandam the interest is purely commercial, save for some touches of accidental beauty that the traveller may discover in the melancholy width of the water itself, in the colouring of the sky, in some occasional vivid touch of paint in shutter or tub placed at the back of some house, and in the sedulous cultivation of bright flowers at every possible place and opportunity.

Farther on the horizon widens out in what appears to be a limitless fashion, and the effect is sad in the extreme—the foreground occupied by beds of rushes, which sway to and fro with the gentle swell of the water, and the airy distance only emphasized by some far-off spire. One is very conscious of the fact that one is going north; there is a curious, and perhaps foolish, sense of leaving the

world behind and venturing away from the usual haunts of man. Alkmaar does not seem quite in the same sphere as Amsterdam.

If you arrive by water you arrive in the very heart of the town, for the canal narrows here and slips quietly between the old houses and the old pavements. Alkmaar —it has been suggested that the name means "All Meers" or "All Water"—has a noble history (as, indeed, what Dutch town has not?), and enjoys the important honour of being the first Dutch town when besieged in the Eighty Years' War to compel the Spaniards to retreat. Alkmaar now is most frequently visited on account of its cheese market, and yet, unique and pleasing as this is, the old town has greater claims to recognition. Not only is Alkmaar a most typical Dutch town, but it has preserved—in a greater degree, perhaps, than any of its fellows—the characteristic ground plan of an old fortified city built principally for defence; not only the walls, but the alleys, canals, and ditches have been contrived to thwart and outwit possible besiegers. The ramparts have here, as everywhere else, been demolished, and planted as most agreeable gardens; but one wishes that it had been possible, in at least one case, to leave the original fortifications of these old towns.

One would be sorry, though, to miss the parks at Alkmaar, with the airy, lovely trees, the deer, the typical Dutch avenues, and the pleasant artificial lakes. Alkmaar can also boast some extraordinary and unique specimens of Dutch architecture, and a very remarkable church—the Groote Kerk, or Church of St. Lawrence. The Church of St. Lawrence is the work of the Keldermans family of

architects, and is a basilica in the form of a Latin cross, curiously and beautifully situated at the end of the Langestraat—what, in an English town, would be the High Street. The tower has long since disappeared. This church, like most of the churches in the Low Countries, has suffered many vicissitudes, and has been badly damaged by fire. There remains, however, a very elegant finial, or Angelus steeple. The interior is noble, austere, and grand, and contains the tomb of one of the old Counts of Holland—Floris V—who had a romantic history, and was murdered by one of his nobles.

The Town Hall is built into this same Langestraat. It has been carefully and lovingly restored, and has a fine, elegant tower and a notable double outside staircase.

Among the very choice buildings of different periods to be met with in Alkmaar the most important, perhaps, is the Weigh House, once a Roman Catholic chapel—an irregular, ornate, and fantastic erection of extraordinary charm, crowned by one of those elegant, Eastern-looking steeples, with an open cupola like a dried bulb, so peculiarly characteristic of the Low Countries. This enchanting steeple, with its fairy-tale air, boasts one of the most delightful of mediæval mechanical clocks, with a little trumpeter who comes out to announce the hour and two horsemen who joust beneath. The spire is also handsomely adorned with coats of arms and appropriate mottoes.

In the market square, underneath this gorgeous little Weigh House, is held every Friday the famous cheese market, which tourists come especially to see. Here, the night before, from dairy factories and from farms, come, by barge and cart, the loads of cheeses—big, round,

orange-coloured cheeses, carefully polished up with linseed oil, so that they gleam resplendently and reflect the light. These cheeses are loaded up and carried into the Weigh House, and back from the Weigh House, on "berries" (a kind of bier), the ends of which are painted green, blue, red, or yellow, according to the guild which owns them. They are carried to and fro by members of the Guild of Cheese Bearers (who wear white clothing, and straw hats with green, blue, red, or yellow ribbons to match the "berries" they carry) suspended on leather straps from their stalwart shoulders. They hurry to and fro at a sort of Indian trot, and the weight must be immense and the labour strenuous, for these men, powerful as they are, perspire freely, and exhibit every sign of extreme fatigue.

At midday, when the mechanical horsemen have finished their fight, there is a concert of music from the singing tower of the Weigh House, which lasts an hour. There are many other markets in Alkmaar, but none of such fame and importance as this cheese market, which is certainly as pretty and curious as it can possibly be—owing mainly to the grace lent to the scene by the beautiful tower and the charming situation on the quays. Watched from the Appelsteeg Bridge, the whole of the ornate front of the Weigh House may be seen reflected in the mirror-like surface of the water. Another particularly beautiful reflection may be noticed at the Steenenburg, where the round stone bridge makes, with its arches, two perfect dark purple circles in the still, greenish waters of the canal. The canals are particularly dark and inky in Alkmaar, and so throw up, with a fine effect, the brick and the rich ornate lines of the peculiar architecture.

Many of the very odd, sombre little alleys, with their small canals and backwaters, are threatened with demolition because of the progress of modern industry and prosperity, and may by now even have disappeared. The same must be said of the old warehouses, which no longer serve their original purpose. Those of the late Seventeenth and Eighteenth centuries, in a severe rococo style, are most entrancing, with wreaths and swags of fruit on the plain bricks, and the high steps of gables which at one time accommodated immense stores, and that top room of all, with its hook for the crane or pulley to draw up goods from the barges which lay in the canals underneath—canals now, in many cases, filled in.

Alkmaar is the centre of the agriculture and cattle breeding of North Holland. Those who wish to see a typical Dutch cattle market may see it here. Outside the town, to the north, is a most important horticultural district, where every inch of land is made the most of, and in the centre of which there is a government horticultural college. All these industriously cultivated fields occupy the place of large lakes which formerly connected Alkmaar with the sea and made it a most important commercial harbour town. Most of its inhabitants then were wealthy shipowners and traders, and the town has still its own gallant seafaring air. Music and sport occupy a large place in the modern life of Alkmaar, and both, on occasion, may offer great instruction and diversion to the visitor. Nor should the surroundings be neglected. Schoorl, Bergen, and Egmond offer some of the most characteristic scenery of the whole country—the peculiar blond light,

ALKMAAR: THE WEIGH-HOUSE

CHILDREN OF VOLENDAM
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those infinite surroundings, and that great upper space, as well as those seemingly limitless horizons which give this small country so vast and wide an air. Walks taken in the neighbourhood of Alkmaar give extensive views over the large districts of cultivated ground which were once dangerous inland seas. The stranger gazes over what appears to be an endless flat plain, bathed by the peculiar luminous atmosphere, all cultivated and all thriving, the fields and orchards broken only by the precise outlines of prosperous farms and screens and bouquets of trees set to break the immense winds which sweep through the high dome of upper air.

Farther on, toward the dunes, is Schoorl, a village mentioned as early as the year 868, and close to the finest dunes of the North Sea coast, planted by the State with fir woods. From these same dunes one may again enjoy those vast and peculiar aërial perspectives that the Dutch painters of the Golden Age endeavoured, with such love and enthusiasm, to reproduce on their canvases, where they represent these flat landscapes glimmering in the misty, golden light. There is a massive and expensive artificial dike here, where there is a break in the dunes, and a lighthouse.

The character of Bergen is much the same. There are still the remains of an old *hof,* or castle, there; at one time there were many castles in this district. Now the dune valleys are filled by farms, and polder ditches full both of reeds and carp, perch, and pike, where visitors to Bergen in the summer like to spend their time quietly fishing.

Egmond-on-Sea is a seaside place of increasing popularity, much patronized by the people of Amsterdam. It is connected by a local railway with Alkmaar.

Another very old village here is Heiloo. The name occurs in historical documents soon after the period of our Norman Conquest, and St. Willibrord, the Devonshire saint who did so much missionary work in Holland, is said to have built a church here as far back as the year 700.

Egmond, a larger village, is of even greater historical importance, for here was the great Abbey of Egmond, which was the burial place of the old Counts of Holland. Egmond had many foes to contend with, not alone the fierce Danish pirates, who continually harassed and burnt down the village which was raised on this spot, but the still fiercer waves of the North Sea itself, which as late as 1430 swallowed church and school. There is now no trace of the abbey, nor of any connection with the Counts of Holland, though a small portion of a stone from this once magnificent building may be seen in the Ryks Museum in Amsterdam. The air is pure; the sea lonely and magnificent; and inland there are the dunes and numerous woods of oaks, limes, beeches, and elm trees, among which rise many pleasant country houses.

From Alkmaar one may easily go to Hoorn, one of the so-called "dead cities" of the Zuyder Zee. Edam also may be visited from Alkmaar, or from Hoorn, or from Amsterdam. There are an old church, an old Stadhuis, some charming old houses, and some pleasant views along the dikes. Edam, like Alkmaar, is famous for its cheese. Hoorn has a deeper interest. Though it is of the same latitude as Alkmaar, one has the sensation here of being

much farther north, and far away indeed from modern civilization. One is in the midst of a country that is still, to the inhabitants, West Friesland—of which district Hoorn was once the capital. A great event and a great personage are connected with Hoorn. One is the naval battle which took place near here in 1573, in which the Spanish admiral was taken prisoner by the Dutch, and the other is Willem Schouten, one of the finest of the old Dutch navigators, who in 1616 was the first to double Cape Horn, and named it after his native town. Coen, the founder of the Dutch Dominion in the East Indies, was also a citizen of Hoorn, and his bronze statue may be seen now, in the wide, deserted-looking market place, above the stone called "Red," from the sinister fact that here the public executions used to take place. The old Court of Justice is exactly opposite. It is a building of 1632, sombre, gloomy, and silent, and now houses the West Friesland Museum, which contains local antiquities —at one time not too comfortably viewed, owing to the presence of a female custodian who waited on the visitors, jangling her keys, while they endeavoured to make head or tail of the motley offered to their inspection.

The impression that this silent and seemingly out-of-the-way ancient town, once so stalwart and flourishing, makes on the traveller is in every way singular and fascinating. So far Hoorn has escaped any kind of modernizing, for there are no up-to-date shops, cafés, trams, buses, or any indications of aggressive prosperity. Guest houses, the Stadhuis, the churches, the orphanages, remain of the Seventeenth Century. They all appear not so much dead as enchanted: a very dream city, in which some spell has

caused life and activity to cease. The harbour and the harbour tower, and the wide view of the Zuyder Zee, express the extreme of lonely melancholy; and the light effects of morning or of evening, or of moonlight, are of a most wistful charm.

A rich agricultural district, with opulent little villas, leads from Hoorn to Enkhuizen—the other so-called "dead city" of the Zuyder Zee; and even more forlorn and distant is it in appearance. Of course the word "dead" has only a relative meaning in both cases, for, although the populations have dwindled immensely since the days of their great prosperity, they still possess a very considerable and active life of their own.

The herring fishery was the great wealth of Enkhuizen in the old days. Now not a single fishing smack remains, though at one time there were more than four hundred; while the population has shrunk from forty thousand in the Seventeenth Century to not much above eight thousand now; the only herrings to be found in Enkhuizen are those three, lavishly displayed, in the town arms.

The Stadhuis is an imposing Palladian affair. There are a mint, an orphanage, a church, all worth minute inspection; but the most curious—indeed, unique—piece of architecture in Enkhuizen is the Drommedaris Tower, a relic of the old fortifications, which stands on the deserted haven or harbour. This, which indeed appears more like a gate than a tower, is supposed to have some very fanciful resemblance to a dromedary or camel, and truly cuts a strange figure. There is a very fine brick weigh house, with the white facings and the typical Dutch step gabling, now fitted up inside with two beautiful rooms,

the more important of which represents a very handsome surgeon's room of the Seventeenth Century. The ornate Zuidertoren of 1524, the detached belfry, with its bulbous cupola, is also most satisfying; and the even more decorative, brick, white-faced, and step-gabled Weeshuis, or orphanage, with the rococo doorway and bas-relief above, with the date 1616, is worth attention. The Church of St. Gomarus is also of the finest possible brick.

It is impossible not to admire this most minute and beautiful Dutch brickwork, which has lasted so long and faded through the ages to such a glowing colour of purplish pink, bloomed, as it were, with gold, and which is set off so finely by the bands of white stone and the rich ornaments of fruit and figures.

There are some good choir screens in the church, and one of those elaborate pulpits which show up with an arrogant grace against the whitewashed walls.

In the Wester Kerk is a great curiosity—an old, small library, exactly as it was in the Seventeenth Century. Rich indeed are the architectural treasures of Enkhuizen. Though the herring industry has utterly disappeared, the harbour is not altogether deserted. A certain number of small boats may always be seen here—the upright lines of the masts, the fluttering banderoles at the summits, and the great falling lines of the dark sails filling up with gracious beauty the wide spaces of the haven; while here, as in Hoorn, the most wide, melancholy, and charming views over the Zuyder Zee may be enjoyed, and here as there the foreground is most sumptuously and attractively supplied with old buildings and shipping.

If the stray traveller is fortunate enough to arrive at

Enkhuizen at the right time he may chance to behold one of the favourite amusements and sports of West Friesland—horse racing. As all the land is cultivated and no course can be spared, this takes place in the streets, which are protected during the races by barriers, dropped when the horses are about to pass.

Frieslanders are very proud of their horses, and cultivate a special breed for racing. These horses are not ridden by jockeys, but driven by riders sitting behind a queer kind of low seat with enormous wheels. They dash through the old streets at an immense speed, to the intense excitement of the population gathered at the barriers to see them pass. On these occasions Enkhuizen appears by no means dead. Refreshments, appearing mostly to consist of dried fish, are sold in the streets; a good deal of drinking takes place, and the crowd is very animated, gay, and good-natured; and if the races celebrate some feast of special significance, such as a royal birthday, there will be fireworks—that great specialty of the Dutch—and illuminations, always arranged with great skill and taste, in the evening, and a vast deal of music and shouting, and an amount of hearty enthusiasm and good will.

A Dutch festival is very charming. The buildings and the landscape and seascape form a delightful background to the flamboyancy of illuminations and fireworks.

Paul Potter is the most famous son of Enkhuizen. He painted many more charming pictures than the popular Bull.

Chapter IV

FRIESLAND

From Enkhuizen you may visit Urk, the lonely little island in the midst of the Zuyder Zee; or you can cross to Kampen, which is almost directly opposite; but if you wish to go farther north, and see Friesland and Groningen and the islands beyond, you will cross from Enkhuizen, by the boat which runs in connection with the railway, to Stavoren, on the coast of Friesland. The modern comfort and speed of these steamers cannot altogether eclipse the sense of loneliness and strangeness of these wide waters, which are so often stormy, and appear so often dreary. Here is felt most acutely that sense of going farther, farther north, to the very verge of the world. Save in the height of summer the little voyage will be gray and windy, or gray and misty, and the North Sea flowing into the Zuyder Zee may be rough enough.

The first view of Friesland is a mere flat line on the horizon. Stavoren, once an ancient capital of the Kings of Friesland, has now nothing but a few uninteresting buildings. There is not even the air of antiquity or one-time glory lingering round the quiet little place, which seems to have no more importance than it may gain from the fact that it is the landing place of these same Enkhuizen steamers and the starting point for a cruise on

the Friesland lakes, or meers, which so much resemble the Norfolk Broads.

Like Zeeland and Holland, the land of Friesland had to be won, by the energy and patience of its inhabitants, from the encroachments of the sea—here, perhaps, with even more difficulty; for there is nothing between these marshy stretches and the open north, and the force and bitterness and volume of the waters are of tireless energy, equal to the patience which combats them. Most of the villages, farms, churches, and towns are built on heights, erected as refuges against the floods, while strong dikes protect the fields from the sea. One of the mightiest of these—that which keeps out the relentless force of the Zuyder Zee—is called the Golden Hoop on account of the vast sum of money that it cost to build, and still costs to maintain.

These meadows, which were reclaimed with so much strenuous difficulty and with such a long and laborious application of energy from the depths of the sea and the beds of the lakes, are most fertile, and here graze the famous black and white cows renowned from many a Dutch painting. There are also sheep—a fine race of Friesian sheep—on these flat meadows, and the horses, jet-black and with peculiarly long manes, are also bred with great care.

Friesland lives above everything by its dairy produce. Fifty years ago these immense farms, which stretch over so many acres of the flat polders, were each self-contained, and made their own butter and cheese, and marketed them themselves. Now, however, modern progress has come along, with steam dairies and coöperative societies, and

ENKHUIZEN: THE DROMMEDARIS

EDAM
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government control; most of the milk is taken to factories, and the Friesian Coöperative Association for the Export of Dairy Produce controls the greater part of this trade. This, of course, has materially improved the prosperity of the province, and also a good deal altered its picturesqueness and its grim loneliness.

Crossing the country by train from Stavoren to Leeuwarden one can see these large farm buildings, which are different from any other farm buildings in the country, owing to the necessities of a most rigorous climate. Huge barns and a dwelling house are built together. In the high roof—sometimes forty feet or more—are stored the hay and grain, and winter fodder for the animals; for in the winter it is too impossibly cold either for the animals to remain outside or for anyone to venture out to tend them. Therefore for at least six months of the year the human beings and the animals, and a complete store of grain, fodder, etc., remain under the same roof. The animals are tended with the most scrupulous, and even exaggerated, cleanliness, the stalls of the cows having lace or muslin curtains at their windows, while in summer coloured sand is strewn so as to form an elaborate pattern on the floor, and even, in some cases, china ornaments are set up, so that there is little difference between the cow stalls and the living rooms. In the long, dark days, when the Friesian farmers were thus shut in with their families and their stock, most elaborate handicraft was undertaken—embroidery and needlework of all kinds by the women and a very peculiar hand-painted furniture by the men. This isolation and the occupations it provoked are now in a large measure done away with; there are the tele-

phone and the motor boat; and there is seldom any day so bad that the usual quantum of milk and produce cannot be taken to the factories. In the old days the only means of getting about was by skating or boat or ice boat; and there were days—the worst of all—when the ice was not firm enough for the skater or ice boat, and yet choked the water too much to allow other boats to go out; and then the loneliness was complete.

Such a life, of course, left its mark on the character of the people, supposed to be of the purest Gothic descent in Europe, and naturally taciturn, grave, self-contained, bold and hardy, tall, finely built people—some of them almost gigantic in stature, and some, again, of exceedingly good looks. Many of the women have that cold Northern beauty that one associates with Brünnhilde; but there is to some people something slightly repellent, and even sinister, in the type: in that chilly, blonde countenance, with the slightly high cheek bones, the straight features, and the blue eyes like chips of ice.

The Frieslanders have always prided themselves on their love of liberty, which the peculiar formation and the lonely situation of their land have largely helped them to preserve. In the spring these flat meadows are carpeted with flowers—poppies, cornflowers, and daisies—and present a lovely aspect of fragrant freshness and vivid colour beneath skies which are, even in this season of the year, pale. But this loveliness is very transient. There is no summer luxuriousness to follow this spring display. The autumns and the winters are long and grim indeed, and even in the summer the traveller cannot escape a sense of bleakness and isolation. Friesland is too far north to

please anyone strange to this barren aspect of nature, and the extreme industry of the people, and their important products, and their flourishing prosperity do not make much impression, curiously enough, on the traveller. The principal effect—at least of a cursory visit—is of loneliness, silence, and grimness.

In contradistinction to the other parts of the Netherlands, here is a rich folklore, and many tales and legends are still extant of the olden days; but these are entirely in the Friesian language, which is not known even to many Dutch people, and is therefore to a great extent lost.

Friesian is the same as English in origin, and it is said that a Frieslander can understand English, and that the well-known rhyme

> Good bread and good cheese
> Is good English and good Friese

contains only words which are the same in Friesian and in English. For all that, it would not do for the English traveller to rely on this knowledge of English on the part of the natives; though many words are the same, the accent, of course, is different, and one would soon be out of one's depth if one tried this method of communication.

It is possible, but not easy, to see over the farms. The people proudly resent an intrusion on their privacy and dislike to be made an object of curiosity. This is perfectly understandable and admirable. One would rather guess at the interior of the farms than be shown these people's dwellings as one is shown the dwellings of the people on the island of Marken.

Leeuwarden, the capital of Friesland, is a beautiful

and remarkable town, in itself worth the trouble of a visit to this northern province; it has a sophisticated and a royal air, for all its sombre and dark gloom—for gloomy it certainly appears, either through some trick of the architecture or from some austere light in the air; and though we are told that the population is increasing, that it is a centre of busy commerce, it is impossible to be influenced by these facts, so old, so remote, and so silent does the town appear. It is, indeed, old enough, and received its charter in 1190. It was the residence (hence, one supposes, its royal and dignified air) of the Friesland Stadtholders, those princes of the house of Nassau descended from a younger brother, John the Old, of William the Silent—all brave and able men, with some share of the family genius, many of whom died defending their new provinces from the enemy.

A statue of one of these warrior princes—Willem Lodewyk—faces the Town Hall, a plain and haughty baroque building of 1715. This Willem was so beloved that he is known as "Us Heit," or "Our Father." Another charming old baroque house is the Princessenhof, which was the residence of a lady of this famous house, greatly beloved, and known by another endearing nickname—that of "Aunt Mary." This was Mary of Hesse-Cassel, who married John William Friso, Stadtholder of Friesland, and governed the country well during the long minority of her son. She died in 1759. The interior of the house has an air of remote, faded elegance. Some of the rooms are still hung with stamped and gilded leather, and there are some elaborate chimneypieces and a collection of objects of Chinese and Indian art and Eastern armour.

Friesland is full of such old buildings, and the leisurely traveller may find out one after another for himself, with the greatest profit and pleasure. In no old town has the atmosphere of the past, here particularly that of the late Seventeenth and Eighteenth centuries, been more curiously preserved, perhaps because the town has been so seldom visited by foreigners, and has lived such a self-contained life, that the intense individuality and peculiar local atmosphere have not been disturbed.

The old Weigh House is of an earlier period than these patrician mansions. It is charmingly set in a wide, open place. It is of Dutch Renaissance architecture, and has been carefully restored. The interior of the Provincial Government House is well worth seeing for the sake of the frescoes, which represent scenes from Friesian history, and, even more, for the sake of the most decorative and sumptuous coats of arms of seventy-two Friesian families, while the stained-glass windows show the heraldic emblems of Friesland's eleven towns and thirty-two districts. Further adornments are caustic Friesian proverbs in Gothic characters, which have an artistic value even to those who do not know what they mean. Here, too, is a tablet which has a special interest for Americans; it is called a "Memorial of Gratitude," and was put up by the United States in recognition of the fact that the states of Friesland were the first to give the vote which decided the Republic of the Netherlands to recognize the independence of the United States in 1782.

The Friesian Museum is in another fine old house, built in the late Eighteenth Century, and exceedingly dark and gloomy. It contains a very complete collection of works

of mediæval art, taken from the Friesland converts and monasteries, and also a large quantity of the silver for which the Friesian silversmiths of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth centuries were renowned. Here, too, are a superb collection of Japanese and Chinese porcelain, a library, and a cabinet of coins and medals; there is also a great deal in this same museum which is not so interesting, notably the collections of modern paintings and the reconstructed rooms, which, however carefully done, are always—when wax figures are added to them—of a slightly depressing interest.

In the Town Hall, already mentioned, are a library, and a collection of engravings and drawings of historical events connected with Leeuwarden, of great interest to the student and specialist in these matters.

There are in Leeuwarden three lovely little gabled gates of fine brick, with carvings in white relief, of which the most admired is the Struivingspoortje. There is also a most notable building of the Dutch Renaissance architecture, of white-faced brick, with step gables—the former Court of Chancery, the building of which was begun in 1561, and which for two hundred and forty years was the seat of the provincial Court of Justice, afterward being used as a hospital for French soldiers, then as a barracks, and even as a prison. The building has now been carefully restored, and contains the archives of Friesland and the provincial library.

Among the innumerable attractive houses of a later date in Leeuwarden must be mentioned the Phœnix Hotel —a typically handsome patrician mansion of the baroque

Dutch period of the sumptuous prosperity of the late Seventeenth and early Eighteenth centuries.

An older relic of the splendours of Leeuwarden is the Oldehove—the mutilated tower of a church, destroyed by a storm in 1576, which is very imposing in its loneliness, and is one of the principal objects in Leeuwarden. It is difficult to escape seeing it, and it looks most overpowering in the winter, when its massive, dark, blunt structure rises up against a dull gray sky and from the purity of the deep snow, set off by the delicate lines of the clipped trees that grow near by. The Oldehove is 135 feet high, and the Frieslanders have, in most practical fashion, put an electric lift in it, so that one may go to the top and enjoy the view of the whole of Friesland, flat as a map beneath.

Near the Oldehove is the Princes' Park, laid out in 1648 to commemorate the Peace of Westphalia—that triumph of liberty and Protestantism—by Frederick William of Nassau, Stadtholder of Friesland, who married a daughter of Frederick Henry, and was killed in an accident, when still young, by the explosion of a pistol he was cleaning.

Numerous water and land excursions are, of course, possible from Leeuwarden, and every information and assistance as to these may be obtained on the spot.

One of the most popular of these trips—for the foreigner, anyhow—is to Maarsen, where remains the *slot,* or castle, of the Popta family, which, by the will of the last representative, was left, in 1722, with its contents, to support a number of old women who live in almshouses built for the purpose near by. The terms of this will were

that the Popta Slot should be left untouched, with all its contents in perfect order, as if the family at any moment might return to reside there. These curious conditions have been scrupulously fulfilled, and once a year the trustees take a dinner in the castle, the silver being sent from the museum in Leeuwarden and carefully polished. The Popta Slot is of exceptional interest, and deserves a monograph to itself. It is not altogether a cheerful place, surrounded by water and shadowed by trees, and redolent of decay and stagnation—as, indeed, how can it be otherwise? The house has not been lived in for more than two hundred years, yet everything is in its place, even the covers on the beds, the Bible on the stand, the utensils and dusters, the pots and pans in the kitchen. Some of the rooms are very sumptuous, but all are dark and gloomy. The beds are all wall beds, in the fashion still seen in Brittany and Scotland, except on the top floor, the garret, where there is an enormous bedstead with four plumes at the four corners, reserved, we are told, for visitors and for lying in state—a pleasing combination, characteristic of those serious days.

The old women in the almshouses near by keep the Popta Slot clean and polished. The building is of brick, with an immense roof and little bulb-like *tourelles*. These *slots,* or *kasteels,* are not what we call castles (though these words are usually so translated), but country residences—small mansions.

Round this rather grim relic of the past are large market gardens and model farms, where the peasant may be seen working in the characteristic dress which so pleases the foreigner. The old costumes have lingered on long in this

far northern province; till fifty years ago even the Friesland nobility wore their old special costumes. The dress of the peasants is very handsome, particularly, of course, on gala occasions; and the fine laces and muslins, the brocades and silks, the Indian cashmeres and satins, and the very elaborate jewellery are handed down from mother to daughter to testify to the wealth and thrift of these people.

Many of the women still wear the cap of heavy gold which represents their savings, and gleams finely underneath an outer headdress of fine lace or muslin. The head has to be shaved to wear this heavy headdress, which must be as unhygienic as uncomfortable. The cap is very, very old, going back, they say, to the times of the Vikings; some have little curls of gold, like spiral horns, in front.

Among these quiet, small, and thriving villages, most of which have elegant churches with slender spires, or the Friesian gabled towers, one may be mentioned as having a double interest; it is the village of St. Anna Parochie, which contains a very effective baroque tomb to the family of Van Haren. This funeral chapel is shut away by two splendid brass gates, presented by King Carl Gustavus of Sweden, which are of uncommon and massive beauty. Another object of curiosity in this small church is one that does not delight the eye, but the mind: it is in the parish records, and notes the marriage of Rembrandt van Ryn to Saskia van Ulenburgh, on June 24, 1634.

To the south of Leeuwarden are the Griedstreeks (which means "meadowlands"). These seen from a distance present seemingly endless levels of pasturage, broken only by farms and villages. Most of these same villages

are worth a visit to the leisurely traveller, for the little church is sure to contain some objects peculiar or lovely. At Mantgum there are wood carvings and a fine tombstone; at Oosterend a tastefully sculptured gallery; and at Wieuwerd a more doubtful exhibit in the form of a crypt containing four mummified corpses which have been preserved through something in the nature of the soil. One of these pitiful remains is supposed to be that of a woman celebrated in her time—Anna Maria van Schuurman—a sort of female Admirable Crichton of the late Seventeenth Century, who, learned, accomplished, and admired, and the centre of a galaxy of talents, attached herself to the Labadists, and retired with a small number of them here, to form a small colony, something on the lines of those of the Quakers, which was visited by William Penn.

To the east of Friesland lie the woodlands and a large lake, and beyond, some characteristic country seats of the wealthy Friesians, with charming walks, hothouses, grottos, and belvederes, most of which may be visited (the grounds, at least) on application to the gardeners. A really delightful little excursion is from Leeuwarden to Dokkum, a very ancient town indeed, for it is supposed to have been founded in 240 A. D.

Dokkum is still almost a perfect specimen of the fortified towns of the Middle Ages. Six of the old forts which defend the city, called Dwingers, have been preserved. The old moats still encircle the ramparts, the ramparts protect the town, and the canals intersect the three, exactly as they did in the Middle Ages.

There are some delightful old buildings to be seen—

the Town Hall, the old Weigh House, and the old East India Company office, now used as an almshouse.

Not far from Dokkum is a well—the well of St. Boniface—with exceptionally delicious, pure, and fresh water, which is supposed to have gushed forth at the prayer of the English saint, who was born in Crediton, in Devonshire, about 680, and devoted his life to preaching the Gospel in the then heathen and savage country of the Frieslanders. The saintly man was murdered near Dokkum by a band of ferocious warriors, and the scene of this crime—the "Murder Wood," as it is still called—is yet visited by many pilgrims.

There is usually an interesting story or legend behind a coat of arms, and that behind the crescent and three stars still displayed by Dokkum is particularly charming. That crusade which ended in the triumphant conquest of Damietta started from Dokkum; and in memory of this and the aid which the valiant Dokkum burghers gave to the Christian knights the crescent and three stars were granted to the Friesland town.

An excursion may be made from Dokkum to the attractive seaside town, with sands and dunes, of Schiermonnikoog, on an island.

In the neighbourhood, too, are many handsome country seats, and most odd, quiet villages with large churches, which, from lack of space, cannot be dwelt on here, but which are well worth investigation.

Mention must, however, be made of Kollum, which has the church which was in the old days the highest in Friesland, but was struck by lightning in 1661. The walks round this village are most charming.

From Leeuwarden one may go by motor boat to Nes, on the island of Ameland, where the principal objects of interest are the lifeboat trials and the lighthouses, some of which are 190 feet high. Veenwouden has the only old Friesian castle of the Middle Ages still existing. Grouw is also easily reached by water from the capital. This old village, which appears to grow out of the wide stretch of water in front of it, is a collection of different shaped houses, boat sheds, and landing stages, and is the centre of the yachting on the Friesland meers. Yearly regattas are held there.

The southwest of Friesland has only recently been reclaimed from a state of isolation and, in a great measure, desolation; it is now composed of fertile pastures and cornfields and peat fields. It contains pretty scenery, both on land and water. Here, as in every part of Friesland —and, indeed, in the whole of the Netherlands—the charm, the excitement, and the novelty rest in the atmosphere—the luminous sky, the thousand combinations of light and shade in the reflection of the waters, and the aërial perspective, so wide, so uncommon, and so constantly changing, with all the clouds that float across the heavens. Sneek is considered "the water gate of the Friesland meers." It is situated similarly to Grouw, and appears to rise, as if at the stroke of an enchanter's wand, directly out of the immense sweep of waters. It is more charming, however, than Grouw, and has a delightful little water gate, with a double arch and two *tourelles,* spanning a canal at the entrance to the town. It also boasts a pretty little rococo Town Hall, and many old Dutch houses.

LEEUWARDEN : OLDEHOVE TOWER

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From Sneek one may easily get to Bolsward—a town once of great importance, and even, in its time, a member of the Hansa, which was opulent enough to strike its own coinage.

The pride of Bolsward is the Town Hall, one of the richest and most splendid pieces of architecture in the whole country, with a magnificent double-winged outside staircase and a tower rising up with extreme elegance and grace to the slenderest of tapering points. There are some local curiosities preserved in the interior.

The Church of St. Martin—called, oddly, the "Martini Kerk"—is the finest Gothic church in Friesland, and contains some mediæval carved choir stalls and pews, sadly neglected when the present writer saw them.

By tram from Bolsward one may reach Harlingen, where there is a most curious monument, remarkable in itself and in its history. It is called "the Stone Man," and stands on the great North Sea dikes, which protect the land from the sea. A double head rises from a stone plinth, typifying, one supposes, diligence and strength, and inscribed with the town's arms and the word "Terminus" —meaning, probably, "Thus far and no farther," as a threat to the sea, for the monument replaces one of wood which was put up in 1570 by the grateful inhabitants as a sign of admiration for the Spanish governor, whose stern measures saved Friesland during a terrible inundation. This appears to be the only instance in the whole country of any feeling of gratitude on the part of the Netherlands toward the Spanish domination, and it is good to remember the name of Casper de Robles, the

energetic Spaniard who did so much for Friesland during one of those ghastly floods which have ravaged her during the whole course of her history.

The visitor will be most agreeably surprised, and extremely delighted, by all the charming little views of architecture, of canals, of bridges, so prettily broken by the lines of trees and the masts of boats, in the little town of Harlingen. From here you may visit those islands, beginning with Texel, which stretch out, like odd, broken pieces, along the top of Friesland. Odd, broken pieces of land are exactly what they are—fragments left behind after some gigantic flood which swept away large portions of the mainland. These islands, which contain little but sand dunes, had once but few inhabitants beyond the wildfowl. They are now, however, being rapidly turned into popular seaside resorts.

The last remaining town of much importance in Friesland is Franeker, which was once of considerable note, and contained a university which numbered many famous scholars among its professors. This was suppressed by Napoleon, and the old building (ironically enough) is now used as a lunatic asylum. The glory of Franeker, as is the glory of Bolsward, is the Town Hall. This building is not quite so sumptuous, so ornate and rich, as the other, but still is of extreme beauty—old Dutch bricks, white facing, and step gabling showing here in perfection, and all being crowned by one of those delicate bell towers which seem like dried flowers and rise with such extraordinary elegance into the luminous Dutch sky. The beautiful Dutch bricks, so exquisitely made, have turned with time to an old raspberry-pink colour, and the

white stone facings are of a golden hue. They are carved with hunting scenes of spirit and grace. The interior of the building is more attractive than that of Bolsward. Some of the rooms are still hung with the original stamped and gilded leather, and there are some specimens of fine carved woodwork and handsome sandstone chimneypieces, also a collection of old silver and china, most appropriately placed. What one could do without, however, is the very forbidding collection of portraits of the eighty-six professors connected with the defunct university.

The visitor to this lovely little Stadhuis will probably be invited to see the Planetarium, in a small house opposite. This is a huge astronomical clock made by a Friesian wool comber, Eise Eisinga, at the end of the Eighteenth Century, in the garret and the back room of his tiny house. On the ceiling of the lower room is a representation of the heavens with models of the sun, the moon, and the planets, controlled by machinery from the room above, and still making accurate revolutions. Enthusiastic descendants of the patient and gifted wool comber will show you this curiosity—an odd monument to the labour of secluded patience.

The southwest of Friesland is the land of lakes, or meers, with here and there fine old towns, still untouched, the most notable of which, perhaps, is Workum, which has a very old Gothic church and Weigh House. Most of these towns, like Leeuwarden itself, are built on *terps,* or artificial mounds, raised above the level of the water. The Gaasterland is considered one of the loveliest parts of Friesland. The formation of the soil is different here,

and is supposed to show that the glaciers of Scandinavia reached to this part. Here the land is slightly undulating, and a great deal of gorse grows among the thick hedges, the beautiful woods, and the cornfields and ryefields. Ryswood, the old country seat of the Van Swinderen family, is one of the most notable of the ancient patrician mansions, surrounded by particularly beautiful old trees.

The principal village of the Gaasterland is Balk, which has many ancient houses, with richly ornamented façades.

Farther along the Friesian meers, toward Sloten, is the village of Wyckel, where there is, most unexpectedly, a handsome baroque monument of the Eighteenth Century, to the memory of Menno van Coehoorn, the rival of Vauban, as his master, William III, was the rival of Vauban's master, Louis XIV. Baron van Coehoorn was one of the greatest military engineers of all times, and one of his most striking exploits was the retaking of Namur in 1695. This handsome and flamboyant monument is typical of its period, and not at all unlike in design that sketched out for Coehoorn's master, William III, by Daniel Marot, which was intended to be placed in Westminster Abbey.

There are some lovely shimmering views, over trees, meadows, and lakes, at Wyckel.

Sloten is an even more entrancing little town, with water gates, moats, and old bulwarks, and fine old houses along tree-shaded streets, with high-pitched roofs and ornate gables. From here one may take many excursions across the beautiful Sloter lake, to Bolsward or to Sneek.

The whole of Friesland, of course, may be linked up by these journeys in motor boats or steamers, and it is

needless to say that it is by far the most entrancing way of visiting this unique country, though the journeys by road offer much that is pleasing in the way of view of farm and meadow.

From Woudsend, one of these small lake villages, come the two eel boats which are to be seen, one is told, any day in the year near London Bridge. They have had, since the Seventeenth Century, free mooring in this place so long as two boats are there; if the mooring is vacated for a day the right is lost. Hence these broad-beamed boats, with the big leeboards and the curious pennants, which come all the way from the little village in the Friesland meers, never fail to rest in the heart of London.

From Lemmer, another of these lakeland towns, one can go to Amsterdam by a regular steamboat line. Here the trade in fish is very important, and near here is a large pumping station—the largest but one in the world —which has lately been erected with the object of preventing inundations. Lemmer, too, is yet another yachting centre. Indeed, the opportunities of sailing on the lovely waters of the Friesland meers are almost limitless, and will easily on the spot be discovered by the tourist.

Those who like to travel by land will find that motor cars and carriages may be easily hired.

A small village in Friesland, Hindeloopen, has given its name to the peculiar Friesland furniture, which is now, unfortunately, no longer made. It was entirely hand-worked by the peasants, and consisted of all manner of objects for farmhouse use, and sledges for the ice in winter. Many of these sledges had particularly rich adornments on the bottom, so that when in the summer

they were drawn up to the roofs of the farms they might prove objects of beauty. Real Hindeloopen is now difficult to obtain; most of it has been scattered, or safely housed in museums. There is a selection in the Leeuwarden Museum, and, of course, many pieces are in private hands. It is more curious than beautiful, and most satisfactory when the ornament is confined to decorative design and does not try to introduce figures. There has been a good deal of speculation as to where these peasants got their models and ideas. There seems little doubt, however, that they came from the East, by way of the merchandise of the East India Company. Many of them seem to be copies of designs which must have been seen on shawls, on pottery, even on chintz, bought for dresses. This Hindeloopen furniture reflects the Friesian's love for ornamentation and colour. Everything that can be decorated is decorated. His cargo boats, their sails, their woodwork, the pleasure yachts, the costumes, the gigs, the sledges, have all been coloured with vivid, crude tints, which in this luminous atmosphere are softened to the most rich shades, soft, faint, and deep. In the evening or early morning the light effects in this land are extraordinary. Nowhere, perhaps, can the pure immensity of a sunrise or a sunset be so uninterruptedly enjoyed as over these flats and across the immense horizons.

In winter the country entirely changes its aspect. All this colour disappears, and it is one vast grayness, bleak and grim enough. When it is icebound in a general frost for some length of time winter sports are extensively organized, for the Frieslanders are great people for games and sports. They are, naturally, proficient in skating, and

races are at once arranged, a favourite exploit for expert skaters being to visit in one day the eleven cities of Friesland, thus covering a distance of a hundred and twenty-five miles. Booths selling chocolate, milk cooked with aniseed, and all the different little cakes which are individual glories of the Friesland towns (and mostly of the gingerbread varieties) will remind the foreigner of many an ancient picture of such sports by Dutch masters which he has seen on the walls of picture galleries.

In summer there are many lilies on the back reaches and washes of these vast meers, and the red circles on the Friesland flags indicate these lilies, which are considered as the national flower of Friesland, as the blue lines on the flags represent the water which sweeps through this province.

The whole of Friesland can easily be seen by using Leeuwarden, with its very modern and comfortable hotels, and every up-to-date convenience, as headquarters; and certainly to get any idea of the curious attraction of this northern province two visits should be made—one in summer, when it is gay with flowers, and one in the winter, when it is covered in snow.

Chapter V

GRONINGEN

FROM Friesland one passes naturally into the other northern province, Groningen; indeed, it will be difficult for the tourist to see where the one province begins and the other ends; but as one gets farther away from Friesland and deeper into Groningen a difference will be remarked. Here the country is purely agricultural. There is not so much water, though much of the land is still below the sea level; there are canals in plenty, but one misses the wide sweep of the meers.

There is one important town in Groningen—the capital of the same name—and, for the rest, perhaps less to be seen than in any other province of the Netherlands, with the exception of Drenthe; and the capital of Groningen is more important in a modern than in a historical sense —that is to say, has less to offer the tourist. It is the third commercial town of the Netherlands, and has a most extensive trade in grain, sugar, and cattle. There is also a very famous university. Unlike Leeuwarden, Groningen shows its modernity and its prosperity, in noise and bustle, and the present seems altogether to have overwhelmed the past. It rather tends to be like any other large, flourishing European town, where everybody is busily employed, and where there are ample means of

amusement for the brief leisure of these industrious moneymakers.

The university is a disappointment to those who remember Leyden and Utrecht. It is an ugly, modern building in the German style of 1850, and replaces one founded in 1614, which was burnt down. The exterior and the interior, and all the attendant laboratories, are very efficient and up-to-date, but do not offer much for interest or comment on the part of the stranger.

The large Town Hall, a heavy, classic building with pilasters, a massive porch, and a winged staircase, stands in the middle of the large market place, which it rather overwhelms. There are some curiosities to be discovered within—relics of the siege of Groningen in 1672. The fish market is another enormous square, rather spoiled, like the grain market, by trams passing through, and surrounded by modernized shops and warehouses. This fish market (Vischmarkt)—it has nothing now to do with fish—looks its prettiest when another trade is carried on there—that of flowers, which may be seen on Tuesdays and Fridays. Here also is the Corn Exchange, the Kounbeurs. It is one of the most important corn exchanges in the Netherlands.

One has rather to search for old architecture in Groningen, but one particularly delightful piece may be discovered in the rococo gate on the Rademarkt—St. Anthony's Almshouse, built in 1664. The almshouses, built, as usual, round a court, are charming enough, but the great attraction is the gate, with the long swag of fruit standing out on the dull white stone set against the

exact, purplish bricks, and the ornate pediment above, with its inscriptions and two ancient figures.

The museum is a modern building, and does not contain much of great interest; and what it does contain is rather overwhelmed by a dry and official atmosphere. Most of the pictures are of the Hague school of later Dutch masters, which appeal only to a special taste. Most of the important buildings of Groningen are modern; among the very few that are not must be mentioned the most rich and flamboyant and curious building called Goudkantoor —as fine a specimen of bricks, white stone facing, ornamentation, and rich step gabling as there is in the country. There is a magnificent Gothic cathedral in Groningen —the Church of St. Martin—parts of which date from the Thirteenth Century; it has a very lofty tower, 432 feet high, built in 1474, with a fine set of chimes. The church contains a very ancient organ, built by the famous Rudolphus Agricola in the Fifteenth Century. This scholar and musician was born near Groningen. The imposing old church is suffering from the zealous efforts of restorers. The whitewash which gave this and all the other old Gothic edifices of the Netherlands so characteristic an air and so charming a play of light and shade is being scraped off and replaced by coloured arabesques, while the plain, greenish glass in the huge windows is giving place to the coloured variety. The result of all is a hotchpotch, or patchwork, which expresses neither the ancient Roman Catholicism nor the Protestantism of the Reformation, but merely the efforts of misguided enthusiasm.

There is the usual pretty park outside Groningen, but the surroundings of the town are not so pleasing as those of most Dutch cities. Despite its brisk, up-to-date air, Groningen has a very ancient history, which dates back to the Ninth Century. After 1040 it came under the government of the Bishops of Utrecht. It joined the Hansa League in 1282. The town underwent two famous sieges, the first when it was captured by the great Maurice of Orange in 1594, and the second when it was besieged in vain by Bishop Bernhardt von Galen, in the terrible year of 1672. The arms and the motto of the city are curious —a bearded man, with the inscription "I still peep into it." Another little curiosity of Groningen is the Noorder Kerk, which is built on the plan of the church of the same name in Amsterdam, of which it is an exact copy.

The most famous name associated with Groningen is that of De Ripperda, one of the most successful and notorious adventurers of the Eighteenth Century, something both of a Casanova and a Cagliostro—the last type one would expect to discover coming from a Dutch town —and especially such a Dutch town as Groningen! But De Ripperda had Spanish blood in his veins.

At Paterswold, about an hour and a half's walk from Groningen, are ample opportunities for water sports— bathing, swimming, and boating of all kinds on the lake. There is a clubhouse which provides refreshment, and dances, galas, and regattas are often arranged. It is also possible to go by water, along the canal, to Leek, where there is another enormous lake, alive with fish and surrounded by fine scenery.

In the fine little church of Midwolde, near Leek, is what is perhaps the most remarkable tomb in the country —at least from the point of view of execution. It is the monument which is considered the masterpiece of Rombout Verhulst. The date of 1725 is wrongly given in the local guidebook. This beautiful baroque monument represents—uniquely, one thinks—a lady and her two husbands, who were cousins. The first is a most exquisitely carved recumbent figure, the second, added by another sculptor (Eggers) at a later date, is standing in full armour; the addition of this figure spoils the symmetry of the design as well as the memory of the affection of the wife, whose half-recumbent figure is in every way lovely and graceful.

The villages of the province of Groningen are not so individual or unique as those of Friesland, though they are clean, neat, and prosperous. At stedum is a very old brick church, going back to the early part of the Thirteenth Century, also containing a handsome rococo tomb, that of Clant van Stedum, which is probably also the work of Rombout Verhulst, that finest of Dutch sculptors, whose first work almost reaches the level of the master who inspired him, the great Bernini.

In Groningen, as in Friesland, is preserved a typical patrician country mansion, the Burg Menkema, outside Uithuizen, which was rebuilt in the Seventeenth Century on the foundations of an older house going back to the Fourteenth Century. It is now the property of the Museum of Antiquities in Groningen, and is carefully arranged in order to represent an Ommeland château of the Seventeenth Century. It is very different from the Popta Slot —plain, simple, and austere, with flat windows and the

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ZWOLLE

characteristic shutters, painted with what appear to be hourglasses, but are really white curtains tied in the middle.

In 1568 the Dutch gained their first success in the War of Independence on the dreary plain called Heiligerlee, near Winschoten; their commander was Louis of Nassau, brother of William the Silent. In this battle the youngest of the Nassau brothers—Adolphus—was slain, the first of four who laid down their lives for the republic which their courage and energy had founded. The monument which commemorates this notable victory, though put up in a bad period, is not of an ill effect. The young dying Adolphus, in full armour, is protected by a female figure holding a shield and sword, behind whom stands a noble-looking lion; and the whole has a swing and flow of line which finely typifies human splendour and human endeavour, and is well set on the lonely fields where the battle took place.

In Groningen also is the castle of Sloten, the last of the lovely patrician houses of Groningen to be kept up and inhabited by the owner. This is set in a moat, sur rounded by a fine park, and has stables and orangeries of the charming designs of the Seventeenth Century. There are very many of such *slots,* or castles, as they are called, in the Netherlands, and this is a charming specimen of its kind. One has to go to the Netherlands to see these places; they are unique, and, in a way, indescribable.

The whole of the province of Groningen is carefully and diligently cultivated, and the people are no less independent, resolute, and bold in spirit than their neighbours

of Friesland. Their ancient history is a record of constant feuds and fights between all these warlike people, then divided into the most elaborate clans and districts, and striving to protect themselves by immense castles which have long disappeared.

Chapter VI

DRENTHE

DRENTHE is in many ways the dreariest and least interesting of all the provinces of the Netherlands, and until comparatively recently was the least known and the most inaccessible, as well as the most wild. It lies directly south of Friesland and Groningen, and north of Overyssel, and in character is entirely different from any of these three provinces, here being neither smiling pasture nor wide lakes, but stretches of peat. Peat cutting is, indeed, the principal industry, though there is a certain amount of agriculture where the ground (as all over the country) is being gradually reclaimed from the wild swamps and moors.

The railway goes straight across Drenthe from Groningen to Assen, the capital, and to Meppel, on the borders of Overyssel. For the rest, the country and the farms must be seen by road or canal; and here the canals are not so convenient as in the other provinces. A cyclist is likely to be able to explore Drenthe with the greatest satisfaction to himself. The country is still in many parts wild and lonely, and is notable for having furnished the scenery so often, and so lovingly, depicted by Ruysdael and Hobbema in their canvases. The materials with which these painters worked are the materials which compose the

typical Drenthe village—a village in every way different from and wilder and more what used to be called "picturesque" than the villages in the other parts of the Netherlands, as the inhabitants also are wilder and more picturesque.

A unique feature of Drenthe is the *hunebedden* —remarkable remains, of vast antiquity, probably prehistoric. These vast stones of Norwegian granite, piled one upon the other, are probably memorials of a chieftain of some long-vanished race, and lend a dreary and majestic character to a landscape already inclined to be gloomy and sombre in appearance.

These tumuli, or "giant graves," as they are popularly called, have been the subject of much speculation and learned investigation, all of which leaves us without any definite explanation. Some antiquarians call them glacier-borne boulders from Scandinavia. The effect is somewhat the same as that of Stonehenge; in both cases these huge stones, certainly piled into place by human agency, stand isolated on vast heaths.

Assen, the capital of Drenthe, is practically a modern city, and a very small one, having only thirteen thousand inhabitants. It is prettily situated, and half concealed by woods. It does not offer the visitor anything of very much interest except the old church, which is now used as the Town Hall, and a few cloisters belonging to it, both of which were once part of a nunnery, suppressed at the time of the Reformation. There is a small provincial museum.

Beyond Assen there is the same wild, lonely country, with numerous *hunebedden,* woods, and lonely moors and heaths. Several of the small villages scattered here are

curious, and quite different from those in any other parts of the country, and many of them till a short time ago used (and may even, possibly, still use) the best room of the best inn as the Stadhuis, or Town Hall; and at one—Hoogeveen—the Protestants were summoned to church by the beating of a drum.

Very wild and gloomy legends are told of Drenthe in the olden times. This part of the country is supposed to have been the abode of giants, and looks very much as if it indeed might have been. More recent history has not left much mark here. The unproductive country was no great prize, and did not come into prominence as the scene of any action, except the continual fights of the Groningers and Frieslanders, which often spread out into Drenthe.

The villages have not the usual Dutch primness, tidiness, and cleanness, but that more luxuriant and uncultivated charm which so fascinated certain of the painters of the Dutch landscape schools of the Seventeenth Century, who found, first in Drenthe and afterward in Scandinavia, the dark, rich colourings, the flowing lines, the gloomy shades, and the dull lights which were not to be discovered in the brighter and neater provinces of the Netherlands.

Meppel is a town nearly as large as Assen, and has a large market. It is situated just on the borders of the far more interesting province of Overyssel, which contains many more important towns and far more beautiful scenery. Drenthe, however, though it offers little attraction to the hasty traveller and seems gloomy and melancholy, is not without a certain sombre and individual

grandeur of its own. It is also extremely interesting as providing such a contrast to the scenery of the other provinces. It is most remarkable that a country so small as the Netherlands should present so many varieties of landscape—Drenthe, for instance, being entirely different from Friesland, and Friesland different from Guelders, as Guelders is different from Zeeland or South Holland.

The history of the Netherlands, taken as the history of the Dutch, does not seem to have touched Drenthe. The story of this province goes far back into some much earlier and now forgotten age; and the atmosphere that hangs about it is not the atmosphere of the struggle between Dutch and Spaniard, or of the glories of the Golden Age, but that of the deeds of a long since passed away race of giants and monsters, seen dimly in the dawn of time.

Chapter VII

OVERYSSEL

LEAVING the peat fields of Drenthe and the meers of Friesland, one comes into a different country in Overyssel, the province which takes its name from its position on the other side of the Yssel, that important river which, rising in Germany, flows out into the Zuyder Zee at Keteldiep, and forms the boundary between Overyssel and Guelders.

Overyssel is by no means overrun by foreigners, and is considered by the Dutch themselves a little off the beaten track; it is none the less interesting on that account.

The most entrancing way to see this province is by water—by motor boat as far as possible, and after that by the curious local punts, when the narrow waterways admit of no other means of transport. Meppel, on the borders of Drenthe, is a good starting place for such a trip.

Overyssel may be seen, of course, equally well by road, train, motor, or cycle; it is also a good country for a walking tour. Indeed, the whole of the Netherlands covers such a comparatively small area, and all the towns and villages afford such comfortable accommodation, and the roads are so excellent, that it seems a pity to hurry through the country even at the rate of a Dutch train. It is a

country for detail, and the detail can be enjoyed only by a leisurely inspection, and by viewing places off the railway.

A tour through Overyssel can be made in two parts, beginning by motor boat, sailing boat, or punt, and ending by motor car or bicycle. Meppel itself is quite a charming little town; and, going from Meppel by water into the heart of Overyssel, some charming and most characteristic scenes of Dutch waterways and Dutch life can be enjoyed, for many prosperous farms are passed on the way, and where the Vecht joins the Yssel the water traffic can be seen coming down from Germany, the peat fields of Drenthe, and the meers of Friesland. The colouring is extremely beautiful in the clean, pure air and the extraordinary pale light of Holland.

Part of the country is still wild. The water is fringed by large willows, decked in the backwashes with water lilies, and edged by the rich yet dull colouring of flowers, rushes, and weeds. There are a great number of swans on these waters, and they give a delightful colouring to the foreground of these wide, faint scenes, with their golden, airy horizons, so delicately and beautifully emphasized by the slender spires of the churches, of Haselt, Meppel itself, and many a small village.

In the summer there is a rich variety of blooms in the fields which border these wide waters—loosestrife, lilies, wild thyme and mint, water plantains, and a charming variety of decorative reed grasses and aquatic plants.

These industrious people of course turn these rushes and grasses to good account; they are used in the manufacture of baskets, mats, and thatching. The heron, the

GIETHOORN
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KAMPEN : THE BROEDERPOORT

characteristic Dutch bird, is also seen in great numbers on these still waters. The land has in many places a peat foundation, but peat clearing has long since ceased in most parts, and the ground is now mostly used for agricultural purposes.

Giethoorn is one of the first villages reached, and the most admired. The houses are small, and entirely hidden by lofty trees. The village, which has less than two thousand inhabitants, runs along either side of a very narrow waterway. The houses themselves are divided by small canals, as in England they might be divided by small hedges; and each house has its own little drawbridge and a tiny landing stage, at which a punt is kept, as in other countries one might keep a horse and cart. These punts, indeed, provide the only means of getting about, for Giethoorn is, in every sense of the word, a water village. The houses, the dresses of the people, the flowers they grow, and all the utensils they use are coloured with those bright, crude hues which soften to such a brilliant tint in the moist and luminous air. It is a pity that this unique and most individual village is so often likened to Venice, and that the most considerable inn calls itself "Venezia." Nothing is more irritating than this constant and foolish comparison of one place with another. Giethoorn, of course, is not like Venice; nor is Overyssel like Italy. They remind one of nothing but themselves; they are Dutch, of Holland.

This land was at one time a morass; it has been carefully drained, and now is like a flower garden, so varied and lovely, so peculiarly fragrant and luxuriant, is the vegetation which covers this once desolate swamp. A certain trade is done here in Drenthe peat, which is used

for the fires which warm the neat and spruce cottages and farms. In winter, when a hard frost holds long enough, there is particularly fine skating. Giethoorn, though perhaps the best known of the Overyssel villages, is only typical of many which the tourist may find for himself, with the same attractions; the same pretty scenery, with its air of domestic simplicity, blooming above the waste of the water, the same precise and carefully kept houses, hidden behind the lofty groves of trees which protect them from the winds of the Zuyder Zee.

The capital of the province of Overyssel is Zwolle, which is not a very large town—about forty thousand inhabitants—but most agreeable and unspoiled, though it has rather alarming suburbs, where the Dutch sense of order and love of peace seem to have crystallized into a heavy dullness. Retired officials and merchants, we were told, lived in these handsome houses behind the stately trees, smooth lawns, and wide canals of the suburbs of Zwolle; and they have rather the air of having retired not only from business or profession, but from life itself.

Leaving these rather grim abodes of luxurious idleness and solid comfort, one enters Zwolle itself, and the old town (for it is very old) is wholly charming. It has not many, it is true, of what the guidebooks call "historical associations," but what do these amount to? Very often the spot associated with some celebrated event is singularly disappointing in atmosphere and the sense of illusion, but, given an old town like Zwolle, one may make one's own "historical associations." Nothing very much ever happened here, and yet it is definitely a part of history.

We are told that Zwolle carries on a prosperous trade in corn, cattle, and butter, but there are not obtrusive signs of this save on market days.

The first famous object in the old town is the Sassenpoort—an old brick Gothic gateway, one of the finest mediæval town gateways existing in the Netherlands, and perhaps in Europe; it is now preserved, most appropriately, as a repository for the archives of the province. There are four towers and a central spire, rising up finely into the clear air, quite unobscured by trees or houses. The whole design and air of the town remain unspoiled. The church is particularly finely situated, on the main square, or Groote Markt; it is a large church, dedicated to St. Michael, and dating back to the early part of the Fifteenth Century. It has not yet—not, at least, lately—been spoiled by improvements or the removal of the whitewash. It contains a most entrancing little clock, in which St. Michael, with blows of his sword, strikes the hour; and the very amiable and charming sacristan (one hopes he is still in existence) takes a keen delight in making this clock strike, and an even more poignant delight in watching the pleasure of the tourist who beholds this little excitement in the spacious quiet of the large church. Behind the very handsome and ornate organ is a curious room, most unexpected, with a secret air, but looking out pleasantly, through a large window, on to the trees in the street beneath. Here, one supposes, the elders of the church meet in council, for there is a large, formidable table covered with green baize, stiff chairs, and an official-looking array of notebooks and inkpots.

In most Dutch churches are very fine brass candelabra,

always kept in spotless condition, so that the commoner metal shines almost as pure and pale as its finer fellow, gold. Those in Zwolle are particularly noble and sumptuous, and are perfectly kept. Attached to the church is a decorative little guardhouse. The Stadhuis is also of florid Renaissance—1448—though the exterior has unfortunately been modernized.

On the ground floor of this Town Hall is a beautiful Gothic room, with two fine Gothic chandeliers and chimneypieces. The odd-looking figures which support the ceiling are supposed to be caricatures of councillors of Kampen, which town appears to have been the butt of all the others in times past, the councillors occupying the rather unenviable position of Wise Men of Gotham. The Roman Catholic church of Our Lady is of the Fifteenth Century, and has a peculiar massive and imposing tower. In the other Roman Catholic church, that of St. Michael, is a modern monument to Thomas à Kempis, who has the credit of being the author of that most famous book, *The Imitation of Christ*. Scholars have cast doubt upon his glory, and some declare that he did not write, but merely copied, the book. He was a scribe by profession, and lived for over seventy years in a monastery three miles outside Zwolle; he died in 1471.

On one of the old patrician houses in Zwolle—that once occupied by Jan Derck van der Capellan—American gratitude has placed an inscription, for this gentleman, it appears, rendered the new republic services during the war of 1775–1783.

Every Dutch town has a local museum, often housed in some individual, ancient mansion, which makes a charm-

ing setting for the collections. The museum at Zwolle is possibly the most charming of all these charming little out-of-the-way museums in the smaller towns of the Netherlands. It possesses, too—or did possess—the most amiable and agreeable of custodians, who displays his treasures with attractive relish. Here are housed, in this beautiful old mansion, many relics, curious, beautiful, odd, and pitiful, of the ancient life of Zwolle and Overyssel.

Near to Zwolle is the castle of Rechtoren, which is one of the oldest castles in the Netherlands; it rises out of a moat, and is approached by a handsome brick and stone bridge and noble gate of the early Eighteenth Century, which leads to a terraced entrance and fine, stone-flagged steps of an earlier date. The old part of the castle consists of a very massive tower. Parts of the walls are more than six feet thick; they were built by stalwart robber barons of such ferocity and power that the Bishop of Utrecht had to fortify Zwolle against them. One of the lords of Rechtoren, Adolph, was a friend of Charles of Guelders when that valiant duke was struggling against the Emperor Maximilian, aided by the Bishop of Utrecht. During the War of Independence the castle passed from Spaniard to Dutch and from Dutch to Spaniard, until it was finally dismantled by Prince Maurice, who had the moat drained.

Subsequent lords of Rechtoren, in more peaceful and prosperous times, built a château or castle on to the remains of the old Gothic tower. The present aspect, with the step gabling, flat windows, formal gardens and terraces, is that of an aristocratic Dutch mansion of the

Seventeenth or Eighteenth Century, which does not appear at all incongruous placed near the haughty-looking tower which is the only remaining part of the old fortified castle.

Kampen, the town on the Zuyder Zee facing Enkhuizen, is reached in a few minutes by train or car from Zwolle. This old town, once a member of the Hansa League, and extremely flourishing, is situated on the influx of the Yssel into the Zuyder Zee. It was once of great importance owing to its harbour, but this has long since been silted up. An ancient gateway of the Fourteenth Century still remains, and a vast and noble church—that of St. Nicholas, or the Boven Kerk—dating from the same period. Another Fourteenth Century church—that of St. Mary—is now Roman Catholic; but the great glory of Kampen is the Stadhuis, considered by many to be the finest town hall in the Netherlands. It has been altered from one time to another; the present aspect is rich and pleasing, and the interior is as interesting as the exterior—which is more than can be said for many of these old town halls. On the exterior, which dates from 1740, and conceals a much older building of the Sixteenth Century, are statues of emperors and various "virtues," and at one of the corners is one of those ornate towers with bulbous cupolas which are such a delightful feature of old Dutch architecture. Some of the rooms in this ancient town hall are particularly fine and handsome, in a massive, heavy, rococo style. There are also some beautiful examples of town antiquities—cups belonging to the old guilds, banderoles worn by the presidents of these same guilds, old brass extinguishers, used for the putting out of fires, and a peculiar

roll of wood on which judicial sentences were written—the only example of its kind in the country. Another object dealing with criminal law, and also declared to be unique, is the iron grill, projecting into the street, behind which condemned prisoners were placed for the populace to see. One of the three old bridge entrances to the town—the Korenmarkt-poort—has been whitewashed, so as to be visible to mariners. Another displays the Imperial eagle, showing the fact that Kampen was a free town. The delightful quiet streets of Kampen, fragrant with salt sea air, do not lack the charm of a ringing melody, without which no Dutch town would seem complete, for in the Nieuwe Toren, built in the middle of the Seventeenth Century, is a fine carillon of thirty-five bells.

Those who have the time to give a prolonged and sympathetic inspection to Kampen will find here many treasures of many times. The old Church of St. Nicholas, for instance, contains more of those brass candelabra which are the pride of so many Dutch churches; here they are slightly different from the usual designs, and the arms of the town are introduced into the brasswork. The organ is very large, and dates from 1670. These huge rococo organs, overloaded with decorations, seem exactly in place in the bare, whitewashed churches. There are, too, a Renaissance screen of brass, and an ancient sedile; but more, perhaps, than by any of these definite objects (curious and beautiful as they are) the traveller will be entranced by the whole air and atmosphere of the town, so definite and so indescribable.

Deventer is another town of Overyssel, slightly larger than Kampen, and situated on the river, here edged by

wharfs and landing stages, and crowded with busy craft. From the other side of the river, where there are many pleasure gardens and cafés, you may obtain a most beautiful view of Deventer, which, not spoiled by straggling suburbs, has exactly the appearance of a town of the Middle Ages such as one sees in the background of so many old pictures or drawn in the margin of old maps.

The principal church of Deventer—the Berg Kerk—is exceedingly old, and of Romanesque architecture. Some of it was built at the end of the Twelfth Century. It has very large windows, and a lofty nave with vaulted aisles. It has, unfortunately, recently shown signs of collapsing through sheer age, but has been most carefully restored and buttressed. Among the treasures is a queer old offertory box, three feet long, with four different locks, the keys of which were kept by four wardens, and some fine communion plate—shaped silver beakers of the beginning of the Seventeenth Century, one of which has a representation of the old church engraved thereon.

The other church—that of St. Lebuinus—is of Renaissance date, and still retains its characteristic whitewash. The square tower of this church has been adorned by a cupola with a bulb-like decoration on the top, which modification of the Gothic intention shows finely enough above the straight lines of the houses. Both these churches contain floor tombs, and that of St. Lebuinus a particularly fine monument to a gentleman named John of Leyden (not, however, the unfortunate "prophet" of that name). In this church, too, is a very interesting early crypt, supposed to date from 1040, and something like the crypt of the same period in the Church of St. Servatius at Maas-

tricht. There are six fine columns, a stone altar, and a piscina, and the remains of an early chapel, all kept in the best possible condition. These belong to the patron saint, St. Bernulf, who probably had his church on this site. The Church of St. Lebuinus also possesses a beautiful carillon.

The Weigh House, a building of 1528, made of the material of two even older houses demolished at that period, is a most ornate and curious little building of composite design, with a fine outside staircase added more than a hundred years later. The design and the ingenious detail, the small tower, with the usual bulb-like cupola, which crowns the whole queer little edifice, and the details of window and terrace are most curious and unusual. There are also many elegant and charming houses in Deventer —private mansions and official buildings. The post office, for instance, is a Late Renaissance edifice, and the police bureau has two grandiose and heavy doorways.

The modern importance of Deventer resides in its iron foundries and carpet factories, which by no means improve the neighbourhood. It also has a more frivolous distinction—that of making delicious honey cakes, famous all over the Netherlands.

The history of Deventer is much the same as the history of any other Dutch town. At one time it was a member of the redoubtable Hansa League; at another it was subject to the no less redoubtable Bishop of Utrecht; and it was captured by Maurice of Orange from the Spaniards —one of the many towns which that invincible soldier added to the Dutch Republic.

The most famous name connected with this town is

no doubt that of Terburg. Terburg was born at Zwolle; later he spent many years travelling in various parts of Europe, and on his return to Holland settled in Deventer, where he became burgomaster. He has left in the Town Hall a large painting of the Council Room with the burgomaster and councillors. Terburg died in Deventer in 1681. His rich, elegant, and charming pictures, which reflect with so much grace and spirit the aristocratic life of his time, are now scattered all over Europe, and must have been admired by thousands of people who have never been to or heard of Deventer.

Outside Deventer, toward Diepenveen, is the romantic-looking *slot,* or château, of De Haere, standing in charming woods and beautifully laid-out grounds. A little farther on is another such *slot,* that of Hoenlo. The village near which this stands—that of Olst—contains a fine church, built of those old, large, pale bricks which look like stone. The road from here to Zwolle skirts the Yssel, and runs on some of the dikes which protect the land in flood time. At Wyhe are several of those characteristic avenues of elm and oak which are such a common feature of the Dutch landscape, and lend it a great deal of its wistful charm. Here again is a beautiful church spire, built of the same pale bricks, and with a fine diagonal slate roof.

The line of the Yssel was the line of descent chosen by William of Orange when the Dutch Republic, in its desperate need, put him in charge of its forces in 1672 to protect a country which Europe deemed already lost. The line of his heroic defence can still be traced. Here, too, was what the Dutch call the "Waterlinie" when, in that same year, the last bitter resolution was taken

to flood the country. This year, 1672, is known in Dutch history as the "Rampjaar," or "Year of Catastrophe," so hopeless did the position seem when the magnificent and mighty Louis XIV turned the full force of his power on the Hollanders, and threw his army, under such brilliant generals as Turenne and Condé, across the Rhine, and advanced at once into the heart of the defenceless land.

Near Bodegraven the English Commissioners, including Buckingham and Arlington, suggested to William of Orange that he sell, for as good a price as he could get, such remnants of the country as were still in his hands; and when he spoke of further defence Buckingham replied, with a sneer: "You talk of your country; there is no country left. Do you not see that it is lost?" To which the young prince, not yet twenty-two years of age, and totally inexperienced in war, replied quietly, in words which have become famous, "I see indeed it is in great danger, but there is a sure way never to see it lost: and that is to die in the last ditch." So resolute and so passionate in the defence of his people was the young general that he had already drawn up a heroic scheme to vacate the country and take the entire population to the Indies, there to start a new republic free from the aggressions of Europe. He even proceeded so far in this scheme as to count the tonnage of the shipping in the port of Amsterdam, finding it to be sufficient to take the greater part of the population of the Netherlands on this heroic flight. The French, however, were held back by the flooding of the land, which act of courageous despair ruined so many Dutch farmers and estate holders; and William of Orange

held his own, with immutable fortitude, until the Peace of Nymegen, when the French had to relinquish all they had conquered from the Dutch.

The scenery of Overyssel is very charming. The country is pretty, and looks luxuriant. In summer there are many varieties of ferns and wild flowers, and delightful hedgerows—a beauty which is not common in every province of the Netherlands. Here we see thatched roofs in place of the tiles which are usual in other parts. In some places in Overyssel—notably at Schoonheeten—there are stretches of moors, purple with heather. There are, too, in Overyssel a number of those fine brick roads which the Dutch lay down over marsh and sand; one especially notable runs from Holten to Deventer. Fine and convenient as these roads are, however, they cannot be called ideal for motoring, unless one is impervious to jolts and bumps. What is most noticeable about these brick roads, which are generally also avenues of fine trees, is their undeviating straightness, which helps to give the peculiarly regular, exact, and mournful character to the country—endless straight roads stretching to endless wide horizons, with very few turns or twists or irregularities of any kind.

Chapter VIII

GUELDERS

THE country between Deventer and Arnhem, the capital of Guelders, is one of the wildest parts of the Netherlands, and has a beauty that is like the beauty of the rest of Europe, but is not so characteristic as the flats and the waterways.

This part of the country is called the Veluwe ("Barren Island"), and consists of a superb moor stretching for miles in every direction. Moors and heaths are not associated with Holland, but this stretch of purple heather and yellow gorse could scarcely be equalled by the heather moors of Scotland, Yorkshire, and Wales, so vast is the area, and so unbroken is it by a single shrub, tree, house, or wall; for the Veluwe is utterly neglected and uncultivated. The country here reaches about the highest point in Guelders, which is to say the highest point in the whole of the Netherlands—about 300 to 350 feet above sea level.

This part of their country is greatly admired by the Dutch, who think it a good deal more worth seeing and appreciating than the other type of flat scenery to which they are so well used; but it is doubtful if the foreigner, who may see some such prospect as this in his own coun-

try and others, will find the Veluwe, gorgeous as no doubt it is, as interesting as some parts of Overyssel, or as the meers of Friesland, or as the flats of South and North Holland. Guelders, indeed, appears geographically to be a part of Germany, and its charms, great as they are, are the charms common to many parts of Europe. One can see up here reason for the old political contention that Holland was but the delta of the Rhine and the Maas —as, indeed, it is, for here, as it were, the solid land ends, and marshes and swamps caused by the two immense rivers running into the sea take its place. All the more honour, then, to the people who by their own heroic qualities of industry and patience contrived to raise a flourishing, a cultured, and a prosperous nation out of what Andrew Marvell called "the undigested vomit of the sea." The Yssel, though a small river compared to the Rhine and the Maas, yet contributes its share to the network of waterways, and may be plainly traced by those who follow its course through Overyssel, where it helps to split the land up into canals; then, too, add the Scheldt, which, flowing up to Antwerp, divides the lower portions of Holland and Zeeland into a group of islands, and really is not a river, but an immense arm of the sea in two mighty portions, the East and West Scheldt, invading the land. A glance at the map will show how remarkable it is that this land, assailed, as it were, on both sides by huge rivers, and so locked by sea, should have attained the extraordinary preëminence in Europe, in science, art, agriculture, colonization, which it has achieved.

As we leave Overyssel and enter Guelders we come into the more leisured portions of the country, where

are the seats of what we used to call in England "the nobility and gentry," whose castles and villas have an atmosphere all their own.

Apeldoorn, the first large village reached by the brick road from Deventer, exists on its numerous paper mills, and has as many inhabitants as have most of the towns of Overyssel, though claiming to be nothing more than a village. It has two very handsome parks, and a small royal hunting lodge near by; it is picturesquely situated on the Gieren Canal and the Grift Canal. The royal château is Het Loo, built in the very centre of this country, which in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth centuries served very little other purpose than that of providing hunting grounds and pleasure parks for the noblemen of the Netherlands.

Het Loo is a typical baroque palace of the Seventeenth Century, and in design and aspect is very like the Hampton Court raised by Wren for the same king as he who bought and built Het Loo. William III of the Netherlands and England, passionately devoted to hunting, spent most of his brief leisure at this palace, which he had built with so much love and care near the old hunting box which had stood here so long, and which he turned into a menagerie. Like Hampton Court, the complete design of which was never carried out, this palace was designed to stand in the midst of most elaborate grounds, with canals, avenues, formal gardens, terraces, fountains, great iron gates, statuary, and pavilions. The gardens in their time were superb examples of Dutch gardening at its best, but were unfortunately destroyed in the early Nineteenth Century during that rage for the "picturesque"

which demolished so much of the formal beauty of the baroque period. The gardens were then laid out in what was called "the English fashion"—that is, an imitation of wild nature. They have, however, to a great extent been restored, and make now a fitting setting to the formal and stately palace, the interior of which is still richly furnished in Seventeenth Century manner. The old *slot,* or château, which at one time housed the animals that Hondecoeter painted can still be seen in the park. The palace may be viewed in the absence of the Queen.

This is a country of castles, or châteaux. Close by is Dieren, where William III had another hunting box, and Voorst, where there is a gorgeous rococo castle, presented by William III to the first Earl of Albemarle of the Keppel family, and now in the possession of the Bentinck family.

There is, too, an old Thirteenth Century castle at Nyembeek. We are not far from Zutphen, which is of more interest to the English traveller than any of the above châteaux, for it was near here, in a little skirmish during the War of Independence, that Sir Philip Sidney was killed—or, to be exact, not at Zutphen, though this is the place given in all our history books, but at Warnsveldt, which you now reach prosaically enough by steam tramway from Zutphen. Zutphen has its own interests apart from this historic one. It is a town of about twenty thousand inhabitants, with a prosperous timber trade, and has a handsome Gothic church dedicated to the saint who is associated with the sinister revels of witches supposed to take place on the night of St. Walpurgis. This church, parts of which date from the Twelfth Century,

is now being restored; it contains a very handsome copper font of 1527, and some perfect candelabra of gilded iron. In the ancient chapter house is a most remarkable old library, dating from pre-Reformation days, and consisting of about four hundred books, most of them in manuscript, which are chained to the desks. Zutphen has many neat, pretty, typical houses, and there is a building called the Wynhuis, which contains the usual collection of local curiosities.

The capital of Guelders, and the most important town in that province, is Arnhem, which can be seen, a bold fortress city, in one of the reliefs on the tomb at Innsbruck of Maximilian of Habsburg, who had to struggle so fiercely before he could reduce this stronghold of the rebellious Duke of Guelders. The Arnhem of those days has totally disappeared. There are fewer relics of the Middle Ages in this town than in any other town of the Netherlands, and of the time of Maximilian and Charles of Guelders scarcely a vestige remains. Nor does the Arnhem of to-day look as if it had ever been a fortress or known battles and sieges; prosperous, neat, clean, and finely laid out as it now is, it has an odd, early Nineteenth Century air in the wide, light streets and vast shaded squares, a Jane Austen atmosphere, where it is not wholly modern with a rather aggressive modernity—as in the new post office and shops, which reflect the very last movement in architecture.

Anhem is nobly situated on the Rhine, and lies between the Veluwe and the Betuwe, which was once an island district, and was reclaimed for culture by draining, and is now covered with the most beautiful orchards and pas-

ture lands and the most flourishing of farms. Dutch people come from all over the Netherlands to see the Betuwe in time of the apple, pear, and cherry blossom, for then the white and pink flowers adorn it from end to end, the district being uncommonly fertile. Arnhem has nearly seventy thousand inhabitants, half of whom are Roman Catholics, and was formerly a fine fortified mediæval town, the capital of the Dutch province of Guelderland, which was once, and for long, a most important independent duchy, the home of the proudest and the bravest of the inhabitants of the Netherlands. They are very handsome people. One may see more fine figures and noble faces in Guelders than in any other province of the Netherlands. The Dukes of Guelders, warlike and superb knights, long maintained their independence, the last of the line, Charles, struggling to the end of his life against the might of the German Cæsar. From 1233 to 1538 Arnhem was their residence. The town fell to the French in the dreadful year of 1672, but was recaptured and fortified by Coehoorn. The noble ramparts have now been converted into well-kept and luxuriant promenades. Arnhem, indeed, seems to have as many trees and flower gardens as it has houses. For those who do not regret the destruction of all historic remains it may be considered a most attractive town. One is informed that most of the really wealthy Dutch nabobs from the East Indies retire to Arnhem; whoever the inhabitants are, they are clearly wealthy, and persons of taste.

There is very little old architecture left here—only the church, the Town Hall (which has been restored and modernized), and one ancient gate, the only relic of the

town wall, with a Roman Catholic church dedicated to St. Walpurgis, a building of 1422.

In the Groote Kerk, however, is one of the most pleasant monuments in the whole country, considered both from an artistic and a historical point of view. It is that of Charles of Egmond, Duke of Guelders, who died in 1538 after spending his life in a heroic and unequal struggle with Maximilian and Charles V. The tomb of black and white marble, adorned with the magnificent coats of arms, upheld by lions, of Charles of Egmond's various lordships, is singularly beautiful; so also is the figure of the warrior recumbent upon it in grace and dignity. Above, on the north wall of the choir, beneath a wooden canopy, is a kneeling figure of Charles of Egmond, wearing a suit of armour—one, we are told, which he actually wore. The figure looks odd enough in this position, and no one seems to know or care anything about it. Very often on the actual spot one discovers less information than anywhere else concerning these relics of the past.

In Tewkesbury Abbey is another such figure of a kneeling knight, placed above a chantry, and in the church at Innsbruck another suit of armour, above a tomb of one of the Archdukes of the Tyrol; but these figures are as rare as they are curious, and this, which has probably been removed from its original position, has an odd air in the bare Protestant church. Charles of Guelders was a noble and mighty figure. Though he appears to have been forgotten to a considerable extent in his own province, he is more worth remembering and admiring than many a hero of the same period who has been considerably overpraised and overwritten.

The Town Hall has also its associations with the Duke of Guelders, for it was once the house of his ferocious general, Maarten van Rossem, and was once called—and perhaps still is—"the Devil's House," from the grotesque figures which sprawl over the front.

The environs of Arnhem are considered its great attraction, and are certainly pretty enough, with charming views over the Rhine, the Betuwe, and the Veluwe. There are lovely walks in all directions through the woods, and it is impossible to go anywhere without seeing sumptuous country seats, beautifully kept, and surrounded by lovely gardens and elegant parks. At Sonsbeek there is one of these parks belonging to the town; it contains a small lake, a hotel, and a restaurant and terrace, also a belvedere tower, which commands a beautiful view of the Betuwe and the distant heights of Cleves, in Germany.

To the west of the town rises the Reeberg, with more pleasure grounds and a casino where concerts are given in the summertime. There are some enjoyable walks through the woods; in one an open-air museum of Dutch architecture provides a curiosity for the visitor. Through the prosperous but not very interesting new part of Arnhem one may reach the Velp road, from which there are remote views of the luxurious valley of the Rhine. The village of Velp itself seems to consist entirely of villa residences. Near here is what is perhaps the most remarkable castle in the Netherlands—that of Rozendaal, which means "Valley of Roses." There is a massive and most imposing tower of the Thirteenth Century remaining. The rest is a typical Eighteenth Century château. The

DEVENTER: THE WEIGH-HOUSE

BERGEN-OP-ZOOM: THE CHURCH
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park is large, and contains delicate and elegant pavilions, trees, lakes, and fountains; it is open to visitors on several days of the week. Rozendaal was at one time a residence of the Egmonds, Dukes of Guelders. It has sheltered in its time a Scottish Princess, one of the Duchesses of Guelders, and a Princess of Orange who afterward was Queen of England, for Mary II meditated along these walks, rested in these rococo summerhouses, and left behind in the château several of her prayers and letters, carefully inscribed on closely written sheets. Baron van Pallandt, who owns this magnificent residence, keeps it in the most careful repair.

Another remarkable château in this country of châteaux is Middachten, belonging to Baron Bentinck, which is approached by the Middachten Allée, a magnificent avenue of limes, much admired and praised by the Dutch, which it takes about twenty minutes to pass through in a motor car. Superb as these trees are, they scarcely compare in charm and grandeur with the long avenue of trees at Savernake, Lord Aylesbury's park in England. Middachten was erected on the extremely old foundation of a castle by Baron Ginckel, Earl of Athlone, who commanded for William III in Ireland; it has since passed into the possession of the Bentinck family, descendants of the elder branch of that house from which came the nobleman who was created by William III, Earl of Portland. It is an ornate and charming little château both within and without, with the gardens in the most perfect order and with all the details of Seventeenth and Eighteenth Century luxury—formal walks, an open-air theatre

(where the wings and stage are formed of grass), clipped hedges, orangeries, stables, and ponds. It contains many historical treasures and relics of the greatness and splendour of the Bentinck family, as well as a notable array of heavy portraits and heavy furniture. Middachten still remains a private residence, and is not to be viewed by the casual tourist.

Among the many other baroque châteaux of Guelders —and these are numerous indeed—may be mentioned Amerongen, the residence of another member of the Bentinck family. Both the Bentincks and the Keppels, commemorated in these magnificent mansions, founded families in England, where the Guelders nobles established themselves under the patronage of William III, and have in the couple of hundred years that have passed since the Revolution distinguished themselves by notable services to their adopted country, and provided a succession of politicians, soldiers, sailors, and great gentlemen, creditable alike to the country from which they came and the country in which they settled. Godart van Ginckel, Earl of Athlone, left no descendants, unfortunately, for he was an admirable man—a just and merciful administrator, a cool and courageous general, admired even by his enemies, the one man who has been able to command an alien force in Ireland and not be detested and execrated by the Irish; and the justice, generosity, and charity of the conqueror of Limerick were admitted even by the people whom he defeated.

We are here, in these surroundings of Arnhem, close on the frontiers of Holland. The next considerable town is Kleef, or Cleves, once the capital of a notable princi-

pality, the Dukes of Cleves, like the Dukes of Guelders, being practically independent sovereigns under the loose, vague rule of the Empire. Cleves from the heights above the Rhine round Arnhem may be seen in the distance, and looks gallant enough in the shimmering landscape, like a gorgeous crown set on the flat plains. It is a very attractive old city, and a visit there carries with it the illusion that one is still in Guelders, and has not passed the frontiers of the Netherlands, so little do these arbitrary political divisions, especially when they are of modern growth, affect the atmosphere of countries.

South of Arnhem, near Cleves, and nearer still to the German frontier, is the old Imperial town of Nymegen, beloved by Charlemagne, and with an atmosphere peculiarly its own, entirely different from that of any other town in the Netherlands. Nymegen is magnificently situated on a gentle slope on the banks of the Waal, and must in its time have been one of the most imposing and noble-looking towns in Europe, for the position is superb, though latterly marred by a necessary but ugly railway bridge and stacks of factory chimneys, which hide the beautiful lines of the curving river.

Nymegen is on the site of an ancient Roman city. It was once an Imperial residence, then a free Imperial town and a member of the Hansa League before it joined the Union of Utrecht in 1579. The town fell to the Spaniards in 1585, but was recaptured by Maurice a few years later. Turenne took it in 1672, but it became the seat of the famous congress which concluded the peace called after it, whereby it was restored to the Dutch Republic. Here,

as in every other Dutch town, the fortifications have gone, and pleasant promenades and handsome parks are laid out on their site.

In the shady pleasure grounds of the Valkhof are some poor ruins of a large Romanesque palace, built on Roman foundations in 777 by the great Charlemagne, which was the seat of the Court of the early emperors, and was pulled down at the end of the Eighteenth Century. There only remain these curious ruins; the origin of the most important is much disputed, but it is believed to be the alcove of the throne in the great hall, dating from the time of Barbarossa. There is also an eight-sided chapel, the oldest piece of church architecture in Holland, consecrated by Pope Leo III in 799, but rebuilt three times, and finally in the Gothic period. These two fragments of ruins—the alcove pierced by a window and with the two slender, elegant pillars either side, and the eight-sided chapel, which is not unlike the Abbot's Kitchen at Glastonbury Abbey—appear odd enough in these neat, prim, modern surroundings, and quite divested of any meaning. It is almost impossible to realize that one stands on the site of an immense palace, where emperors lodged. The whole aspect of Nymegen, rising in a huddle of houses on an amphitheatre of seven hills on the left bank of the Maas, is more German than Dutch, if it can be said to have a nationality at all. It retains its air of a free and individual city, and there is something about it, despite trams and modern shops, that is sombre, austere, and slightly gloomy.

The principal points of architectural interest are, as usual, the Stadhuis and the church. The Stadhuis is rather different from those in other Dutch towns. It is of brick

with white facings, plain and austere in outline, with a magnificent winged staircase, and adorned with statues of old German emperors. These are copies of the originals, but have no air of imitation. The interior contains some very handsome carved Renaissance seats, used by town tribunals, and a beautiful clock of the same period; also one of those graceful brass candelabra which give a unique character to all Dutch interiors of this period. Here are portraits of the ambassadors who signed in 1678 the Peace of Nymegen, the first check to the triumphant progress of Louis XIV, as the Peace of Ryswyk was the second and the Peace of Utrecht the third. All these treaties, which slowly but surely protected the liberties of Holland, were signed in the Netherlands.

Here is the exquisite view of the old château of the Valkhof, by Van Goyen, full of this painter's delicate charm, and several interesting local antiquities, including a nautilus cup which is greatly admired, and more silver of the various guilds, instruments, coins, and old manuscripts and documents. The prehistoric, Germanic, and Frankish remains housed here were discovered in the vicinity; among them, and having a poignant personal interest to the English, is a sarcophagus made of tiles marked with the stamp of the Tenth Roman Legion.

The Church of St. Stephen, or Groote Kerk—the inevitable name for a cathedral in the Netherlands—is built on a slight eminence. It is entered by an elaborate doorway, under a step-gabled house, reached from the market place, which is smaller and of less definite shape than usual in a Dutch town. This dark, heavy church has a solitary air of having been left behind by Time; it has not been

incorporated with the modern life of the town it crowns, but remains a perishing relic of a dead yesterday. It was began, on the site of a yet older edifice in 1272, and finished in the Fifteenth Century. The interior is dark, sombre, and forbidding, and contains only one notable object, the tomb, standing in melancholy isolation, of that "young Madam of Guelders" whose pathetic history is told by Philippe de Comines. This tomb dates from 1512, some years after the death of the Duchess of Guelders, and is a plain altar shape, and made of black marble surrounded by engraved brasses of the twelve Apostles. The slender pillars of the nave of the church with their dark capitals and the narrow vaulting provide a setting for a grandiose organ and the fine glitter of a brass candelabrum. This must have been, in the days of its glory, a most magnificent cathedral, and retains, even in its present state of mutilation, more of the air of mediæval Catholicism than any other church in the Netherlands. The exterior of St. Stephen's Church, closed round by rather mean houses none too well kept, shows some remains of arches or buttresses, and worn, dark, imposing brickwork.

Outside this enclosure, or churchyard, is the Grammar School, of 1544, a worn, haggard-looking building of a slightly sinister aspect. The Weigh House, of 1612, is a fine Dutch edifice exhibiting the usual features, and has a handsome outside staircase guarded by four lions. There are one or two old gateways and ancient houses in Nymegen worthy of scrutiny, though not so many as in some older Dutch towns. The beauty of Nymegen consists mostly in its situation and in the exquisite views to be obtained from the parks and heights of the environs, principally from

the old belvedere, which is one of the towers of the former fortifications. The Bergendal ("Wood and Vale") is considered the beauty spot of Nymegen, and from the platform of these towers there is, indeed, a wide perspective to be seen. The sweep of horizon encloses the towns of Kleef (or Cleves) and Arnhem, the heights of Elten, all the rich pasturage of the Betuwe, and the four great rivers which traverse Holland—the Waal, the Rhine, the Maas, and the Yssel—here seen in all their noble splendour as they cross the plains. From Lent, a village on the right bank of the Waal, connected with the town by means of a fine bridge, there is a beautiful view of Nymegen, which shows its aspect of ancient glory better here than when seen closer, for St. Stephen's Church rises up magnificently out of the climbing houses. It is not difficult to imagine, when looking at Nymegen across the Waal, what it appeared like in the days of its Imperial splendour, when it was the home of emperors.

Sir William Temple, the English envoy at the Congress of Nymegen, was nearly drowned crossing the Waal at this point. His coach and horses were on the flat barge which was ferrying them across, the ambassador seated serenely within, when a volley of guns fired off at Nymegen in his honour startled the horses, and nearly threw the coach and the ambassador into the water. The portraits of Sir William Temple and all his colleagues at this important congress can be seen in the dark canvas in the Council Room of Nymegen. It is a bad painting, and all these redoubtable diplomats look shifty and ill-humoured—which was perhaps the case, for it was a peace, like many peaces, which satisfied few.

Nymegen is a good centre for seeing other parts of the Netherlands by water. One can go, for instance, to Rotterdam, through Kesteren and Dordrecht. In Tiel, on the right bank of the Waal, we have a little town which in the early Middle Ages was a place of great importance, and which has the inevitable history of these towns of Guelders, having been besieged by the Spaniards and taken by the French in 1672. There is still one gate as a relic of its fortifications. Another place that may be visited from Nymegen is Gorkum, a little town which has the honour of being one of the first places which the "Beggars of the Sea" took from the Spaniards; it has a charming position at the junction of two rivers, the Waal and the Maas, here called the Merwede. The old brick buildings in Gorkum and the neighbouring little town of Woudrichem, also easily reached by steamboat, are most entrancing. Neither of these towns is well known to foreigners, nor even to the inhabitants of the other provinces of the Netherlands. They are in every way fresh and delightful, with a gay and cheerful air, despite their stormy past of siege and assault. The old houses, step gabled, with the fine, rosy brick and the rich designs in white stone, are here untouched and unchanged, and appear exactly as they must have done when first built.

Slightly above Woudrichem, on the other side of the river, is the frowning and glooming castle of Loevenstein, once the state prison of the old Dutch Republic which has held in its time many a celebrated man, most famous of all being Hugo de Groot, whose romantic escape, planned by his wife, in a chest of old books, has often been retold.

A few miles below Gorkum is the Biesbosch, or "Reed

Forest"—a district of more than a hundred islands, formed at the same time as the Hollandschdiep by an inundation in 1421. It has already been mentioned in describing Dordrecht, which town this marsh surrounds. Where the Biesbosch passes into the Hollandschdiep, near Moerdyk, a magnificent railway bridge has been built, one of the finest in the world, and a triumph of Dutch engineering. This spans the Hollandschdiep from North Brabant to South Holland.

Another most attractive and little-known town on the great river flowing through Guelders from Nymegen is Zalt Bommel, which has the same stormy history as have so many Dutch towns, and was also once a very strongly fortified place—as, indeed, were all these towns so unfortunately situated on the river. Zalt Bommel underwent two sieges from the Spaniards, and it is still the great pride of the inhabitants that both were unsuccessful. Turenne took it, however, in 1672, when all these towns fell before the triumphant advance of the French. The administration of Jan de Witt had left it largely deprived of fortification and garrison. The ancient ramparts are planted with lovely trees, which give an attractive air of grace and charm to the ancient town, while the St. Martin Kerk has one of the most graceful and airy towers in the country. Inside this old church are some ancient wall paintings.

There is a house in Zalt Bommel called the house of Maarten van Rossem, who was the fierce general of the Duke of Guelders. It is now used as a district court, and is a comely and notable building, containing some fine old chimneypieces. Zalt Bommel is not quite so remarkable

as Gorkum for its ancient architecture, yet there is a sufficient variety of old houses here; particularly to be noticed is one in the Waterstraat, with a curious upper story. Up to Zalt Bommel the river is tidal.

The history of the part that Zalt Bommel took in the famous struggle for independence in 1572, the manner in which the little town threw itself on the side of William the Silent, and the encouragement and stimulation which the cause of liberty received from the spirited and gallant adherence of Zalt Bommel in these early days of the long and terrible war are quite as important as the attitude taken up by Briele, which is better known and more lauded. Zalt Bommel is rightly proud of this part of her history, which is almost unknown, and not perhaps sufficiently appreciated, even in the Netherlands, though the story of Zalt Bommel on July 31, 1572, has been made the subject of a romantic play by one of the best-known Dutch writers, Van Lennep. The history of Zalt Bommel, so glorious and so little known, is typical of the courage and stern fortitude with which the Dutch, in that dark and difficult time, resisted the tyranny of Philip II of Spain and that of the Spanish Inquisition, even more loathed and dreaded than the fury of the Duke of Alva. For the sake of her past turbulent history and her present quiet charm—for surely there is no place anywhere that has a sweeter atmosphere of mental repose —this little town is more than worth a prolonged visit. All these places—Zalt Bommel, Gorkum, and many another attractive town—can be seen when coming down by boat from Arnhem to Rotterdam, but this trip allows

no time for a visit. One must be content with romantic views of them as they rise from the banks of the river.

Guelders, always a martial province, has many other associations with the struggles of 1572. Among the memorials of this same war may be mentioned the monument in the church of the little town of Heumen to Louis and Henry of Nassau, who, with the young Duke Christopher of Brunswick, went down on the bloody field of Mooker Heide. They were lost in the black confusion of this hideous battle, which was a complete defeat for the Dutch, and not even their bodies were found afterward. Adolphus had fallen at Heiligerlee; there two, Louis and Henry, made three princes of the house of Nassau who had lost their lives in the full bloom of their youth for the cause which they had so generously and gallantly espoused. Their eldest brother, William, Prince of Orange, called "the Silent," was to fall some years later under the bullet of an assassin; so of all the sons of Juliana of Stolberg there remained only Count John, ancestor of the present royal family of the Netherlands. Mooker Heide means the "Heath of Mook," and the little town or village of Mook still stands. This was one of the most disastrous battles of the war, and was foretold by fearsome portents in the sky—armed men fighting in the clouds, and spectres howling on the battlements of the fortified towns of Guelders. Gazing at the peace and beauty, the prosperity and calm, of Guelders nowadays, it is difficult to put one's mind back to the ferocity and grim despair of that long and dauntless struggle, out of which rose the old Dutch Republic and the first free country in Europe.

Mook is on the frontiers of North Brabant, not far from Grave—that important little key to the country over which there were so many disputes, but which is now not of much consequence. Helmond has a curious old château still in good preservation. On that portion of the Rhine known as the Crooked Rhine lies Wyk-by-Duurstede, an ancient Roman town, and one that was of considerable commercial value in the time of Charlemagne. It is an interesting little place, with a Fifteenth Century church and one remaining tower of a palace once inhabited by those most imposing and powerful potentates, the Bishops of Utrecht. Culemborg has also lost its one-time importance. It was the seat of some powerful nobles of that name who played a considerable part in the history of the Dutch War of Independence; it is now a charming little place, with a fine Late Gothic Stadhuis.

One leave Guelders with reluctance. There are not only beauty and charm, but an air of elegance and grandeur about the lovely province. There are in Guelders a great variety of interest, and a wide range of associations—the early days of chivalry, the might and splendour of the emperors, and later the warlike lords, with their feuds and battles and pageantry, their castles, forts, and towns. We are not far here from Xanten, Siegfried's own town, and the story of Elsa and the swan is told both of Cleves and of Nymegen. The very origin of Guelders is associated with knightly romance. A fierce dragon was supposed to have laid waste this part of Lower Germany, and to have been slain by two noble brothers. The dying monster's last cry was "Gelre, gelre," and this name was taken as a prophecy of the future name of the town which was in

due course built on the spot where the dragon had perished. This little town of Guelders is now actually in Germany, but frontiers have shifted a great deal since those days. Many other romantic legends and tales adorn the early history of Guelders. Then came the great war at the end of the Sixteenth Century, when Guelders threw all her weight on the side of liberty and the Reformation. Followed the revival of the lovely province as a pleasure ground for the nobles of the Netherlands and the magnates of the flourishing Dutch Republic. Parks were laid out, and hunting seats sprang up. A king built his palace here, and attracted the attention of Europe to the province of Guelders, for diplomats and messengers from all over the world came to William III's château at Het Loo.

The scenery of parts of Guelders is like that of parts of France—Chantilly, or Fontainebleau, or Versailles—for elegance and grace, and patrician culture and charm. The avenues, the groups of trees, the airy vistas, the baroque châteaux, the formal gardens, and the woods preserved for hunting exactly resemble the scenes one sees on elegant tapestries and delicate engravings of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth centuries. It does not require much imagination to set a hunt with dogs in the foreground, nor to see a coach and four going down one of the long avenues toward one of the castles, nor to place cavaliers and ladies in the formal walks between the clipped hedges. Château after château and estate after estate—many more than it has been possible to mention here—combine to give this effect of aristocratic wealth and elegant grace. Most of them are little changed from the days of the Seventeenth Century, unaltered and unrestored—or at least restored

in an unobtrusive fashion, so that no modernity mars their aspect. Probably in no other part of Europe, in so small a space, can so many rich patrician mansions be found, or so many parks and pleasure gardens. The lower part of Guelders, where the big rivers from Germany begin to spread to the swamps, is made as interesting as the wooded heights by the old towns which have been noted, such as Zalt Bommel and Gorkum, with their long history and their delightful architecture, and their more than charming situation on the wide waters. The air of Guelders lacks that moist heaviness which foreigners have complained of in the other provinces of the Netherlands. In summer it is fragrant with the perfume of acres of blossoms and the tang from miles of heather.

Guelders is famous for roses, but the viburnum, known in England as the guelder rose, though it grows here in profusion, appears to have no connection with this province; and no one can tell you why it is called the guelder rose. It is particularly odd, as Guelders *is* famous for real roses, which grow here in great luxuriance and variety, notably a deep crimson damask; but then there appears to be no flower that does not grow in great profusion and variety in this most beautiful of provinces.

Chapter IX

NORTH BRABANT

From Guelders one comes directly into North Brabant, on the borders of what were the Spanish Netherlands and is now the kingdom of Belgium. Here the line is sharply divided between those northern provinces of the Netherlands which secured their independence and became the Dutch Republic and those southern provinces which remained under Spain and were ruled by Archdukes of Austria until they became an independent kingdom in the early years of the Nineteenth Century.

From North Brabant one may go by tram to Antwerp, the very heart of Belgium—the most famous port in Europe, and the cause of much heartburning and difficulty by reason of its position on the Scheldt, which farther on becomes Dutch water. The division of the provinces ruined the commerce of Antwerp, which had been the most notable town of this part of Europe during the Middle Ages, and added to the prosperity of the two other great ports, Rotterdam and Amsterdam. North Brabant adjoins Limburg, another cause of dispute and discussion, which forms a spit of Dutch land in Belgian territory. We lose in this southern part of Holland that precise, clean, neat, and rather dull Calvinistic atmosphere which still, despite modern changes, largely characterizes so

many of the other Dutch towns. The dress of the peasantry is quite different here; they wear a very ornate and rather untidy bonnet, with wide white satin streamers, a great deal of lace, and wreaths of artificial flowers, very different in effect from the handsome ornaments and clean starch of the more northern Dutch.

On coming from Nymegen one arrives directly at Bois-le-Duc—to use the French form of the name—or 's Hertogenbosch, as the Dutch call it. The Latin—Silva Ducis—is prettier than either. The meaning, of course, is "the Duke's Wood," and we find the origin of the town to be the same as the origin of so many of these towns—it was a great lord's choice as a hunting centre, and the arms still display, beneath the Imperial eagle and side by side with the black Lion of Brabant, a tree which commemorates the name. Those days, when it was a more or less independent fief of the Emperor, and the Dukes of Brabant hunted in these woods, are far enough away, for Bois-le-Duc was a well-established town by 1184. Very little remains to remind one of the history of Bois-le-Duc; it is not an attractive town—perhaps the least attractive of all the towns of the Netherlands, despite the cathedral, which is supposed to be the most important in the country, but is by no means the most beautiful. Bois-le-Duc is a large town which might really be anywhere in Europe and which has no particular characteristics. It has handsome suburbs, a good many poor, mean streets, and a large population, a considerable proportion of which appears to be by no means flourishing. One would not notice this in any other country, but slums and poverty are a rarity in the Netherlands, and appear very remarkable when

NYMEGEN: PANORAMA, WITH THE RIVER WAAL

NYMEGEN: THE WEIGH-HOUSE

noticed in these provinces of North Brabant and Limburg.

Bois-le-Duc was always Roman Catholic in sentiment, and long preserved its independence; it was not till 1629 that it was taken from the Spaniards by the Dutch. Then the great cathedral became Protestant—but not for ever; it was restored to the Roman Catholics by Louis Bonaparte during his short reign, and since 1810 has remained Roman Catholic. It is handsomely situated in an open space, with a group of low trees in front. It is a very rich Late Gothic building, and occupies the position of a Romanesque edifice of the Eleventh Century. This is considered the most important mediæval church in the Netherlands—the first of three of the first rank in this country, the other two being the Cathedral of Utrecht and the Church of St. Nicholas at Kampen. The St. Jan's Kerk is very richly ornamented; it has a lofty nave with double aisles and a handsome choir with chapels. The lower part of the belfry is the oldest portion of the structure. Unfortunately this beautiful church, graceful in design and rich in ornamentation, has one grave defect—the poverty of the material used. This is an ugly-coloured, coarse sandstone, which is rapidly crumbling. In many places all the sharp detail has been smoothed away, and despite the most vigilant and careful restoration the whole edifice has a rubbed look, and in most parts a displeasing wooliness of texture quite unsuited to the solidity and dignity of so large a building. Owing to the poor quality of this sandstone, it appears doubtful whether, with the utmost care, the cathedral can long be preserved.

The interior is in every way charming and graceful. There are a beautiful Renaissance pulpit, and a fine organ,

with a case of 1517. Also among the curiosities are shown a brass font dating from 1492, and a very old and stately image of Our Lady, which is carried in procession through the town every evening for a week in the summer. There are some Gothic stalls in the choir, and an ancient fresco has been uncovered. One does not know why, but the much-famed Cathedral of St. Jan is something, both within and without, of a disappointment. Maximilian I of Austria held one of the sumptuous Chapters of the Golden Fleece in this cathedral in 1481.

The Stadhuis, a plain, austere, Palladian building erected by the famous Dutch architect Peter Post in 1670, contains the customary museum, which contains fine collections of objects of interest connected with Bois-le-Duc.

There is another museum which covers a wider field —the Museum of the Province of North Brabant, in the Pensmarkt, which contains many antiquities of North Brabant and Roman and Frankish relics.

The only other architectural curiosity of Bois-le-Duc is the façade of an old chapel to St. Anthony, built now into the street, and capped by a later cupola. This is very rich and fanciful, but looks oddly out of place flanked by modern Dutch houses. There are one or two picturesque little alleys, with steps leading down to canals edged by foliage and flowers, but not looked after with the scrupulous cleanliness so usual in other parts of the country.

There is also a park; and mention must be made of a very handsome modern monument in the prosperous-looking suburb, where a dragon lashes its tail round a pillar—one of the most effective things of its kind to be erected in these later times. On the other hand, the modern,

Egyptian-looking bridge, though no doubt fine of its type, looks painfully out of place.

The railway station of Bois-le-Duc is much admired by the Dutch, and no doubt is very commodious and suitable. Dutch railway stations are generally the best of their kind, but after all, even at its best a railway station is hardly an object that one would travel on purpose to see, though it is an object one is bound to see when one does travel, whether one wishes it or not.

Albrecht Dürer visited Bois-le-Duc, and was entertained by the Goldsmiths' Guild. The ferocious painter Jerome van Bos, who specialized in hideous scenes of hell and infernal torment, was a native of this town, while Erasmus went to school in the neighbourhood. There do not appear to be many other associations with those whose names have travelled beyond their native locality.

A very fine castle, most lovingly restored in mediæval style, is near Bois-le-Duc—that of Heeswyk; and there in 1672 France and England had their headquarters. This is probably the finest castle in North Brabant, and is kept in excellent condition. In design and detail it rivals the famous châteaux on the Loire, and has, besides, a peculiar Dutch character of its own. The small *tourelles* make a most elegant outline against the sky; the castle rises from a moat; and there is a full drawbridge. Heeswyk is, in its way, more attractive than many more-vaunted castles of the Netherlands—Rozendaal, for instance. It is not, of course, as old as the oldest portions of Rozendaal, but it is more complete, and more in one style.

Heeswyk is not far from Helmond, and is reached from Bois-le-Duc in about an hour by steam tram. The château

is also easily reached from Nymegen, and makes a charming excursion from either town. There is no other place of great interest within easy distance of Bois-le-Duc, nor is the country round about particularly attractive, consisting largely of marshes and flats, and plentifully besprinkled as it is with factories.

The next town, Tilburg, is, indeed, a purely manufacturing town, and is hardly worth the attention of the tourist. It owes its present prosperity to the businesslike foresight of King William I of the Netherlands, whose statue is now shown in the market place. Tiburg is devoted to woollen manufactures, and is the junction of the railway. Neither of these facts constitutes a great attraction in the eyes of the traveller, and the town remains, with Assen, one of the most uninteresting places in the Netherlands.

The next town in North Brabant is, however, of a very different character, and is in many ways famous in history, and in every way delightful to the traveller. This is the town of Breda, which lies on the Mark and the Aa. This handsome little town, which has now less than thirty thousand inhabitants, belonged once to the Margravate of Stryen, and then to the Duchy of Brabant, afterward passing to the lords of Polanen, and then to Count Engelbert of Nassau-Dillenburg in 1404, thus being the cradle, in the Netherlands, of the great German family of Nassau, which was to constitute the chief renown of the Dutch nation. These Counts of Nassau who ruled in Breda had all the family ability as soldiers, statesmen, princes, and great gentlemen. The one who did the most for Breda was Henry III of Nassau, who fortified the town in 1534, and laid out the magnificent woods, which still remain.

The name of this small town appears three times definitely in history: first in the Compromise of Breda in 1566, which marked the beginning of the revolt of the Netherlands; then in the Declaration of Breda, which was the manifesto issued by Charles II before he returned to wear the crown of his father in 1660; and then in the Peace of Breda, seven years later, which marked the conclusion of the maritime warfare between the Dutch Republic and England, and confirmed Great Britain in the possession of New York and New Jersey.

Breda was also the scene of one of the most famous episodes of the long War of Independence, when it was surprised by Maurice of Orange in 1590. It had been captured by the Dutch, but had fallen into the hands of the Spaniards again, through treachery; Maurice recovered the town with the aid of seventy men and of Captain de Heraugière, who made their way into the town in a turf barge.

Thirty-five years later, however, after a gallant defence of nearly a year, Count Justin of Nassau, son of William the Silent, was compelled to surrender the fortress to Ambrose Spinola, the Spanish general. This surrender of the keys of Breda by the Dutchmen to the Spaniards is the subject of one of Velasquez's most renowned pictures, sometimes called The Lances. In 1637 Breda was again taken by the Dutch under Frederick Henry of Orange, who rebuilt the fortifications.

Breda contains the hereditary château of the house of Nassau in the Netherlands. Baron of Breda was one of the titles of the Princes of Orange, and is held by the present Queen of the Netherlands. Louis XIV contempt-

uously referred to William III of Orange as "the little lord of Breda." William III reconstructed the old castle of the Nassaus, begun under Count Henry in 1536. The work was carried out by his favourite architect, Jacob Roman. The palace once contained rich treasures of furniture and tapestry, and tales—perhaps legendary—are still told of the sacking of this palace by the French under the Napoleonic régime, and of the selling of priceless tapestries for the sheer value of the gold threads, which were ruthlessly torn out of them. It is now a military school, situated in the midst of a handsome park, called the Valkenberg, which contains a very handsome modern monument commemorating the five hundredth anniversary of the possession of Breda by the house of Orange—1404-1904. This monument, finely situated on a circular flower bed in the midst of an open place surrounded by trees, is particularly decorative and attractive; and it is regrettable that more monuments of this type are not erected in the public places of Europe instead of the usual formal groups of cold statuary. This monument is mainly heraldic in conception, and proves how right the artists of the Middle Ages were in using the formalities of heraldry as the basis of their decoration. The monument is in the form of a mediæval tower, built of local stone. From the top of this, in the middle of a formidable palisade made of interlaced spearheads, rises boldly the famous Lion of Nassau, crowned and armed, and holding a shield. The handsome relief below this tower, from which the lion rises, shows scenes in the life of the early house of Nassau and Lords of Breda; below, the arms of their many lordships are depicted on small shields which circle the plinth.

The whole is richly and boldly gilded and coloured, and very effective, and no unworthy tribute to the splendid history of this magnificent family. The first of the reliefs shows Count Engelbert of Nassau and his wife Joanna van Polanen—this was one of those marriages with rich heiresses which did so much to build up the fortunes of this proud family. Joanna brought the seat of Polanen into her husband's possession.

The great pride of Breda at the present day is the beautiful tomb of Count Engelbert II of Nassau, in the old church so delightfully situated in the market place. Local guides will tell you that this monument is the work of Michelangelo, but it was in all probability executed by Tomaso Vincidor of Bologna, who came to the Netherlands about this period in order to superintend the execution of the tapestries from Raphael's drawings. The monument, which is in perfect condition, is very curious in design, and was copied in the tomb of Sir Francis Vere in Westminster Abbey. It is executed in Italian alabaster, which has now the colour of old wax or pale amber, and represents Count Engelbert II and his wife, Cimburgis of Baden, lying on a sarcophagus, while four ornate kneeling figures representing mediæval heroes of antiquity—Cæsar, Regulus, Hannibal, and Philip of Macedonia—bear on their shoulders a slab on which is placed the armour of the dead warrior beneath. The design and the details are alike admirable, and the monument gains an added beauty from the exquisite quality of the alabaster, which in parts is so translucent that a light placed behind shows through. Engelbert II was a mighty man in his time, a friend of Charles the Bold, the great Duke of

Burgundy, and Stadtholder of the Netherlands under the Emperor Maximilian.

There is another monument to a Count Engelbert of Nassau in this church, that to Engelbert I, who died in 1443—a Gothic mural monument.

There is also a good brass in this church, a mural painting, some curious and amusing woodcarvings in the stalls, and two other monuments of the Renaissance, much defaced. It is remarkable that the sumptuous and conspicuous monument to Count Engelbert escaped mutilation by the iconoclasts; this was, perhaps, owing to the fact that he belonged to the popular and admired family of Nassau.

Breda contains a modern statue to the greatest prince of this great house—William III of Orange and England. This has been recently erected, and it is by no means to the credit of the Dutch that such a tribute to such a man was so long delayed, and that there is only one statue of William III in the Netherlands—that in his hereditary barony of Breda. The statue, which is of a figure on horseback, mounted on an odd brick plinth, represents the young Stadtholder as he must have appeared when he took the leadership of his despairing country and turned back the French advance in 1672, contriving, with the aid of the Spaniards and the Elector of Brandenburg, to achieve a feat which then seemed to all men impossible—namely, that of checking the aggressions of Louis XIV and preserving the life of the republic which his ancestors had made powerful. The statue is not particularly well placed, being surrounded by a small flower bed and insignificant shrubs, and standing in a back, or unimportant,

street; it should be on a height, and in a more dominant situation; but in itself it is fine enough, and conveys something of the noble grandeur of the young hero.

Breda is famous for its carillon. It has, too, some very pretty streets, situated on canals, quiet, peaceful, but not dull—notably the Delpratsingel, where the precise houses, though of no particular architectural interest, are set pleasantly behind delicate trees, beautifully reflected in the still waters of the canal.

The old town has a small local museum, and one or two interesting private houses. In the neighbourhood is a fine and peculiar castle, Kasteel Bouvines, which rises here out of a moat, surrounded by luxurious trees and foliage. It is a typical Dutch building of bricks and white stone facing, which here has the effect of braid or lace-work; there is a tower at one end, with the usual bulb-like cupola and points. Prince Frederick Henry held his head-quarters at Bouvines in 1637.

In this neighbourhood are very rich and beautiful woods, with the names of the old hunting woods of the Lords of Breda. In the Oosterhout is a small and insignificant ruin of the castle which belonged to the Margraves of Stryen, once the Lords of Breda, built by Count William in 1290.

There are many beautiful walks round Breda, which is most pleasantly surrounded by lofty trees.

The last town of any considerable importance in North Brabant is one little known to the average tourist; and that is Bergen-op-Zoom, once proudly called the "Key of Holland," and the object of more sieges, perhaps, than any of these much-besieged towns of the Low Coun-

tries. In its early days Bergen-op-Zoom rivalled Antwerp as the queen of commerce, and it remains now, after its triumphant and stormy history, a very delightful old town, one of the most charming in the country—not, perhaps, with the aristocratic air of Breda, but sufficiently gracious and pleasant.

Bergen-op-Zoom originally belonged to the same Margraves of Stryen who owned Breda, but in the Twelfth Century came into the possession of Brabant. In the Middle Ages its fisheries and cloth trade made it one of the most important towns in the Netherlands. It was early captured by the patriots, or the "Beggars of the Sea," in the War of Dutch Independence, and was fruitlessly besieged no less than four times by the Spaniards. In the early Eighteenth Century Bergen passed by marriage, oddly enough, into the possession of the Electors Palatine. The French captured it during the War of the Austrian Succession, in spite of the strong fortifications, which had been constructed by Coehoorn. The English took it by storm, but failed to hold it, in 1814.

In the Stadhuis, which is a plain but attractive building, there are many objects which show the connection of this now quiet town with many notable episodes of European history and art, not the least interesting exhibit being a sketch made by Albrecht Dürer during a visit paid to the town in December, 1520. This rough drawing is not at all unlike in effect the town of to-day.

Bergen also possesses some ancient seals with the three crosses which are the arms of the town; and in Antwerp is a curious old map of Bergen in the days when it was a rival to Antwerp, which was put together for Philip

the Good of Burgundy when he was the lord of the Netherlands in order that he might adjust the then—as now—burning questions of tolls and dues on the great waterway of commerce.

In the Gevangenpoort Bergen-op-Zoom possesses an ancient gate, heavy, massive, and unadorned, the round mediæval towers being capped, as they usually are in the Netherlands, by later pointed roofs, which give them a strange appearance.

Bergen-up-Zoom, of course, bears considerable traces of the struggles which have taken place around and even inside the town. The inhabitants say that in the last fights between the French and English the struggle became so fierce that the opposing armies were pushed in and out of the town during the long battle, so that the narrow streets themselves were the scene of the contest.

In the church at Bergen, as in the church at Wouw near by, are the names of some of the English officers who perished in the fruitless and ferocious fight of 1814. There are, however, some relics which have survived these grim struggles, notably the old palace of the Margraves, built in 1475, and now used as a barracks—a gabled brick building of a certain charm, but not very imposing. In construction and detail, however, it is very interesting to the antiquary.

There are several other houses worth studying, though not of the same importance, in Bergen-op-Zoom, and a number of most curious gable stones, with the odd names and inscriptions that the old Dutch merchants loved to put above their residences and warehouses.

A street in Bergen-op-Zoom is still called London

Street, and in the Seventeenth Century there was a brewery in this town called London.

The church has been most sadly mutilated—burned down and ruined several times; it still looks, even after some attempts at restoration, painfully defaced and neglected, though it is placed, cheerfully enough, in the very centre of the town, on the wide, gay market place, and has—most incongruously—a bandstand in the churchyard. This handsome church was originally of the Thirteenth Century. There was an attempt at enlargement in the Fifteenth Century, but it was never completely carried out. A print made in 1671 shows what a magnificent cathedral it was intended to be; it was dedicated to that little-known Saint Gertrude, who has given her name to a whole town near here. She was an early Christian princess, the daughter of Count Pepin of Landen, the town that was the birthplace of Charlemagne. Another plate, of 1748, shows the church as a complete ruin, what remained of the building being roofless.

In the gloomy and neglected-looking interior are several fine tombs, one of which is of peculiar charm and interest, and has most unaccountably been allowed to fall into ruin; it is that of Charles Morgan, the English mercenary who helped William of Orange in his struggles against the Spaniards, and whose wife's monument is in the old church in Delft. This is a fine tomb of the very late Renaissance or very early baroque style, and shows the famous soldier, whose life was so full of incidents and action, lying on his deathbed in complete armour, while the graceful and charming figures of his wife and daughter mourn over him. So badly has the monument

been looked after that the coats of arms hanging above have been allowed to be rusted by the nails which attached them to the wall, and have fallen down and smashed on the tomb below. In the same way the two standing figures have been defaced and mutilated. There are not so many monuments of interest and beauty in the Netherlands that the authorities can afford to neglect them in this manner. Unless something has been done in the way of restoration and preservation of this tomb since the present writer saw it, it may by now almost have disappeared, for portions of the marble falling one on the other of course utterly destroy what is left of the brave soldier's memorial.

The whole church, which appears to be little visited by tourists, has this same gloomy, uncared-for air, though the sacristan—who appears also to be the gardener—is cheerful enough, and full of lost details of the ancient sieges, when fights surged round the church. Everything is, as he remarked with great gusto, "ruined now"; and so it is—and rather more than is necessary, one thinks.

Outside the church, however, Bergen-op-Zoom does not appear ruined at all. It is a very cheerful and bustling place, particularly agreeable of aspect in its wide market square, over which the ancient church looks; and there is something severe and noble in the old Town Hall, with its plain front marked with the motto—here so full of meaning—"Many changes have I seen."

Among the pictures inside the Town Hall is a curious canvas showing the death of a one-time worthy of Bergen-op-Zoom, Jan van Glymes, called "Jan of the Lips," who appears to have had an enormous family of children, a great number of whom are seen crowding round his death-

bed, while one of them, the Bishop of Cambrai, administers to him the last rites of the Church. Jan of the Lips seems to have been a considerable personage in his time, a man of force and character; the old records of Bergen-op-Zoom are full of his exploits. Another picture, termed "of the school of the Dutch Renaissance," The Raising of Lazarus, by David Finson, is so bad as to be amusing. There is also a rather fascinating portrait of the last Governor of Bergen-op-Zoom, and one of another worthy citizen, Mynheer Gerardus van Overstraten, one of the Governors-General of the Dutch East Indies, born here in 1756.

The staircase of the Stadhuis is also notable, and so is the Wittezaal, which contains portraits of the last Marquises of Bergen-op-Zoom, the families of Paltz and Sultsbach. The Seventeenth Century portraits contrast piquantly with the earlier likenesses of the more warlike marquises of the Middle Ages and Renaissance, such as John of the Lips.

Not very far from Bergen-op-Zoom is Wouw, a small town of less than five thousand inhabitants, with an early Fifteenth Century church dedicated to St. Lambertus, a popular saint in this part of the Netherlands. There are some handsome rococo choir stalls, either by or in the style of Quellin the younger, who is responsible for many of the decorations of that "eighth Wonder of the World," the Stadhuis at Amsterdam, now the royal palace. Here, also, in this lonely, rather out-of-the-way place, are gravestones to the memory of many English soldiers who died during the struggle of 1814.

Another charming old town of North Brabant much

neglected by the visitor is Geertruidenberg, on the Biesbosch, more easily reached from Breda than from Bergen-op-Zoom. This is called after the royal saint to whom the church at Bergen-op-Zoom is dedicated, and is a charming and peaceful spot, full of quiet memorials of the past, including a remarkable church and an enchanting little Stadhuis. Near this terrible Biesbosch, on the borders of North Brabant, is the Dordtsche-Kil, which was the scene of an extraordinary tragedy in 1711, when the promising young Prince of Orange, John William Friso, was drowned here while endeavouring to make a crossing on the ice in a coach, as some accounts run, or, according to others, through the upsetting in a storm of a barge on which he had embarked. He was a popular and able prince, and had considerably distinguished himself at the battle of Malplaquet. This tragic death, in his early manhood, made a great impression on the country, and left the Stadtholdership of Friesland, which was his hereditary office, at the mercy of a long minority. This prince was the direct ancestor of the present royal family of the Netherlands. He had admirably conducted the Dutch armies as commander in chief of the forces of the Republic in the War of the Spanish Succession, and helped to complete William III's great design of putting a stop to the aggressions of France. John William Friso, as heir of William III, was founder of the younger Orange line, and the first of the Friesian Nassaus to be prince of that famous name.

Chapter X

LIMBURG

SOUTH of North Brabant, the Dutch province of Limburg runs down into Belgium, so that this strip of Dutch territory is close to the large Belgian town of Liége and on the east touches Germany. This wedge of land proved exceedingly useful to the Allies in the Great War, causing a delay of three days in the advance of the Germans, who had to go round instead of across this neutral ground.

We are here not far from Namur and those other great fortresses which formed a redoubtable chain of defence for the Spanish Netherlands in the Seventeenth Century, and were the constant scene of persistent sieges and assaults—a very arena in which the quarrels of Europe were fought out. The feeling of Dutch Limburg is said to be entirely loyal and patriotic to the present Netherlands Government, but the character of the people, as it appears to the observant traveller, is totally different from that of the inhabitants of the other Dutch provinces —more Flemish in aspect; while the historical associations of Limburg have not a great deal to do with the history of the Netherlands, but are still redolent of very much more ancient times. The great figure here—as in German and Belgian territory—is Charlemagne, whose own

city, Aachen, is not very far away, and whose statue still stands in Liége, a town whose charter he granted.

The principal town of Limburg—indeed, the principal attraction in every way—is Maastricht, situated on the Maas (*tricht* meaning "ford"), which even more than Nymegen has still the air of an ancient Imperial town, and a strong individuality of its own. Maastricht was always in the position of a barrier or frontier town, and was considered a great prize of war; it underwent in consequence many famous sieges. It was then situated, like Nymegen, on one bank of the river, though not on a height. Latterly a suburb, which really constitutes another town, and is called Wyk, has grown up on the other bank of the river, and is reached by one of the handsomest bridges in the Netherlands.

Standing where Wyk is now, Jan van Eyck, who was a native of Limburg, sketched Maastricht, and used it for the background of one of his ornate altarpieces. The outline of the town has not altered so very much since then; a great many of the old walls, bastions, and ramparts yet remain; though they are not as old as those the great painter drew, they still follow the shape that must have been there in his day, and the church itself—which, of course, dominates all the other buildings—is not only as old as, but much older than, the time of Jan van Eyck, as it goes back to the period of Charlemagne himself.

Maastricht, of course, has its modern importance. It is the capital of the Dutch province of Limburg; it has nearly forty thousand inhabitants, and many important industries—factories for pottery, crystal, glass, and paper,

and several breweries—besides boasting a small harbour and the Liége and Zuid-Willem canals. This present-day commerce does not obtrude very much.

Maastricht has also a very charming railway station, one of the few entirely satisfactory buildings of its kind to be seen. The station is at Wyk, and from it one goes down a long, straight, and uninteresting street until one reaches the bridge leading over into old Maastricht.

Maastricht was the "upper ford" of the Romans, the "lower ford" being at Utrecht, where the road from Bavay to Cologne crossed the Rhine. The town was for over three hundred years—from 382 to 721—the seat of a bishopric. It then belonged to the Frankish kings, and after the early Twelfth Century was in the possession of the Dukes of Brabant and the Prince Bishops of Liége —an extraordinary arrangement of joint lordship which seems to have lasted for several hundred years with fair success. During the War of Independence Maastricht decided to join the patriots, but after a short resistance was taken by the Spaniards under the Duke of Parma. Its fall was accompanied by all the atrocities which stain the name of that great general; the town was plundered for three days, and eight thousand of the inhabitants were put to death. English and Scots were among the gallant garrison defending Maastricht on this occasion. To Frederick Henry belongs the credit of gaining the town again for the Dutch Republic in 1632. In 1673 it fell to Louis XIV, who celebrated here his gaudy triumph, and in the War of the Austrian Succession and in the troubles at the end of the Eighteenth Century it was again captured

by the French. The Dutch in Maastricht, however, resisted the assaults of the Belgians in the War of 1830.

Maastricht is an interesting town. There is a great deal to be seen there—most notably the Church of St. Servatius, which is the oldest church in the Netherlands, and one of the oldest in Europe, for the east crypt dates from the period of the foundation, in 560, while the porch of the west portion, surmounted by three towers, dates from the time of Charlemagne. Some of the vaulting is of the Fifteenth Century; the south portal is of the Thirteenth Century; the Gothic cloisters and the north side of the church again are of the Fifteenth Century. The whole has been considerably restored and modernized. The design and detail, however, remain almost entirely Romanesque in effect, and this illusion of early mediæval, almost Byzantine, richness is helped by the decoration. Curious and almost unique is the Emperor's Hall, or "Paradise," in the interior of the church over the porch; it has a domed roof, and is reached by two shallow winding staircases. This is the chamber supposed to have been occupied by Charlemagne and his court when attending the services at St. Servatius. The marble statue of Charlemagne near here is an ugly piece of sculpture in the worst of taste, and is entirely out of place. The pulpit is modern, and quite pleasing.

A treasure of enormous value is the Late Romanesque reliquary of St. Servatius, of the Twelfth Century, in the form of a church in gilded and enamelled copper, adorned with filigree work and precious stones. This is supposed to contain the bones of the saint, and is of the greatest beauty and richness. It is exposed to view in the church,

but for a sight of the other treasures one must go to the treasury, which is in a chapel of its own, and contains some wonderful objects, including the key of St. Servatius himself, in electrum, presented to him by Pope Damascus in 376, and his crozier, stick, and portable altar; here also is a cup presented to the saint by an angel. Mingled with objects of purely worldly beauty and pomp are many others of a sacred or saintly origin. The Church of St. Servatius was once famous for the miracles performed through the agency of the various relics kept there; and every year there was a great fair in town, when the sick and the unhappy came to be healed by the miraculous powers possessed by St. Servatius and his attendant saints. The fair was held in the big square in front of the church, which did a thriving trade, not only in relics, but in spells, charms, and incantations to cast out devils, St. Servatius making a specialty of expelling "wood devils" and "well devils"—imps, one supposes, who blasted the trees and defiled the water. There are no other such collections of gorgeous and sacred relics in the Netherlands, and not many as fine in any other country.

In the crypt below are the tomb of St. Servatius, newly discovered and restored, and blackened bones which are supposed to be the remains of the early Frankish kings.

Just outside the imposing pile of St. Servatius is another church, which was formerly the baptistery of the cathedral. It was rebuilt in the Fifteenth Century, and has a handsome tower, 250 feet in height. This building is now Protestant.

The street between these two churches has been christened, by some wit, "Purgatory," and he who passes up

it may judge on which side stands heaven and on which hell.

One trifling difference between Roman Catholic and Protestant churches, in the Netherlands at least, may be noted here; it has much to do with the comfort and convenience of the traveller. The Roman Catholic churches are open, and you may enter when you please, even if a sight of the main treasures is not always possible; but in order to see the Protestant churches you must go often a considerable distance, arouse a perhaps reluctant sacristan (who may or may not be in the humour to conduct you over the building), pay a fee or take a ticket, and make a hurried visit in the company of this same sacristan or his wife or child, your guide obviously hoping you will make your inspection a short one. It is certainly true that there is not very much to see in the Protestant churches —the general effect is often all; and yet it may be that the traveller would like to make a closer inspection, or see some detail which moves his caprice or fancy, and this is often—indeed, it may be said always—impossible. You are shown the one object of attraction—tomb, picture, or fresco, as it may be—and hurried out again; whereas in the Roman Catholic church you may sit as long as you wish, and absorb the atmosphere, which is peculiar and individual to each of these old sanctified buildings.

St. Servatius is not the only Romanesque church in Maastricht. The Church of Our Lady is of the Eleventh Century, erected on Roman foundations, and has been carefully restored on the original lines. It is handsomely situated in a quiet, peaceful corner of the town, flanked by two curious round towers joined by a blank façade

like a wall. Inside is the typical Late Romanesque choir, with ambulatory and columns with richly decorated capitals. These date from the beginning of the Thirteenth Century. There are Gothic cloisters. This church also is Roman Catholic; it too has a treasury, not so full of gorgeous objects as that of St. Servatius, yet containing many things of beauty—some Byzantine work, and a dalmatic of the Seventh Century.

The Town Library and the national archives of Maastricht are housed in another ancient church, belonging to the Minorites, and dating in its earliest portions from the Thirteenth Century; the building has been carefully restored. The street in which the Town Library stands leads to the Helpoort, an old city gate, and some remains of the town wall.

Along the Zingelput are some very formidable and imposing-looking ruins of this old town, dating from the Thirteenth Century, and showing handsome arches in the style of the old walls of Rome; they are now gracefully hung with clusters of foliage, wall flowers, and lichen. Some further fragments of this wall, but here not arched, and with two round towers, can be seen on the Jeker by the lock.

There are some interesting walks to be had along these old walls of Maastricht, with little odd views of river and canal, of shipping and old houses—not neat and tidy and clean, as is usual in a Dutch town, but more picturesque.

In the town park beyond Maastricht are some more ruins, and a pretty little rococo chapel dedicated to St. Peter.

From the towers of the Church of Our Lady a curious panorama of Maastricht is to be obtained; here you can see the strange shape of the roofs, which appear to be quite individual to this town. There is no step gabling here, and many of the slate or tiled roofs are flat on the top, so that they appear from a distance like so many humps rising from a regiment of camels. From the tower of Our Lady, too, one can see how marvellously the Church of St. Servatius stands out, with the large, tall tower at the side, the two short towers and the finials between, dominating the entire city—as these cathedrals were meant to dominate—and looking from a distance almost as immense as does the cathedral at Strasbourg when seen from the banks of the Rhine.

The Church of St. Martin, not very important looking, and situated in a side street, is remarkable for the miraculous crucifix which may be seen there. The story told of this crucifix is that a certain nobleman went from Maastricht to the Holy Land in the year 1300, and brought back with him a nut, which he gave to his youngest daughter. The child played with the nut, and then planted it. After ten years a large tree had grown from it, and in the middle of the branches was the crucifix. You can still see the crucifix in St. Martin's, where, after many vicissitudes, it has found a sanctuary; and there is nothing about its appearance to contradict the story.

There are several other churches in Maastricht, all of some interest, and, too, of very different style from the Romanesque edifices of St. Servatius and Our Lady, the charming and ornate rococo buildings of the Eighteenth Century, the Church of the Augustines, or St. Joseph's

Church, being particularly gay, light, and charming, both within and without, and about as unlike a sacred building as anything that could be imagined.

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre, rococo in style, though plainer than that of the Augustines, is now a barracks; yet another church, this time of Gothic structure, has now been turned into a concert hall; and the cloisters of the Grey Sisters, with a curious little chapel yet remaining, are now a natural history museum. So have these sacred edifices been turned to a practical use under the Dutch régime. Another church of Dutch Renaissance or Late Gothic, with handsome step gabling and windows in the deep roof somewhat in the style seen in the Ridderzaal at The Hague, is now also put to official use.

A new and magnificent-looking church, of pure Byzantine lines, has been erected on the site of an old building dedicated to St. Lambertus, one of the many holy Bishops of Maastricht.

The old Stadhuis, or Dinghuis, is a curious little building, with a very steep roof rising above a classical tympanum and architrave, with curious effect; it is crowned by a minute and coquettish bell tower.

The present Stadhuis, or Town Hall, is the most imposing and individual in the Netherlands. It stands, square and magnificent, in the market place, built of Namur stone by Peter Post, the great Dutch architect, in the Palladian or Neo-classic style, with a double staircase, a façade with a tympanum, and a tower rising above the slanting roof, which was hung with bells by the famous Peter Hemony, one of the most renowned of all the renowned Amsterdam bell makers. From the splendour and dignity of this

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MIDDELBURG: THE TOWN HALL
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Town Hall one can get some idea of the magnificence of ancient Maastricht. The double staircase is copied from an older model, and was necessary to enable the two representatives of the two rulers of Maastricht, the Bishop of Utrecht and the Duke of Brabant, to enter the Town Hall at the same time without jostling or crowding one another, and without one having to yield the other precedence, which might have had unfortunate consequences.

The interior of the Town Hall is exceedingly beautiful and imposing, in line and colour alike satisfactory; and nothing could be more effective than the balustrade of bronze pillars, with the coats of arms beneath, or the low doorway, full of shadow, with a rising stairway within, up and down which the magistrates of Maastricht ascend and descend. There are some deep-toned, superb Gobelins here, and some relics of the siege of Maastricht of 1672. William III in his heroic defence of the Netherlands tried in vain to retake Maastricht, and withdrew with the greatest anguish; he was wounded in the trenches before the town, and Huygens mentions that when it was decided to raise the siege he was too disheartened to dictate a letter to the States giving news of his failure. It went hard with the gallant young captain to have to relinquish a prize like this; and had all his allies and all his soldiers been animated with his own spirit of fortitude he need not have abandoned his purpose.

The town still retains some of the relics of the French occupation of this period, when Louis XIV worshipped in the ancient church, no doubt fancying himself a second Charlemagne as the Te Deums rang in his ears. These boasted victories of Louis were after all nothing so very

tremendous. The twenty years' administration of Jan de Witt had left all the towns of Guelders, Utrecht, and Limburg almost undefended, and the army was in a poor condition. William III had to reconstruct—practically to form—the army before he had any means with which to face the enemy.

These facts may perhaps explain, though they cannot excuse, the burst of popular fury which led to the death of the DeWitts at The Hague when the once prosperous and mighty Republic saw her barrier towns falling one after another and the enemy advancing into the very heart of her territory.

There are some very charming and handsome patrician mansions of the Eighteenth Century in Maastricht, one of the finest being placed, most incongruously and yet effectively, behind the ancient Church of St. Servatius. The extremes of architecture do not jar, but have a certain attraction of their own in juxtaposition. Another handsome house is what is known as the Spanish Government House, with Imperial eagles over the windows. Charles V, Emperor of the West, and Philip II, King of Spain, lodged in this house; their mottoes, as well as their arms, can be seen in the decorations, and, with the arms of the Habsburgs, commemorate these two Habsburg kings.

There are two other objects in Maastricht that must be mentioned: one is the tower, not far from the Helpoort, called the Paterzincktoren, so named after an unfortunate priest who took refuge here during some local religious riots; the other is the monument to Professor John Peter Minckeler, who is credited with the discovery of extracting gas from coal, and whose rather ordinary statue stands

out agreeably against the roofs of irregular houses and the blunt, cupola-crowned tower of the Church of St. Mathias.

Even after wandering all over the old town, and seeing so much that is delightful and interesting, neat and charming, there may be some who will think the old bridge the most beautiful object in Maastricht. It was built in 1683, replacing one erected in 1280; before that there was a Roman bridge near this spot. It is the oldest and certainly the handsomest in the whole country, and is the work of a Dominican monk who called himself, in Latin style, Franciscus Romanus, and who also designed the handsome Pont Royal in Paris. A street is named after him, and there is a portrait of him in the Stadhuis. But his best monument is, of course, the bridge itself, which follows the line of the older structure, and consists of nine beautifully proportioned arches, with a stout, tower-like buttress between them, on the top of which grow charming tufts of grass and foliage, looking so delicately light and graceful against the dark Namur stone. From any portion of this handsome bridge there are magnificent views of Maastricht and the Maas.

The arms of Maastricht seem common enough, consisting merely of one star; but when one is told that this is not really a star, but a clove pink with outspread petals, they become at once unusual and curious.

There is one famous and popular excursion to be taken from Maastricht—that to the district called the St. Pietersberg, to the south of Maastricht. One reaches it through the Stadpark, along the east side of the Liége Canal, and the entrance is through the one-time Servite monastery

of Salvante, of the Fourteenth Century, now turned into a restaurant. Beyond are the quarries of chalky stone, which were worked from the time of the Romans down to about a hundred years ago; the stone is soft, and is easily sawn into blocks, hardening when taken into the outer air. There are now about three miles of galleries in these quarries, forming a vast labyrinth supported by massive square pillars of stone. A considerable number of fossils have been discovered here, which are now in the University Museum of Liége.

Farther on, through the valley of the Jeker, toward Tongeren and Canne (the Belgian frontier stations), are the remains of an old castle, also a handsome little château of the late Seventeenth Century, and some more of these quarries, or grottos, which are entered by the Cannerweg or Cannerbosch. Like the Gorges, near Cheddar (so diligently cleared by Hannah More and her pious friends of their savage inhabitants) these quarries were long shunned as the abode of evil spirits and undesirable human beings, and were the place of refuge for criminals and those hiding from religious persecutions. Many legends and stories have, of course, gathered round these odd retreats, so unusual in a country so flat and open; and in some places attempts seem to have been made to turn them into dwelling houses, after the manner of the rock dwellings along the Loire near Tours.

Several of the numerous saints and holy bishops who flourished in Maastricht appear to have made excursions to the district, with the object of driving out the demons who lurked in these dark retreats—and with the usual dubious success. Some of the scenery is very charming here

—particularly at Bieslind. There are some attractive views to be had of Maastricht from the St. Pietersberg, and near is the square ruin of the castle of Lichtenberg, which once helped to protect the approaches to Maastricht. By the Church of St. Peter itself is a little castle called Torentjen, in Dutch Renaissance style, with a small formal garden. There is a fort, too, here—a modern affair round an older ruin; and at Canne another *kasteel,* prettily situated on a slope, and half country house and half castle, with a belvedere at one side.

We are now almost on the frontier of Belgium, Canne being the frontier station. Once one has explored the ancient glories of Maastricht, and enjoyed the views on the Maas at this point, and seen the curious St. Pietersberg with its numerous oddities, there is not much left to see in Dutch Limburg, the only other town of any importance in the province being Roermond, situated on the German frontier, at the confluence of the Roer and the Maas, which is now very prosperous by reason of its numerous cloth factories. Roermond was once an imposing fortified town, and is of great age; there still remains what is well worth going there to see—a Late Romanesque church, formerly belonging to a nunnery, consecrated in the Thirteenth Century, and recently restored and decorated in the style of that period. More beautiful even than the Church of Roermond itself is the tomb that it contains, in which Gerard of Nassau, Count of Guelders, and his wife, Margaret of Brabant, lie side by side. Gerard of Nassau died in 1229, and there are few tombs of that date in such a good state of preservation.

Farther up the Maas is Venloo, once also a most im-

portant and stoutly fortified barrier town, which underwent many desperate sieges. It is not so interesting as Roermond, though now containing slightly more inhabitants. It is now a railway junction, which gives it, of course, a busy, bustling, modern air. The Late Renaissance Stadhuis is a remarkably ornate and charming building. There is a fine Gothic church—that of St. Martin—with carvings and a copper font in the interior. A fair number remain of those step-gabled houses which were once the distinctive architecture of the Netherlands.

Not far from here, and just across the German frontier, is the small town of Geldern, once the nucleus of the province of Guelders, from which the province took its name—once strongly fortified and most important. In the old travel books of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth centuries dealing with the Netherlands, Geldern is mentioned as the capital town of Guelders, a position now long occupied by Arnhem. All these places can very conveniently be seen from Nymegen.

Going across the frontier into Germany, and toward the Rhine, one has no sense of leaving one country for another. Xanten, Siegfried's town, and Kleef, or Cleves, are the same in aspect and atmosphere as Maastricht and Nymegen—old Frankish-Germanic towns, "half as old as Time," with their air of legend and antiquity, saint and miracle, warrior and lady, of splendour, emperor, and court, and their stately, grandiloquent progresses from Aachen, not so far away, to one or another of these "old gray, Imperial towns," so superbly situated on the majestic rivers flowing down to the sea.

To take this part of the country, and these towns,

arbitrarily, as a portion of the modern Netherlands, to try to incorporate them with Dutch history, is in a great measure to lose their charm of association; they should be seen, rather, in connection with a visit to Germany, and are perhaps best approached from Cologne, which is but a short journey off. The traveller can thus follow the course of the Rhine, which seems the inspiration and the guardian god of this district. The Rhine falls into the Waal near Nymegen, the Waal joins the Maas at the Biesbosch, so that the great rivers flow round and interlace the great cities that have grown up on their banks, and one cannot think of one without the other. Perhaps before the time of the Roman colonization some primitive towns rose up on the conjunctions of these great waters, and some manner of bridge spanned the mighty rivers at the two fords of Maastricht and Utrecht. All this part of the country should, of course, still be seen from the rivers whenever it is possible; quite a different and in a sense a false idea of these great old cities is obtained when they are approached by the railway and first seen from the railway station. Even marred as the prospect is by factories and factory chimneys and by all the paraphernalia of modern industry, the essential beauty of towered cities rising above magnificent rivers still remains.

Chapter XI

UTRECHT

THE province of Utrecht may be entered from that of Guelders, which it resembles in appearance and air, or from North Brabant. The main glory of this province is the renowned town of the same name, famous all over the world as the scene of the signing of the Union of Utrecht in 1579, the act which was the germ of the Dutch Republic, and of that peace which in 1713 proved the triumph of William III's policy against Louis XIV.

Utrecht still contains its ancient cathedral, once the stage for so much ecclesiastical pomp and splendour, but this is oddly mutilated, and is frequently partially closed for restoration and repair. It is probably the only cathedral in the world through which the trams pass.

Utrecht also possesses the famous Malebaan, or Pall Mall, a lime avenue so well celebrated for beauty and stateliness that it was spared by Louis XIV when he took the town in the "Rampjaar," when the French spared so little.

There is, too, an exceptionally fine ecclesiastical museum, recently rearranged and catalogued with the greatest care and erudition, and one of the most singular of modern buildings in the headquarters of the Dutch railways.

Utrecht is also the principal seat of the "Old Roman Catholics," or Jansenists, famous in French history as

the Port Royalists, who do not recognize the Pope, but have here not only three churches, but an archbishop of their own. There is also a famous university at Utrecht, and the house, still in excellent preservation, of the only Dutch Pope, Adrian VI, who was tutor to Charles V, Emperor of the West.

Let us now carefully examine these various attractions. Utrecht is a comfortable and convenient town to stay in, and the proper headquarters for any visit to the province. It is gracefully situated on the quiet waters of the Rhine, which here divide into the two branches called the Old Rhine and the Vecht. The town is, though it does not appear so, one of the most ancient in the country, and after the Roman time was occupied by Friesians and Franks. The famous English saint who did so much to convert these hardy warriors to Christianity, St. Willibrord, became bishop of the first church of Utrecht, founded by Dagobert I, King of the East Franks, early in the Seventh Century. The Archbishops of Utrecht make a frequent appearance in the mediæval history of the Empire, and were most powerful and warlike potentates. The Dutch churches were celebrated throughout Europe for their beauty and richness. Utrecht first belonged to Lorraine, then to the Empire of the West, and was frequently the residence of the emperors, two of whom died here. Charles V revived the temporal power in Utrecht, but later in the same century the union of the seven provinces of Holland, Zeeland, Utrecht, Guelders, Overyssel, Friesland, and Groningen was concluded in the Hall of the Academy at Utrecht, under the presidency of Count John of Nassau, a younger brother of William the Silent. After

that the seat of government was transferred to The Hague, where it still remains.

Utrecht is the fourth town of the Netherlands. The population—117,000—is considerable for a Dutch town; one third is Roman Catholic, and Utrecht is the see of both a Roman Catholic and an Old Catholic archbishop.

Commercially Utrecht is the most important centre for the internal trade of the Netherlands. It is the principal railway junction and the seat of railway workshops; these activities have somewhat obscured and overlaid the glories of the past, which have to be searched for in what is in the main a busy modern town.

The great beauty and charm of Utrecht are imparted to it by the canals and rivers, which here flow far below the level of the houses. The rivers, edged as they are by brick walks and avenues of trees, have the air of wide canals, and flow charmingly through the old parts of the town, which are bounded by the Singel, the former moat (now turned, as is usual in Dutch towns, into promenades), and intersected by canals, the most important of which are the Oude and Nieuwe Grachts.

Besides being an Imperial city of great beauty, Utrecht was famous in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth centuries for her wealth, luxury, grace, and splendour, and was much praised by all travellers of that period as one of the most attractive cities in Europe; particularly admired were the walks round the canals, on the ramparts, and under the famous avenue of limes. Utrecht was then also renowned for the manufacture of arms and armour, and muskets made here were supposed to be the best in the world.

These same walks round Utrecht are still remarkably

pleasant, though they have to a large extent lost their lordly and aristocratic air. From one of them—and that the most charming, the walk along the Old Rhine—rises, most incongruously, the mighty building which is the headquarters of the Dutch railways, hideous, but by no means unimposing, and skilfully representing the power, grim might, and relentless force of modern machinery. When this extraordinary building is illuminated with its peculiar lamps it appears more like a mass of rock than of masonry. It is difficult, however, to fit it in with the aspect and the history of Utrecht.

Two charming buildings of a very different character attract the eye in the crowded streets of Utrecht. Both are to the south of the Viebrug; one is called the Huis Oudaen, and is a fine, aristocratic dwelling of the Fourteenth Century, used since the middle of the Eighteenth Century as a home for the aged. The other, nearly opposite, is the Mint, where the money current in Holland and its colonies is coined; it contains an interesting collection of Dutch medals, coins, dies, etc. The Dutch have always been famous for their medals, as for their pamphlets; and a whole history can be read in a collection of Dutch medals, for it was the custom to cast these on every occasion of great national importance. Even wealthy nobles and burghers had medals cast to celebrate births, weddings, or deaths, or some considerable political event in which they might be concerned. Apart from this historical interest, Dutch medals are nearly always of exceptional beauty of execution and design. The finest collection is that at The Hague, though these in Utrecht are sufficiently attractive and remarkable.

The Town Hall is modern, the old Stadhuis having been destroyed in the vicissitudes of the many warfares that troubled Utrecht; and visiting the great church, or Dom Kerk, one feels that that has been practically destroyed, too. The cathedral tower and the cathedral stand apart from each other; the nave collapsed in 1674, and has never been rebuilt. The two ends have been walled up, and a road and a tram line pass between. All that remains of this mutilated nave are two bays on the south side, so this once rich and elegant cathedral, the seat of bishops who were powerful temporal princes as well as spiritual lords, is now only a venerable relic. The interior is grand and imposing enough to testify to former magnificence. Of the splendid monuments only three remain—that of Admiral van Gent, that of Bishop George van Egmond, who died in 1555, and one of earlier date, in black marble, to Bishop Guy of Hainault, who died in 1317.

The crypt still contains the hearts of the two German emperors who died at Utrecht, and whose bodies were buried at Spires.

The most conspicuous-looking object in the stripped and barren-looking church is the monument to one of the Dutch admirals, Van Gent, who was killed at the famous battle of Solebay. This is by Rombout Verhulst, and was executed in 1676. It is, within the limits of its pretensions, particularly grand and beautiful, the figure of the dead man being both gracefully and nobly planned. A plaster cast of the face of this figure—probably a death mask—is in the Maurits Huis at The Hague, and was long supposed to be a likeness of Cornelis de Witt; the faces are

very similar. Van Gent came of a noble family of Guelders, and was one of many aristocratic commanders, both English and Dutch, who lost their lives in these long naval wars, when the two maritime nations struggled for the supremacy of the seas.

The exterior shows some tall, graceful windows in the Gothic style, richly ornamented; but the most interesting fragment left of this once magnificent cathedral is the mighty tower—338 feet in height—which is seen to such advantage a little distance along the canal of Utrecht, or when going along the Vecht. This tower was finished at the end of the Fourteenth Century, and has been extensively restored and repaired. Square and massive at the bottom, the upper portion is octagonal and open, which gives it an airy appearance. Glorious chimes are rung by forty-two bells, one of which was cast in the Fifteenth Century and weighs eight and a half tons.

On a clear day the shimmering view from the summit of the cathedral tower of Utrecht extends over the whole of three provinces—or at least the whole of Holland, and the greater part of Guelders and North Brabant.

Outside the cathedral is a statue of Count John of Nassau, put here to commemorate his presidency of the congress at which was signed the Union of Utrecht. This stout and able warrior was a younger brother of William the Silent, and by the time the war was over the sole survivor of the family of Juliana of Stolberg; he was also the founder of the younger branch of the Nassaus, to which belonged the Friesland Stadtholders and from which is descended the present royal family. The statue is adequate, but by no means distinguished.

Architecturally the university is not of much merit. It is imitation Gothic, or Dutch Renaissance, the only old portion being the Aula, which was originally the chapter house of the cathedral; this has been thoroughly restored by the famous Dutch architect Cuypers, a sort of Viollet-le-Duc of the Netherlands. He also restored the handsome Gothic patrician house at the back of the university, with an elegant tower.

More peculiar and interesting than this is the house still called the Paushuize, or Pope's House, once inhabited by Pope Adrian VI when he was tutor to Charles V. This part of the town, with the old houses and the narrow ways and the deep canals, is very attractive; and the Pope's House looks exactly as it must have done when that quiet, sensible, but not particularly brilliant prelate lived there.

The ecclesiastical museum (Aartsbisschoppelyk Museum), newly housed in an Eighteenth Century building at one time used as a barracks, is one of the most interesting of its kind in Europe, and has recently been rearranged with great taste and judgment. All the treasures that a few years ago were huddled rather inadequately in a few dark and crowded rooms are now displayed to advantage. The collection is not very large, but the objects are rich and valuable, and display most aspects of sacred art as practised in the Netherlands before the Reformation. There are a few panels from the early Cologne school, and some early Italian paintings; of greater beauty are the costly bindings of the Gospels, which include an Anglo-Saxon manuscript of the Eighth Century. There is

some gorgeous embroidery here, as well as chalices, ciboria, monstrances, croziers, and other examples of goldsmith's work, brocades from Genoa and Utrecht, and other textile products of the Thirteenth to the Sixteenth centuries.

Utrecht was almost as celebrated in its day for the manufacture of velvet and brocade as was the great Italian city, and Utrecht velvet was a term of praise when given to that luxurious fabric, then so greatly in demand, not only for the clothes of men and women, but for hangings. In the Town Hall at Middelburg is still a dull wine-coloured velvet made at Utrecht in the Eighteenth Century.

There are other objects of local interest in this museum, but none of the value of the ecclesiastical exhibits, though the reconstructed old rooms are most admirably done, and have not quite that ghastly, lifeless, waxwork effect which is usual in efforts of this kind.

In the old lodge of the Teutonic Order on the Nieuwe Gracht is—or was until recently—an assembly hall containing the portraits of all the commanders of the district of Utrecht, which may interest some.

The Cathedral of the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Utrecht is the Church of St. Catherine—a Late Gothic building, considerably restored, with a modern façade and tower. The interior has been richly decorated in polychrome. The Walloons have a church in Utrecht, St. Peter's, lying to the east of the Cathedral. It was once a Romanesque church, and was consecrated as far back as 1045; like most Romanesque churches, it was rebuilt in a later style. The crypt is the most ancient part, and came

to be used for the practical purpose of storing coal. Another church of about the same date is the Church of St. Jan, which has a Late Gothic choir.

The great Church of Our Lady, founded by the Emperor Henry IV at the close of the Eleventh Century, was destroyed in the Nineteenth Century, and now nothing remains but a little cloister and doorway, called the Kloostergang van St. Marie, carefully restored in 1903. Those who visit this rather elementary relic may glance at the mediæval private mansion at No. 9 Donker Straat. But one is chary of giving these recommendations, so quickly do these Dutch cities change, and so fast are the strides made by modern progress, that the old mansion noted one day may be found to have disappeared the next, and from one visit to another considerable changes may take place —all, of course, in the direction of removing the old and building the new.

The university library contains a handsome collection of manuscripts, several of them very valuable.

The view of the ancient lime avenue on the east side of the town, once famous throughout Europe, may prove to be rather a disappointment. Though nearly half a mile in length, the trees are broken here and there, and it is no longer what it was once—a complete triple avenue of trees of a regular height.

The environs of Utrecht are rather overgrown with new houses—workmen's dwellings of a very superior sort, all most creditable, but hardly beautiful.

One of the most attractive water trips in Holland may be taken from Utrecht to Nieuwersluis, along the Vecht. The boat goes farther than Nieuwersluis, but here it is

UTRECHT: THE DOM

AMERSFOORT: THE KOPPELPOORT

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convenient to get off and take the train to Amsterdam—or, if one wishes, one may return to Utrecht, for the boat service runs four times daily, and the whole expedition takes only two and a quarter hours each way. Once we are clear of the suburbs of Utrecht this slow journey on the modest boat is altogether enjoyable. The bank of the river affords a great variety of scenery, and many pictures of Dutch life. The river flows between beautiful parks and estates, similar to those in Guelders, which might be the background of hunting scenes of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth centuries. Through the trees one catches glimpses of handsome mansions, little bridges, well-kept canals, and magnificent avenues. Near Utrecht stands Soest, one of the smaller palaces of William III, and now the residence of the Queen Dowager of the Netherlands—a Neo-classic building of grace and distinction, with handsome, formal gardens, and surrounded by the beautiful woods so characteristic of the region. A journey down the Vecht gives a better idea of old-time Holland, with its parks, its villas, its summerhouses, and its patrician mansions, than is easily to be gained by any other means. In the summertime, when the trees are in full leaf, the excursion is delightful.

Among the places that can easily and with profit be visited from Utrecht may be mentioned Vianen, just over the borders into South Holland, where the old church contains the tomb of a couple who bear famous names—Reinoud van Brederode and his wife, who was a Van der Marck. By tram and steamer from Utrecht one may go to Vreeswyk, where there are some mighty locks—those of the canal uniting Amsterdam with the Rhine—

to be viewed. At Zeist, standing in beautiful grounds, and approached by a charming avenue, we find another of the hunting boxes of William III. Near here, again, is Doorn, also surrounded by the most gracious and lovely woods. It was to Doorn that the ex-Kaiser Wilhelm fled on his abdication. The most magnificent castle of Utrecht is that of De Haar, proudly situated behind an arched bridge, and adorned with *tourelles* and finials in the mediæval style. The castle on this site was originally built in the Twelfth Century. At Maarsen is another castle, that of Zuylen, Utrecht being almost as rich in these fine old country residences as Guelders itself, and nearly rivalling Guelders in the extent and beauty of its parks and woods. Montfoort is another very ancient town, as is Ysslestein. In this last are some tombs of the lords of that name, lately restored, in the church rebuilt after the fire of 1911. Both these little old towns are charming and attractive in themselves, with their neat, clean, tree-shaded streets and their small, flat houses.

There are two obelisks—or pyramids, as they are called—in Utrecht, one raised on a hill to commemorate Austerlitz, the other to celebrate Waterloo; neither adorns the landscape, and both seem unnecessary.

Any number of walks or rides may be arranged from Utrecht. The local guidebook, in Dutch, supplies the most exhaustive itineraries of these, none of which fails to afford some special interest or particular pleasure.

The second most important place in Utrecht, Amersfoort, is also easily reached from the cathedral city. Amersfoort is now an industrial town of some pretensions, but this fact is disguised by its handsome mediæval entry

through the Koppelpoort. This gate, spanning the Eem, which flows through this sandy district, forms the finest and most complete mediæval entrance to any town in the Netherlands—perhaps to any town in Europe. A church—that of St. Mary, once of considerable pretensions—was nearly destroyed by an explosion of gunpowder in the Eighteenth Century, and it is only the tower which remains uninjured. This tower dates from 1500, but has a steeple of much later date; it boasts a chime of bells by the celebrated Hemony, of Amsterdam. The town is most pleasantly surrounded by the old ramparts, now laid out as shady promenades; in one of these is one of those admirable pavilions, or belvederes, so common in Dutch towns, commanding a wide view of the neighbouring flats.

The leafy streets of Amersfoort, intersected by numerous small canals, which are crossed by little arched bridges, are very charming. It is a garrison town, with several barracks and a military school. Its great man—for there are few towns indeed in the Netherlands which do not possess a great man—is that rather grim patriot, Jan van Oldenbarneveldt, whose austere and stainless life met with such an ill reward at the hands of his ungrateful countrymen. The Church of St. Joris, the Museum, and the Town Hall are all notable, but nothing in Amersfoort is so unique and so beautiful as the Koppelpoort, with the two land gates, one either side, and the water gate in the middle, with the low arch spanning the canal—or river, as it still is here—and the bridge at the side, the whole forming a complete picture of the entrance to a fortified town standing on a river.

In the sandy soil round Amersfoort tobacco plants flouish.

The next town—that of Nykerk—has a peculiar interest for Americans, for in the ancient church are the tombs of the noble Dutch family who founded that town which is now called Albany, in New York State. Their name was Van Rensselaer, and when they founded this North American town it was called Rensselaerwyk. Curiously enough, in this same church are some more tombs, together with the coats of arms, of another family closely associated with the early history of the United States, namely, the Van Curlers, or Corlears. One of the members of this house established a city in the new state; another was one of the early schoolmasters of New York—or New Amsterdam, as it was then. A third, Anthony, is mentioned in Washington Irving's *History of New York;* it is said that the two places Anthony's Nose and Spuyten Duyvil, on the Hudson River, are named after this Dutch worthy. Harderwyk, close by, is a small fishing village on the Zuyder Zee; it once possessed a university, which was closed under the French régime in the early Nineteenth Century, as were several other Dutch universities.

Baarn is a very handsome village or small town, and a favourite resort of the citizens of Amsterdam for their summer holidays. A few miles from Baarn are two little fishing villages, Bunschoten and Spakenburg—typical Dutch villages, peaceful and in appearance, though not in reality, dreamy.

Farther up, on the coast of Guelders, are several interesting places, including Elburg, very rarely visited by the foreigner. A short distance inland is Hattem, which has a

Gothic church of the Fifteenth Century and a charming old town gate. These places are, of course, easily reached from Utrecht, as is the most popular and luxurious Hilversum, in North Holland, which boasts a golf course and many charming walks. Hilversum is a prosperous little town; the bulb trade flourishes here. While at Hilversum one might mention Naarden, a small fortified town with a beautiful Stadhuis and a curious old Gothic church, which is adorned with ancient paintings. There is also an orphanage, which has some interesting pictures. These smaller towns of Holland, though so seldom visited, have a peculiar atmosphere and attraction of their own, which are sometimes lacking in the larger and more frequented cities.

Upon the Utrecht borders is a place called Nieuwpoort—not to be confused with Nieuport in Belgium—which was the scene of the famous battle in 1600 in which Maurice of Orange defeated the Spaniards under the Archduke Albert.

The town of Schoonhoven, also on the borders of Utrecht, was once one of the most important in the Netherlands, and famous for its goldsmiths' and jewellers' industries.

The chief pleasure of this fair province, however, rests in her woods and parks, which so gracefully surround her villas and mansions, and which, if not quite so interesting and beautiful as those of the neighbouring province of Guelders, yet have considerable grace and charm, and an air of elegance and reposeful luxury; for art here has improved on nature, and the houses and the grounds are excellently kept, and embellished with many tasteful little devices—pavilions, belvederes, bridges, and summer-

houses, rather like scenes on wall papers and tapestries of the Eighteenth Century.

From Utrecht one may easily reach Rotterdam, and from Rotterdam, Zeeland—which is our last province of the Netherlands to explore. If the traveller returns home to England from Flushing he will have been all over the country without once having had to retrace his steps.

Zeeland, the most important province of the Netherlands after South Holland, consists of several islands broken up by the two arms of the much-disputed and celebrated river Scheldt, which here divides into the East and West Scheldt (which are, indeed, scarcely rivers at all, but two great inlets of the sea).

Zeeland is different indeed from either Guelders or Utrecht, and is of all the provinces of the Netherlands that which is in most danger of being ruined by too eager and popular an appreciation on the part of the foreigner. Publicity has been at work for Zeeland, with rather unfortunate results.

Chapter XII

ZEELAND

ZEELAND consists of six islands and a portion of the Flemish coast on the other side of the Scheldt, called Zeeland-Flanders, so that Zeeland commands the banks of the East and the West Scheldt and the approach to the great port of Antwerp.

The islands of Zeeland are Walcheren, North Beveland, South Beveland, Schouwen-en-Duiveland, Tholen, and St. Philipsland. Overflakkee, another island which really belongs to this group, is now counted as part of South Holland. It is interesting only as having on it the port of Goeree, which was formerly used as a port in passages to and from England, as the Hook and Flushing are now used.

The railway runs from Bergen-op-Zoom to Goes in South Beveland, and thence on to Middelburg and Flushing; otherwise the islands must be reached by water. Some of them are very inaccessible, for they are seldom visited by foreigners, and the natives do not appear to wish to travel very much; hence there is a scanty service of steamboats and trams, which makes it difficult to arrange excursions on and between the islands.

The reverse is true of Walcheren, until a few years ago as quiet and peaceful as its sister islands, but now over-

run by tourists, owing to its proximity to England and the energy of the steamship company which runs the service between Dover and Flushing, and arranges all kinds of excursions and trips for the enterprising tourist. The result is that the gracious old town of Middelburg, once "a haunt of ancient peace," has now become in every way modernized and up to date, and to a considerable extent has lost its individual flavour—no doubt to the great advantage of the inhabitants.

The ancient port of Flushing, too, with its fine old history, has now been turned into a bustling seaside resort, full of noise and gaiety, and in the season distinctly overcrowded. Very little individual attraction beyond its situation now remains to Flushing. That is exciting indeed, for one can see the great shipping of all nations going by on the wide waters of the Scheldt toward Antwerp, the big dredgers endlessly at work, and the small fishing boats passing to and fro. At Flushing the West Scheldt is so wide that it is scarcely possible, save on a fine day, to see the opposite shore of Flanders, and yet the navigable passage is only of comparatively small space in the middle of this waste of more or less useless water. Flushing, so familiar to all travellers as the landing place of the boats and the place where the great North European expresses may be taken, is seldom visited; and, indeed, there is not very much to visit it for, save this view of the shipping and perhaps of the docks—though these do not rival those of Amsterdam and Rotterdam. Flushing was once a small fortified seaport, and has the honour of being, after Briele, the first Dutch town to join the cause of William the Silent in 1572. This prince afterward

bought the Marquisate of Flushing and the neighbouring town of Veere for a comparatively small sum. It is interesting to note that the price of Veere was almost double that of Flushing; so different was the comparative importance of the two towns at that time. Now Veere is dead, and Flushing boasts over twenty thousand inhabitants. The possession of the Marquisate made the Prince of Orange premier noble of Zeeland, and gave him three votes in the Provincial Estates; it was therefore, of course, of considerable importance, both to him and his successors. It is still held by the present Queen.

It was from the port of Flushing that Charles V left the Netherlands for the last time, in 1556; and three years later he was followed by his son, Philip II of Spain, who never again returned to his turbulent provinces of Holland. The British expedition under Lord Chatham, in 1809, which set out with a fine fleet of ships to capture Antwerp, partly destroyed Flushing. The town was taken after a severe bombardment, which destroyed the handsome Town Hall, more than a hundred houses, and two churches. This expedition was one of those costly failures by no means uncommon in the Eighteenth and Nineteenth centuries. Ludicrous stories are still told of the utter ignorance displayed by the English officers as to the country in which they landed, of their being supplied with maps so old that, on marching to some point marked therein where they expected to find a village and a castle they found nothing but ruins or cornfields. In the little old Town Museum of Flushing are some relics of these English soldiers, and of the Napoleonic wars in general, as well as other objects of purely local interest. This little museum

is situated in the Bellamy Park, called after a poet of some note who resided in Flushing. The Bellamy Park, with its double row of trees, is the pleasantest part of the town. The great hero of Flushing, and one of the most popular in the whole country, is the renowned Admiral de Ruyter, who was born and bred here. There is a statue to him on the handsome sea wall which forms an embankment as far as the inner harbour. The statue has a magnificent situation for a monument to a sea hero, a situation of which it is entirely unworthy; but the little guns round the base of the statue, green-coloured from lying so long in the Strait of Messina, where De Ruyter was killed in 1676, form a worthy memorial to the old sea dog.

De Ruyter was born in Flushing in 1607. He was apprenticed to a rope maker, and the wheel at which he worked can still be seen in the Museum in Middelburg. His most famous achievement was the advance up the Thames in 1667, when he destroyed the English fortifications and the vessels of war at Chatham, and threw London into a panic. He died from the effects of a wound in the leg received in an engagement off Syracuse in 1676. There are some relics and portraits of him in the local museum at Flushing, and the tower of the Groote Kerk, or Church of St. Jacob, is pointed out as the very tower which he climbed as a boy. His house is also preserved in Flushing. The renowned admiral was not so attractive in appearance as many others of his time and occupation. He has a dark, fierce, ruddy look in his pictures, and appears to have inherited rather the coarseness of his father's low blood than the gentility of his mother's; but he was never-

theless in every way a worthy and an honourable man. He rests in Amsterdam under one of the most florid of the Eighteenth Century tombs in the Netherlands, and is perhaps better known and more admired among the Dutch than any other of their heroes—and they do not lack heroes, either on land or sea, in science or art.

There are some, but not many, old patrician houses left in Flushing, and there is a pretty view of the crooked-looking red roofs to be obtained from the top of the present Stadhuis, which appears to be in danger of being overwhelmed by the docks and shipbuilding yards. Vast improvements in these same docks are in prospect, and the future commercial prosperity of Flushing appears to be in no doubt. Opposite the Town Hall, on the other side of the canal, is an elegant house, adorned with rococo statues, of which a curious story is told. It is said that two men were rivals for the hand of the same lady, and each built a house to please her fancy, this mansion being one of them, and adjudged by modern taste to be the finer. The lady was, however, not of this opinion, and preferred the other, whereupon the builder of this fantastic edifice committed suicide. His ghost is still supposed to haunt the mansion, which is now merely used as offices and threatened with destruction at the present time, indeed, it may have disappeared altogether, engulfed and swallowed up by the shipbuilding yards, as so much of Flushing is being engulfed and swallowed up by the advances of commerce.

There is not very much of interest in the clean, flat, prosperous country outside Flushing—only the remains of a château of once considerable importance at Souburg, which one passes through in the tram from Flushing to

Middelburg. Here once lived the Lords of Marnix, one of whom was the friend of William the Silent, and wrote the song "William of Nassau," which is still a national anthem, and, with its solemn, martial music, a very fine national anthem, too. In this same château once resided Charles V; and from here he wrote a letter to the Cortes urging the necessity of his resignation of the crown and praying them to send him a letter accepting his abdication.

After the tram has taken us through Souburg we soon reach Middelburg, which is the capital of Walcheren and the province of Zeeland, and one of the most important towns still in the Netherlands. In the Middle Ages it was one of the most important towns in Europe, and rose to much prosperity on the strength of its cloth industry and as a depot for French wines. It was the seat of the old Counts of Holland (who were also Lords of Zeeland), and afterward achieved the position of a free Imperial town, like Ghent or Bruges. Soon after Flushing joined William the Silent Middelburg fell into the hands of the "Beggars of the Sea," and ever after remained loyal to the Dutch Republic, and later to the Dutch Kingdom. Middelburg is an exceedingly beautiful and grand old town, full of interest, and with associations and memories in almost every street and every building—and this despite the swarms of tourists and its increasing popularity with the foreigner. It is perhaps best seen when out of "the season"—that is, in the winter or early spring or late autumn, when the tourist shops are shut; there are then not quite so many trams running between here and Flushing, or quite so many parties of sightseers being taken round, or quite so many chars-à-bancs being rattled over the

cobbled streets. The most beautiful thing in Middelburg is the abbey—a curious conglomeration of buildings which forms a picturesque and charming whole. These are surrounded by streets which make a complete circle; canals almost completely ring round the other portions of the town; and beyond that again are the twisting waters of the Vest, so that the town has the appearance of being within a double moat. At one side runs the Walcheren Canal, which flows round to the dam and the dry docks. There is no part of the streets that has been rebuilt or demolished—at least, up to the present—though some such schemes of progress may be in contemplation. At present there are few houses later than the Eighteenth Century, and most are far older than this. Every variety of Dutch architecture, from mediæval in some parts of the abbey to late Eighteenth Century in the patrician houses on the dry docks of the dam and rococo in the little West Kerk, can he studied in Middelburg with the greatest advantage, for the buildings have grown naturally out of the requirements of the citizens, and the change from one style to another has been made without offence.

The Town Hall of Middelburg, now a well-known sight of the Continent, is certainly the most imposing in the Netherlands, though not the most curious or beautiful, and seems of a disproportionate size for the town. It is Late Gothic, and was built—or at least begun—by one of the famous family of Keldermans. The tower, 180 feet high, rises magnificently above the wide market square; it dates from 1507. The very rich façade is adorned with statues of those old and forgotten worthies the Counts and Countesses of Holland and Zeeland. These date from

1512, and have been largely restored, and in some cases replaced by copies.

These Counts of Holland were of considerable importance in the Middle Ages, nominally vassals of the Emperor, but in reality independent princes. They did very much what they chose, and fought for whom they wished, without much reference to Rome or Vienna. One of them was elected King of the Romans, in opposition to Frederick of Hohenstaufen in 1247. He was a dark, impetuous, and ambitious young man, who, as the saying went, "loved iron better than gold," and he conducted his campaign against his great rival with some success. He was finally killed in an encounter with the Friesians, when he was choked to death by falling into a marsh in the middle of one of the severe black Northern winters. A charter he granted to Middelburg in 1253 is still preserved in the Town Hall. He and his brother Floris, who died soon after him, were both buried in what was once the abbey church, but is now the Protestant Nieuwe Kerk.

The interior of the Town Hall has been tastefully restored, and contains some excellent works of art—notably a bust of Charles V, very much like that at Bruges, but without the movable hat. The Room of the Magistrates, or Tribunal, with its fine Renaissance seats, is still preserved, and there is a good collection of tankards and banners of the old guilds, and portraits of several heroes of a naval family of Zeeland, the Evertsens. Two of the best known of these, Jan and Cornelis, fell fighting against the English in 1666. Like most Dutch towns, Middelburg has an important collection of archives, which are on occasion open to public inspection.

Under the west side of the Town Hall is a Gothic meat market, containing large paintings of cattle adorned with flowers; and at the back of the Town Hall is—or was until recently—a small garden, from which many delightful views of the ancient buildings are to be obtained.

This magnificent Town Hall is certainly the most impressive building in Middelburg, and likely to be that first noticed and admired by the traveller. It is very well set off by the wide market place, surrounded by smaller buildings, all of which are curious and interesting, though much defaced by advertisements and signboards. The ancient streets, lined with stately houses, and paved with extremely fatiguing cobbles, lead one to the abbey, which is of even deeper interest and fascination than the Town Hall, though not at first sight so imposing. This abbey, now consisting of a number of buildings round a square filled by trees, and entered by low, ancient gateways, and having a church attached—it is a medley of buildings which it is extremely difficult to describe definitely—was once really an abbey, a Premonstratensian abbey, founded in 1128, and used—as so many of those abbeys were used—as a princely residence for the Counts of Holland. It retained all its pomp and glory through the Middle Ages, and in 1505 one of the brilliant gatherings of the Knights of the Golden Fleece was held here. Two large fires damaged the buildings, and after the Reformation they were taken over by the States-General, and used for the meetings of the Provincial Councils and as a residence for the Governor of the Province—two purposes which they still serve. The abbey church, also severely damaged by fire, is turned into a Protestant church—or rather into two, for

the building has been most curiously mutilated. The choir is separated from the rest, and is known as the choir church. This medley has been crowned by a tower called "Long John," 280 feet high—that is, 100 feet higher than the sister tower, that of the Stadhuis, called "Crazy Betty" by the citizens of Middelburg. Lange Jan, or Long John, was erected in the Eighteenth Century, and of course is entirely out of keeping with these magnificent, though so sadly mutilated, Gothic remains. At the same time, he is entirely characteristic of Middelburg and the Netherlands, and no one would wish him away—especially as he contains a beautiful carillon of forty-one bells (which can be heard far out to sea), and has a way of rising, like a gracious and noble shadow, through the mists and constant rain that blow and fly over Middelburg. The blank and whitewashed interiors of these two churches contain very few memorials of the past—only two dark mural tablets, to William of Holland, King of the Romans, and his brother, already mentioned, and an extremely handsome and unique monument to the two admirals whose portraits we have seen in the Town Hall, Jan and Cornelis Evertsen. This monument, the work of the great Dutch sculptor Rombout Verhulst, is unique, because it is to two brothers who died in the same manner and on the same occasion. In front is a delicate bas-relief in marble of the sea fight in which they perished. The whole has been moved from another church which was burned down, and is badly placed. There are few old churches in the Netherlands, it seems, which have not been burned at least once and to some extent damaged. Some have been totally destroyed, and others ruined beyond repair, so that only a mutilated

torso, as it were, remains. In other cases it is the tower that has perished. In most of the ancient museums you may find prints or drawings or pictures of these conflagrations, and the hopeless efforts of the citizens, coming with buckets of water to put out a column of flame perhaps one hundred feet high, are depicted with ingenuous fidelity. Palaces and mansions and public buildings were also burned down, but not so frequently. It is not altogether easy to find the explanation why churches so often suffered this fate. Possibly it was due to the fact that there were always exposed lights and lamps about. Perhaps after the Reformation the energies of rival bodies of iconoclasts were to blame. But whatever the cause, there remains the fact: that numbers of these old churches suffered from fire once, if not twice or several times, and that the means of putting out such blazes seem to have been inadequate and resorted to only when too late. All the towers appear to have been supplied with bells whose special purpose was to toll out the warning of fire. Most of them bore the famous inscription taken from the great bell, Roland, at Ghent, presented to that city by the Emperor Charles V, "My name is Roland; when I toll there is fire in the land." But Roland seems to have tolled to little purpose; he could advertise the fact that the church, or whatever building it might be, was on fire, but he was not able to provide anyone with the means of putting the conflagration out.

Anyone who likes to climb up Long John can not only inspect the carillon, which is really one of the most charming and melodious in the Netherlands—at least, to the ear of the visitor, who hears it falling so pleasantly through the humid atmosphere—but he can obtain a fine view of

the flat country and the wide, winding river as far as Antwerp.

Leaving the church, one passes an old gateway which once led to the Mint of the Counts of Holland. Then comes another old gateway, or open arch, above which ramps the Lion of Zeeland, half hidden by water, with the inspiring motto *Luctor et emergo*—"I struggle and emerge"—which is literally true of the inhabitants of Zeeland, for all these islands are below the sea level, and have only with the greatest energy and patience been rescued from the water. This coat of arms might be considered as appropriate to the whole country. There is something very fine and inspiring about the heraldic beast struggling up from the stiff lines of the waves.

The Abbey Square that we enter through this archway is surrounded by buildings, mostly now of the Seventeenth Century, but in some places consisting of ancient portions of the abbey. To the left are the handsome cloisters. Under the Council Hall are two vaulted chambers; these date from the Thirteenth Century, but the mediæval aspect and atmosphere have utterly gone. We stand now in a portion of the Netherlands of the Seventeenth Century, in the days of their High Mightinesses the States-General. To the right is a building which is now a hotel; it was once the residence of the Counts of Tholen, and has changed little, if at all, since their day. The other buildings are mostly used for the government of the county or province of Zeeland. Here, too, is the governor's house, which is occupied by the Queen or members of the royal family when they chance to visit Middelburg. William III resided here when he broke away from Jan de Witt; under the pre-

tence of trying some hawks and hounds sent him by Charles II he came to Middelburg and claimed his seat in the Council as premier noble of Zeeland, a privilege which he was able to demand owing to his possession of the Marquisate of Veere and Flushing, purchased by William the Silent.

The Council Hall of the Province of Zeeland may be inspected; it is exceedingly handsome, and hung with the most peculiar and individual tapestries in the country—not Gobelin or imitation Gobelin, but Dutch of the Dutch, designed and woven at Delft and Middelburg. These represent, most appropriately, and with great grace and spirit, the maritime battles between the Dutch and the Spaniards; they have faded with time to the most delicate sea tints, and are wreathed by opulent borders of luscious-looking flowers and fruit. These tapestries are of exceptional interest, and hang—as so few tapestries still do hang—in the actual place for which they were designed, and into which they fit so exactly. There are some paintings by Ferdinand Bol in the upper rooms, but these have little to do with Middelburg, since they were brought from a mansion in Utrecht.

This Council Chamber looks out on an odd little garden, charmingly tucked in among these crowded buildings, with little hedges of box, and in the summer little beds of bright flowers.

It is difficult to pick out for special mention any more buildings in Middelburg, for all are of great beauty and interest, one scarcely more than another. Much admired is the Balans. So, too, is a house called the Steenrots, on the dam, which has unique sculptured reliefs on it, and stands

over enormous cellars, typical of the day when the merchants stored their wealth beneath their dwelling houses. Farther along this same dam are some elegant and superb houses of a later date, with step gables, elaborate façades, festoons, wreaths, tall windows, and doorways, entirely unspoiled by modern prosperity.

The Museum of the Zeeland Society contains a motley and rather dreary collection of objects belonging to the province; some of them are interesting enough, but are rather spoiled by the dry and gloomy way in which they are exhibited. One of the boasts of this museum seems to be a complete collection of the fauna and flora of Zeeland, which look dismal enough in their dry and preserved state. Here are a portrait of De Ruyter by Ferdinand Bol, and the earliest telescope, invented and made in Middelburg in 1608 by Hans Lippershey or Zacharias Janssen. There seems some doubt about the name of this worthy; he is also commemorated by a tablet on the outside of the church. Hearing of the Dutchman's invention, Galileo made a telescope for himself, which he used for astronomical observations. The museum contains more beautiful objects —a very handsome Chinese vase of *famille rose* and a dashing-looking little clock which is supposed to be part of the booty from the treasure fleet captured by Piet Hein.

The old bastion, encircled by the Vest, forms an enchanting and elegant promenade round Middelburg. The trees are tall and handsome, the walks well kept, the waters wide and clear, and inhabited by a pleasing variety of ducks and waterfowl, for whom neat and tempting little houses have been built on small islands. On this same

bastion is the Koepoort, the only one remaining of the eight town gates, and itself late Eighteenth Century in date. Its florid lines stand out well among the tall trees.

Despite all onrush of modern progress and modern prosperity, and the gay and busy life of the age, Middelburg still has its haunted moments. To see it in the winter, or in the twilight, when the clouds are blowing up from the sea, when a thick mist lies over it, and the rain, perhaps, is falling in the old streets, is to receive an illusion of an ancient city of the past, unchanged and unchangeable.

One must not leave Middelburg without mentioning the butter market, which is held every Thursday, or the kermis, which takes place in July and lasts for ten days. This same butter market is the principal attraction for many tourists, and is considerably written up by those who wish to give notoriety to Middelburg. A great attraction is the costume of the peasantry, who come from all the surrounding villages to sell their butter at the charming little covered butter market at the back of the abbey, and afterward go to the market square and lay out some at least of their takings in purchases from the various stalls and cheapjacks collected there. The national costume is very odd and individual, but has been a great deal too much advertised. These people, who have posed and been photographed, been admired and questioned, shown their necklaces and their earrings, seen strangers dress up in copies of their costumes, and, one fears, even been induced by bribes to retain their own, have attracted tourists until they are in danger of becoming as self-conscious as the unfortunate inhabitants of Marken. It looks as if these dresses will be kept artificially alive as a source of revenue

for Zeeland long after they would naturally have disappeared. These costumes are more interesting because they are old and indigenous than because they are in themselves either practical or beautiful. The very tight bodices and the enormously heavy skirts worn by the women and the little girls from the age when they can first walk are far from hygienic; the chest is compressed, and the hips loaded; a stiff and heavy cap confines the head, and fantastic ornaments dangle most uncomfortably over the eyes; the sleeves are both tight and short, and the lower parts of the arms are flayed purple by the salt winds; the utmost protection in the winter seems to consist of a small shawl folded over the shoulders. The dress, indeed, does not convey much idea of comfort. The golden ornaments and the garnet necklaces are pretty enough, but all follow the same conventional pattern. It seems usual for the Zeeland peasants, after they have sold their butter and made their purchases, to put the rest of their profits into some of these ornaments—either a necklace, or buttons, or ornaments for the headdress, which are still sold in the jewellers' shops in Zeeland—and at a pretty high price, too. The dress of the men is plain and dark. They wear a rather insignificant round hat, and their only jewellery is in their belts and buttons. The peddlers and cheapjacks and stall holders who occupy the market place on Thursdays and lay out their wares to tempt these peasants do not offer anything, alas! of peculiar or local interest. The merchandise appears to be from some big manufacturing town of Germany or England or America, and it is vain for the tourist to hope that he will pick up any treasures here. The peasants, however, delightedly buy cheap gimcracks, china

ornaments, mats, or baskets, with which to fill the old farmhouses which are already doubtless the repositories of many real treasures. It is a pity to see the cheap manufactured article without any merit whatsoever replacing the fine old hand-worked objects.

Not far outside Middelburg is Westkapelle, where you can inspect the largest dike in Holland, and the remains of a church with an ancient Gothic tower, now used as a lighthouse.

Farther on, and on the coast, is Domburg, a small and sufficiently ugly seaside place, where the tiny old town, or village as it now is, has been overlaid by modern villas and hotels, and crowned by a hideous and pretentious building absurdly called a casino. Domburg has beautiful sands and fine views, and is very popular with the Dutch. The hotels, however, are far from up to date, and there appear to be no amusements or distractions for the visitor beyond a very cautious kind of bathing, which is all that is permitted on the treacherous sand. Domburg, despite its jaunty air of modernity, is very old indeed; altars of the Third Century were found here, and many interesting Roman antiquities. Once one gets away from the little town itself, and out into the woods toward Duinvliet and the château of Westhoven, one can recapture something of the queer, haunted atmosphere of these windswept coasts, where the dunes just protect the land from the sea, and where all the low-growing trees are swept landward in a curious stiff shape, bent back by the stormy winds. The castle of Westhoven, now a home for consumptives—there are a great many consumptives in Zeeland: the people do not appear nearly as healthy as in the other

parts of Holland—is the only old castle still remaining in Zeeland. Though not so finely situated as the castles in Guelders and Utrecht, it yet still retains some pleasant surroundings in the form of public woods or parks. This castle was originally built by the abbots of Middelburg as a summer residence, and there Charles V once lived as a young man, wandering in these woods and waiting for the wind that would set his sails for Spain.

On the north coast of the island of Walcheren, and quite close to Middelburg, with which it is connected by bus, is the much-admired and much-decayed town of Veere, once called Campveer. This town was in its time of great importance, being the seat of the Lords of Borselen. One of these was fortunate enough to marry a daughter of James I of Scotland in 1444, when the town became the seat of a Scottish trading factory enjoying special privileges. These were constantly renewed, and were retained by the town until the end of the Eighteenth Century. The Scots house, long the depot of this flourishing trade, has recently been restored and turned into something half a museum and half an antique shop—a little smirking and self-conscious, and in danger of being spoiled by too much admiration.

It is indeed difficult to excite interest in and attract visitors to these old places without spoiling them, and making them, as it were, museum pieces. Veere has long since in this sense been discovered, and is haunted by artists and curio hunters. As a matter of fact, it is altogether too dead ever to revive, and had better have been left in a state of graceful decay than given this artificial vitality for the sake of attracting tourists.

There are plenty of what are usually termed "historical associations" in Veere. Our Edward IV embarked here for England, with his brother the Duke of York, on his last expedition to recover the crown; and here once resided Erasmus, whose friend was Anna van Borselen, one of the last of that name. You can see the statues of the family—including, I believe, Anna—on the rich façade of the most coquettish little Town Hall, which has a high belfry rising up straight and charming above the town. This elegant building is the work of one of the Keldermans family. The interior contains one small room, packed tight with local antiquities, and enshrining one great treasure, which the little town has resisted all temptations to sell, and which is considered of such value that the Government has presented a special and particularly ugly safe in which to keep it. This is the so-called goblet of Maximilian of Burgundy, who was one of the last lords of Veere. The goblet is of the Sixteenth Century—gold, and most beautifully enamelled and chased, the scenes representing the wars of Maximilian. The arms of England show strangely on the door handle of this room in the Stadhuis. They were presented by William III of England to his ancient marquisate.

The oldest part of Veere is the round tower, known as the Campveersche Toren, now used as an inn or hotel, with odd, circular rooms looking out on the waste of water and the sad-coloured flats, and from which one may obtain very limited refreshment and unlimited views.

The mutilated remains of the church, which dominate the country for miles around, are exceedingly gloomy, and even painful, for the building has been long desecrated, and

ruined beyond all hope of restoration, though some manner of tinkering seems to be always going on. This church was first built in 1348, and has undergone even more vicissitudes than most Dutch churches—and that is saying a great deal. Napoleon cut it up into three stories for a hospital, and put in staircases and fireplaces and small windows, using the slate-gray gravestones as windowsills and doorsteps. These doors and staircases have been taken out, though the remains of them can still be seen; and of course nothing can be done to repair the damage they caused to the building. The church was afterward used as a prison, a barracks, and, I believe, a lunatic asylum, and as late as the last war as a depot for storing petrol. The floor paving has utterly gone: one walks through the building in thick mould and sand. Nothing, of course, remains on the walls; the windows are either blocked up or unglazed; and the grandeur of the line of pillars is all that is left of beauty. It must in its time have been a most magnificent church, and of extraordinary size. It is now to the last degree gloomy and melancholy, and has, indeed, something monstrous about it, especially when seen from a distance in the twilight, when it looks like a great hunched beast crouching on the flat landscape, to which it is utterly out of proportion.

The Scottish church that stood near has now disappeared, but there is a Protestant church of most portentous severity and gloom, with a dark tomb to an early Calvinist divine which is about as grim and ugly as anything could well be. A brass candelabrum is the only object with any suggestion of comeliness on which the eye can rest in this dank and dreary little church.

An air of neglect also obscures the grace and beauty of the well head, or covered fountain, or water tank—whatever it may be called—outside the church, which was used to obtain fresh water for the town from the rain water which gathered on the roof of the church. It was constructed in 1551.

There are, of course, several notable old houses still in Veere; especially admired are Het Lammetje and Het Struis, both dating from 1500.

A bold touch of crude modernity has been given to Veere by the erection of airplane sheds in the meadows by the old church, but even these cannot impart to it an air of life; they merely seem incongruous. Veere is absolutely dead, though a certain number of people still live there, and no doubt enjoy existence.

On two occasions the inhabitants of this town, who look now so quiet and peaceful, distinguished themselves by outbursts of ferocity—against the Spaniards in the time of the War of Independence and against the French at the end of the Eighteenth Century; their excesses on both these occasions were no doubt justified by tyranny and oppression reaching to extremes. There are still in the little harbour a few boats, whose tall sails and masts make charming lines against the houses. Artists are very fond of sketching Veere. The great bulk of the church rising up against the shimmering horizon, the streets and the harbours, with, of course, a liberal sprinkling of peasants and fishermen in native costumes, provide endless opportunities.

Farther on beyond Veere is Arnemuiden, which was also of some importance in its day. The ancient harbour

is now under tillage, like the old harbour of Middelburg. From Arnemuiden one can cross from Walcheren to South Beveland, and reach Goes, an inland town connected by a canal with the East Scheldt. Goes is by no means one of the most attractive towns of the Netherlands—indeed, Zeeland does not provide any of these, with the exception of Middelburg; nevertheless, it is not without a certain quiet charm, though there is not very much here to be explored or admired. It has only about eight thousand inhabitants. The church, though once rich and lovely, has been much mutilated and restored. Of the once famous castle of Oostende, which belonged to Jacqueline of Bavaria, the unhappy heiress of the last Count of Holland, nothing remains but a paltry ruin in the courtyard of an inn, and a mulberry tree which Jacqueline is said to have planted herself. In the midst of her misfortunes, when driven from her possessions by Philip the Good of Burgundy, Jacqueline took refuge in Goes, where the burghers treated her nobly. She is said to have presented to the town a piece of plate to be competed for every year by shooting at the popinjay—a sport in which she was herself proficient. At Douda she is said to have presented the town with the arms it still bears. The accompanying motto, *Per ardua ad astra,* one remembers, is that of our own Air Force. The arms of Goes have this peculiarity: with the lozenges of Bavaria and the Lion of Holland they quarter a silver goose on a black ground; and yet Goes does not mean the bird we call by that name, either in Dutch or the Zeeland dialect.

There are not many elegant patrician houses in Goes, and the market place, though clean and commodious, is

commonplace. There are one or two pretty brick step-gabled houses, but these are of little merit compared with what may be found in other Dutch towns. The church—handsome, melancholy, despoiled—contains a coquettish rococo organ. The Town Hall is incongruously of a severe Palladin style, and contains a rather handsome room of 1760, with paintings in grisaille. This building is not very important or interesting in itself, or very characteristic of the town which it adorns; but seen from the front, with the Gothic gateway and rich window at the side, crowned by the little finial, and with the blunt tower with its open lanterns, it does present a rather noble outline. A severe yet florid patrician house of the Seventeenth Century is now the Hotel de Korenbeurs.

There are some new, neat, clean suburbs outside Goes, and in the surrounding country many pleasant villages, most of them dignified by the remains of a handsome Gothic church. South and North Beveland are really like one large fruit farm; the fertile land is most industriously cultivated in every possible direction, and acres and acres of orchards and crops of every kind cover the two islands from one coast to another. The peasants' dress is different here from that of Walcheren, and in most of the villages the Protestants and the Catholics have their distinctive costumes. In early spring or summer the landscape of South Beveland is lovely with an attenuated kind of loveliness: pale skies, airy horizons, light trees, great spaces of land under culture and rich with bloom. The villages are carefully planned, and many of them very old —as Gravenpolder, which was laid out by Count William VI of Holland, father of Jacoba (or Jacqueline) of

Bavaria. Borselen is famous from its associations with the family of that name, perhaps the most celebrated family in Zeeland, from whom were chosen her rulers and Stadtholders.

At Kapelle is a magnificent Gothic church. Everywhere, of course, are the extremely practical but not very comfortable roads of vitrized brick. Those interested in such a sight may see at Yerseke numerous model oyster beds, for South and North Beveland, and Tholen too, do a considerable trade in this delicacy.

At a small village oddly called Heer Hendrikskinderen, or "Lord Henry's Children," is another fine Gothic church, the unfinished or half-destroyed tower being crowned with a little erection like a summerhouse.

South Beveland is separated from North Beveland, a very much smaller island, by an arm of the East Scheldt called the Zandkreek. These islands are of course the result of various inundations which broke away portions of the land, and so are of entirely artificial creation. Every year more and more land is recovered from the sea, and as you drive round South Beveland you can see the different dikes, many of them now far inland, which once protected the coast from the waves. As engineering skill grows, and there is more prosperity and more money to spend, so the sea is thrust farther and farther back and more land reclaimed; so that what were once the outer dikes may be found in the middle of meadows and pastures.

In the Middle Ages it was the other way round, and the sea constantly snatched at the land. Villages and towns lie beneath the wide waters—rivers or, in reality, arms of the sea—which encompass the islands, and stories are

told of ships in the old days being thrust in the side by the spires of sunken churches.

To the northwest of North Beveland the river mouth is called the Roompot, or "Creampot," because here the waters meet and swirl round in a constant eddy of foam, which the natives, who have dairy products always under their eyes, liken to cream beaten up in a pot.

The inhabitants of both Bevelands are most prosperous and contented. Many of them make a great deal of money, in such an excellent state is the farming and so well does it pay. Often the farms are worked on the coöperative system, several being under one organization. A considerable amount of fruit is grown here—more than in Walcheren, which grows such things as hemp and opium poppies as well as plums and pears, apples and cherries. Here, however, the fruit is mainly for jam, which is exported to Germany and England. The farms of Beveland are models of all that they should be in order and cleanliness; some of them are quite old, and the dates can be seen worked into the coloured tiles of the big roofs. They are full of treasures in the way of furniture, cabinets, china, earthenware, and jewellery, collected carefully from generation to generation. They are most spotlessly kept by the industrious women, and prove on what a solid basis rests the Dutch reputation for cleanliness. In some, strips of hand-made lace may be seen nailed along the shelves on which are kept the resplendent arrays of home-made jams, pickles, sauces, and preserves. The gardens of these farms seem to grow a great number of the flowers we call exotic, including the magnolia, which we are proud to see bloom in Cornwall—and this despite a climate which seems

exactly like England's, if not more severe—full of rain and of salt and bitter sea winds. The soil is of course largely artificial, prepared on scientific principles and extraordinarily fertile, as well as free from the pests with which we usually have to struggle.

Near some of these prosperous Beveland farms are heronries, and the birds look most graceful flying among the high trees, especially in the spring, when there is little foliage. The roads run mostly on the tops of old dikes, which are now generally planted with thin, fine avenues of poplar trees; and this makes driving pleasant. The colouring seems always pale and delicate, and of course luminous —as it is in the whole of the country, the vivid effect of the hues being often that given by wet paint.

Once we have left Goes we have left the railway, and must continue by motor or cart or bicycle or walking, and use the steamboats as we may to get from one island to another.

In North Beveland and in Schouwen and Tholen there is no railway, and the steamboat service is not run for the convenience of travellers. Somehow or other, and if possible by water, we must get to Zierikzee, for this is without doubt or question the most worth seeing of all the towns of Zeeland, and the most seldom seen. If other towns of Zeeland and the Netherlands present a certain illusion of the past, and of being complete mediæval or Dutch Renaissance or Seventeenth Century cities, here there is no illusion: one steps into the thing itself, almost as if one had stepped into a stage set. Zierikzee has hardly been changed since it was built; and certainly little has been altered since the late Eighteenth Century, when the last houses were

A YOUNG GIRL OF VEERE, ISLE OF WALCHEREN

ZEELAND WOMEN

put up along the canal and quay. The greater part of the town is still mediæval, and there is nothing whatever, in these quiet and remote streets in this inaccessible town, to prevent one imagining one is walking in the days, centuries ago, when Zierikzee was a considerable place and the Netherlands were in the height of their glory.

On an old map you can see the plan of the town, which is yet unchanged, and may trace on this same map how the Spaniards came up by water and attacked it, and how they were repulsed from bastion, bulwark, and gate.

The crowning glory of Zierikzee, the church, has now gone, only a portion of the tower remaining. The usual conflagration destroyed the bulk of the edifice. It must have been magnificent in design. The portion of the tower still standing is said to be one of the finest fragments of Gothic architecture on this large scale existing. It has now been turned into a sort of belvedere, or view tower, and may be seen from miles around, like the great church of Veere.

Zierikzee is situated some distance up the canal that divides the island of Schouwen-en-Duiveland into two, and runs from the Roompot through to the other wide branch of the sea, on which is the town of Brouwershaven. The approach to the town, then, along this canal, is curious, if not unique, and the first sight of the monstrous fragment of the huge Gothic tower is most imposing. There are a great number of doves and pigeons flying about and settling on the flat dunes, and the waters of the canal when it is still are full of the reflections of their glancing wings. The birds settle, too, in great quantities on the flat sands at low tide in the summer weather, and their delicate and vague colour-

ings blend most harmoniously with the veiled hues of these flats. Zierikzee, which must be seen to be believed, stands behind the ancient bulwarks which rise out of this canal, and which are composed of gabled and slanting-roofed houses. The tower, called appropriately St. Lieven's Monstertoren, is on the left as one approaches Zierikzee by the canal, and looks the huger for the small one-storied houses that are at its base. A nearer approach to the enormous tower shows still more clearly its gigantic proportions; the good-sized trees growing in front reach only up to the windows above the door. This vast church of Late Renaissance Gothic was built by the same hand as that which raised the great Stadhuisen in Middelburg and Veere; it was completely burned down, save this one tower only, in 1832. The new church was built at some distance from the remaining tower, and in the most amazing style. The inhabitants of Zierikzee raised this in the fashion then popular; it is like a mausoleum—vast, dull, heavy—somewhat on the lines of a Greek temple, and yet entirely what we should call in England "early Victorian." This repulsive building is the only ugly object in Zierikzee. It certainly is set off to the worst advantage by the majestic beauty of the mutilated Gothic tower. A small platform has been arranged on the top of this, and one may mount and view from there all the islands of Zeeland, spread out flat as the leaves of water lilies on the sea. The inhabitants will tell you with pride that Émile Zola once made this ascent, and greatly praised both the tower and the view.

Apart from this unique Gothic fragment, it is difficult to point out anything in particular that may be admired in Zierikzee, for everything there is admirable; the greatest

pleasure that the traveller receives is given not by this building or by that, but by walking through the streets, and receiving the joint effect of all the buildings and their juxtaposition one to another. The Stadhuis is delightful, and inside is a handsome room of the late Eighteenth Century. The old Dutch houses of Zierikzee, built of the beautiful, small, exquisitely pointed coloured bricks, with the elaborate step gables and the cellar opening and the steps to the doors, certainly require a work to themselves to do them any manner of justice.

Zierikzee also boasts some old gates, which appear to have been untouched since the Middle Ages—notably the Noordhavenpoort and the Zuidhavenpoort, the latter with a fine tower with four *tourelles* and an open bell lantern, and picturesquely flanked by two bridges. To go through either of these gates, which are situated along the wharf or the canal, and at one time were fortified and served as a means of defence for the town, is really to step back into the Middle Ages, so undisturbed is the atmosphere, as well as the architecture. These gates bring back the days of the famous assault on Zierikzee, which was supposed to be one of the finest feats of arms of the long war between Spain and the Netherlands. Requesens, successor to the Duke of Alva, captured the Zeeland town in 1576 by the help of some two thousand Spanish volunteers; these waded across the canal under the incessant fire of the Flemish defenders of the island, who rushed out in boats and crowded in vain round the assailants. There is so much to be remembered against the Spaniards in this eighty years' war in the Low Countries that it is pleasant to be able to record that now and then they proved themselves gallant soldiers, ex-

tremely loyal, hardy, and daring; the cause for which they fought was, of course, no concern of theirs.

Zierikzee looks particularly beautiful, remote, and melancholy in the winter, when the roofs are covered with snow, and the sky and the sea are gray, and the fine lines of the bare trees set off the rigid ornamentation of the brick and stone houses, when the fragment of Kelderman's tower rises up gaunt and black into the snow clouds, exactly like a giant protecting a human city.

Across the island—which is barren enough, and swept by continuous storms, but most carefully cultivated—is another town of exceptional interest, very seldom visited, and that is Brouwershaven, or "Brewers' Haven." This town was established by the brewers or wine merchants of Middelburg as a port for their ships; it was the scene of a fierce battle between the English supporters of Jacqueline of Bavaria and the troops of Philip of Burgundy, in which the English suffered a signal defeat, which caused Jacqueline's English husband—Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester—to relinquish her hopeless cause. The English came in ships direct to Brouwershaven, and were there met by the Burgundian troops. So savage was the combat that the water was said to be red for days, and the bodies of the English soldiers choked this inlet of the sea.

Brouwershaven was the birthplace of the poet Jacob Cats. It possesses nearly as rich a variety of Dutch architecture as Zierikzee. There is a charming Stadhuis, with an elaborate step-gabled front, crowned by a figure holding a weathercock, and with a small double staircase. To see this alone is worth the trouble of getting to Brouwershaven. This Town Hall is Late Renaissance, built when that style

was becoming most flamboyant. There is a Gothic church of the Fifteenth Century, with a very early choir. Here, however, as in the neighbouring town of Zierikzee, the charm does not lie in one particular building, but in the whole unspoiled aspect of the little town.

There are several charming and interesting villages on Schouwen-en-Duiveland, the neighbouring island. This island is divided in two by a canal, the eastern, smaller part being called Duiveland. At Dreischor is a charming small brick town hall, with deep step gabling of the date 1637. The motto over the door, under the arms of the town and Zeeland, is: "Do well and fear nothing." The Dutch are very fond of mottoes, as well as of coats of arms, and they seldom lost the chance—and, for the matter of that, seldom lose it now—of putting up a motto on a house.

Nieuwerkerk is another pretty little village with the remains of a handsome Gothic church. At Moermond is one of those Dutch country houses called *kasteels,* which have such a peculiar fascination and seem to fit so well into the landscape.

The islands of Zeeland were once covered with mighty castles, but none of these now remain; the very traces of their outline have been swept away, and cornfields grow where they once stood.

At Westerschouwen is a ruined tower, rising in rather gaunt and portentous fashion. Serooskerke is another typical Zeeland village. All these villages have charming outlines or silhouettes when seen from a distance, and are set off well on the flat land against a wide expanse of sky. No building could have a better surrounding than this, for no detail of it is lost. In all these villages little streets,

nooks and corners, views, and odd juxtapositions of architecture may be found. They are all the same in style—one or perhaps two streets of the tiny, one-storied, step-gabled or steep-roofed houses, clean, brightly coloured, with cobbled pavements and cobbled road. These are most uncomfortable for the tourist who attempts to investigate, for surely nothing is more fatiguing than attempting to walk, even in the stoutest shoes, over these large round cobbles, which have defied the feet of the passers-by since the Middle Ages, and are not worn away in the least.

These small streets and small houses are nearly always dominated by the massive structure of the Gothic tower of the church, generally mutilated or unfinished, and defaced by a comfortable-looking clock and a neat peak or cupola. The whole of Schouwen is lonely and melancholy, even in the middle of these cosy and comfortable villages there is an air of solitariness, of being far away from the world. This, perhaps, is due to the lack of railway, or much communication at all. Some of the places may be reached by steam tram, and some only by boat.

Between Duiveland and Overflakkee is a small island called St. Philipsland. To the south of this is the island of Tholen, which has only one town of any pretensions—that of the same name. Tholen may be reached by steam tram and ferry from Bergen-op-Zoom, as it is just off the coast of North Brabant. It can also be reached from Duiveland across the Keeten Canal. This ancient town is circular, sunk behind dikes and ramparts planted with trees, in every way sleepy and remote. There is some trade in oysters; there are many large oyster beds outside the town, and the ships go to and from England. The inhabitants grow

onions outside Tholen—of a particularly strong quality, they tell you, such as are liked by the Welsh miners.

There are a Gothic town hall of the Fifteenth Century in Tholen, and an ancient Gothic church most pleasantly situated, and surrounded by trees. The church contains some tombs of those old, warlike nobles who disputed these islands in the days of long ago. Tholen is very seldom indeed visited by tourists, and it is by no means easy, when one does reach the island, to see what it may offer of interest. On this little island was once the great castle of Martinsdyk, the home of the Borselens, one of whom—Frans—was the last husband of Jacqueline of Bavaria. Nothing now remains of this mighty castle but a rampart or wall, sunk into the ground, and a tiny fragment of building which may or may not be part of the original structure. This is now used as a farm, and appears to be the poorest farm of the neighbourhood.

In the church of the little village of Martinsdyk is a tomb of Floris van Borselen; it is in the most pathetic condition, the aperture for the figure being used to keep coal in, and the figure itself a mere stump, treated with the greatest indifference. It was a great surprise to the inhabitants of Martinsdyk that anyone—particularly a foreigner—should care to come to their village and look for the remains of this castle and these tombs, or show any interest in their greatest family, once so renowned in the history of the Middle Ages. It reflects no credit on the Dutch authorities that this tomb has been allowed to get into such a condition, for it is of considerable historical interest, and the name and the dates can still be clearly discerned. There are one or two odd-looking buildings in Martinsdyk, and

careful investigation might discover the plan and even some fragments of the one-time castle.

At the ugly, modern little town of Stavenisse, in a completely modern church—or chapel, as it appears to English eyes—is a beautiful tomb by Rombout Verhulst, removed from an earlier church which was burned down. This is of Jerome van Tuyll, and differs from most of the monuments by this sculptor in being the effigy of a civilian. The figure is extremely beautiful, and so are the bas-reliefs round the base, though some of them are grotesque enough in design, consisting of thigh and arm bones tied up with wreaths of flowers, most beautifully executed.

Wolfaartsdyk, now a mere landing stage for steamers, commemorates another member of the house of Borselen. There are a great many dunes round these islands for those who care for that type of scenery, particularly lonely, desolate, and melancholy. There is a certain beauty in the colouring, and in the changing shapes of the clouds which hang over the sea and land, here nearly blended into one, but the effect is on the whole, whether when one goes round these islands by boat or on land, monotonous.

There now only remains to be noticed the strip of land on the other side of the West Scheldt, called Zeeland-Flanders, which belongs, to the great disgruntlement of some Belgians, to the Dutch, thus giving them the command of both banks of the important river. This Zeeland-Flanders is easily reached by boat from Flushing to Breskens, a wide, not unpleasant, but often stormy crossing. From here goes a steam tram which takes one directly to Bruges, passing on the way through small Dutch towns like Kadzand, Oostburg, and Sluis. Sluis is on the

Belgian frontier, and is famous for the first English naval victory; it still boasts one or two handsome old buildings. In the other direction is the large Terneuzen Canal, another outlet of Belgium to the sea which is in the hands of the Dutch. Another small town is Axel, notable for its curious peasants' costumes. In Hulst, a Dutch frontier station, there is the usual Gothic church, with a more modernized tower, and a town hall with a few paintings.

Just where Belgian waters begin on the much-disputed Scheldt it is called the Verdronkenland, or "Drowned Land"—a poignant name which reminds one of all the busy life which once bustled to and fro where now there is nothing but a sheet of water.

Zeeland consists as much of water as of land, and it is easy to see with what pain and difficulty, with what energy and patience, these marshy islands have been rescued from the great river, and from all those encroachments of the ocean which have seemed to try their best for thousands of years to sweep away this province altogether. A slow, peaceful, but a not unfruitful trip to those really interested in the country, and in the character of the country, can be made by boat from Nymegen to Dordrecht, and thence to Middelburg. Thus one traverses the Waal till it runs into the Biesbosch by the town of Dordrecht, and then goes down the Hollandschdiep, past the islands of Zeeland, and so out to Middelburg and Flushing. The same route is taken from Arnhem by the boats coming down the Rhine from Germany, and either of these journeys on the deep waterways gives a better impression of the Netherlands than can be gained by train, the big Continental expresses dashing across Holland too rapidly for one to get any idea

of the country they traverse, and the local trains being slow and tedious, and not touching the parts which are of the most peculiar interest—the great waterways. But of course the ideal way of seeing the Netherlands remains by one's own boat, motor where that is possible, yacht or barge where it is not.

Chapter XIII

CONCLUSION

THE traveller who has visited, however briefly, the Netherlands can hardly fail to have received very definite impressions of country and people, for this land, built by man out of such scanty materials, is one of the most individual in the world.

The pale light that flows into every cranny of every object in a Dutch landscape is to the foreigner like an enchantment over this country made by human hands. Even on a wet, stormy day there is this luminous quality, which penetrates the clouds, flying swift and loose across the flats from sea to sea, and seems even to glimmer behind the cold, stinging ocean mists. This pale, fair sunlight gives the most enchanting effects of airy perspective. Toward evening the long shadows, the faintly traced churches, avenues, and farms, give to the distance an effect of slight melancholy; the horizon seems to be infinitely far away, and in the foreground every detail is edged with light and lined with purple and blue shadow. Every cluster of reeds, every wayside plant, every barge resting by the bank of a canal, every spare, fluttering poplar or wych elm thus gains a distinct place and value in the eye of the spectator; it is like a choice painting where each object is carefully selected and lovingly treated. This effect is due to

the entirely uninterrupted light, not obscured by mountains or cupped in valleys, but radiating steadily from the first sparkle in the east to the last glow in the west, and to the long, uncrowded spaces, where the least incident of tree, bridge, or building becomes of importance.

This clear economy of effect and line is grateful to the eye of the traveller used to the rich confusion of more opulent landscapes, for it is not arid, nor neglected, nor desolate. From the flower-studded woods and lark-haunted meadows of Zeeland to the purple moors of Drenthe and the glittering meers of Friesland the whole country is eloquent of an austere grace, an ordered prosperity, and a patrician comfort.

The foreigner is familiar with this lovely light in the pictures of Cuyp and Potter. These viewed under alien skies seem to depict with their tender colours an impossible fairyland. But in the Netherlands one finds this light, and even the very viewpoint of the artist; you could almost discover where such a one sat for such and such a picture, so faithful to their subjects were the old Dutch masters. Some of Van Goyen's pictures rank in the memory with things actually seen, so vividly exact are they, so charged with loving understanding.

The Netherlands have by no means escaped the devastation of modern commercialism; much that was beautiful and gracious has been replaced by what is ugly and useful; too many canals have been filled in, too many plate-glass shop windows inserted in old houses; industry and prosperity have made the big ports like any other big ports; motor boats begin to replace the barges, motor cars the high-hooded carts of North Holland and the bright-

coloured wagons of Zeeland. But there is yet much that is unchanged; Gerard Dow or Jan Steen might still find unspoiled material to their hand. Here are yet the flat fields, always so fresh and vivid in colour, the houses with the flagged brick passages, the façades with the step gables and the small Dutch bricks adorned with plaster mouldings, the azure-silver canals with the willows and alders and the black-and-white cattle—all such as Metzu, Van Ostade, and that supreme master, Vermeer, delighted to reduce to their exquisite canvases. Many of the interior scenes, even to the customs, could be reconstructed even now a few miles from the derricks and electric standards, the huge liners and sumptuous hotels.

Many little homes yet contain all the objects to compose the beautiful picture by Nicholas Maes, *Het Gebed Zonder Einde* ("Endless Prayer"). This masterpiece, so homely, yet so delicate, so uncommon, yet composed from material that must have been close to the artist's hand, is like an epitome of Dutch home life among the people—decent, cleanly, gracious, full of quiet gratitude for the peace and comfort which, when Maes painted this picture, had not long been purchased with much suffering and after a long and severe contest. This painting is a type of many in which the Netherlander, with simplicity and piety, seems to thank his God for the liberty he had almost incredibly wrested from his enemies.

It is very notable that with all the zest of the great prosperity of the Golden Age of the Netherlands, when material things were so sought after and prized, there was not much vulgarity in the Dutch; even the boors and peasants, soldiers and shop people, we see living with such

gusto in the pictures of the Seventeenth Century are not vulgar in the worst sense of the word; they are as natural as children or animals, as jolly, as kind, as rude and coarse, too, but not vulgar.

The absence of this vulgarity is very obvious to-day; there is no pretence, no sham, no posing, no cheap gaudiness or tawdry display. The foundations of the national life of the Dutch appear to be as beautifully laid as the little narrow bricks of their houses, and the luxuries of their homes to be as discreetly chosen as the elegant festoons of fruit that in delicate relief adorn the fronts of them. The stranger notes the absence of any pose of boredom or world weariness; there is no feverish search for distraction or diversion, no furious iconoclastic energy. An intelligent, well-educated people, not ashamed of either intelligence or education, the Dutch are by no means as heavy and stolid as legend declares. As anyone who has visited their towns on a day of national rejoicing will have noticed, a certain outward dullness overlays a considerable capacity for excitement. Nor are these "first free people in Europe" altogether democratic; you will see an autocratic air in the castles, in the town houses of the nobility, in the towns themselves, in the country seats. It is all small, quiet, even plain, but there is the sense of distinction, of exclusiveness, of a dignified tradition preserved inviolate. There are the same notes of choiceness, of rich colour, of rarity, in the pictures by Huysum, by Hondecoeter, by Janssens, by Ruysdael, in the portraits of Mierevelt, Ravensteyn, and the Honthorsts. These were painted to embellish the noble rooms with walls panelled or coloured the characteristic pea-green, to hang close to cabinets, with

squat ball feet, containing engraved glass and coloured delft—all gently illuminated by the blond light that flows also through the beech trees on to the shaven lawns, the neat beds, the globe sundial, and the tortoise-shell cat asleep on the low, warm brick wall.

It is the rich touch of opulent Eastern luxury introduced into the austere ordered life of the North that is, by reason of sheer contrast and of vivid association, so intensely pictorial. All the fantastic shapes of Indian imaginings, all the exotic figures and fancies of the Oriental mind, all the colours of lacquer, bronze and ivory, alabaster and porcelain, have been, since the early days of the East India Company, incorporated in the sober, dignified daily life of the people; the alien shapes and tints show vividly in this clear light of the North, and the contrast is charmingly piquant, and hallowed by centuries. In 1672, when the Netherlands were undergoing one of the worst crises of their history, a certain doctor of Alkmaar, Cornelis Bontekoe, published at The Hague a treatise on *That Excellent Herb, Tea.* Tea making is still in the Netherlands the fine art it once was in England, and the fragrant China tea now served in the treasured eggshell handleless cups is hardly related to the crude Ceylon brew we content ourselves with; the Eastern aroma still lingers about the infusion, as about the delicious coffee, the rich cocoa and chocolates, the juicy preserves and dried fruits. All of these might have been unloaded yesterday from the barges on the Middelburg canals that paused before the storehouse of the East India Company while bales of richly perfumed merchandise were fixed to the handsome

hoists you may still see—though they now hang over a bricked-in road.

The link with the East is seen as strongly in the flowers. No indigenous blossom has ever been prized so highly as the Persian tulip or the Chinese dahlia. These gorgeous blooms, which have a certain lustre as of metal or satin, lacquer or velvet, and seem fitted to torrid skies and the lazy radiance of azure air, grow in ordered perfection in this chill light.

The flower shops are surely the most charming in the world. There are so many of them, they are so well arranged, and the blooms within are so uncommon and choice, that they carry, these shops, an air of extravagant and tasteful luxury into the most prim and quiet of streets. Indeed, in all the shops you may see the Dutchman's love of still life; here is no mechanical displaying of merchandise to the best advantage, but a loving adjustment of material objects with a view to pictorial effect, the big cosmopolitan *magasin,* filled with articles of international manufacture, is of course elbowing out these little shops, but you may still see them in plenty, models for Weenix or Heem, a racial characteristic surviving perhaps as a mere tradition, perhaps unconsciously.

Although farther north the Netherlands are less touched by encroaching changes, yet nearer to England one may find not only whole streets, but almost whole towns dating from the Golden Age of Frederick Henry and the comfortable years of the Seventeenth Century. Middelburg and Zierikzee are almost perfect, and Dordrecht has yet escaped the too blatant trams and motor buses, and much change beyond the universal filling in of canals.

LEYDEN: THE CORN EXCHANGE

GOUDA: TOWN HALL AND WEIGH-HOUSE

This island town is strangely attractive, very typical to a foreigner of the whole country, in history, association, and present appearance, save that the Stadhuis is ugly, of the wrong period, and out of time with the town. The old church here, rising, as it seems, from the very midst of the water and the shipping, with its clock perched on the extreme top of the steeple (as if St. Ursula had put on a Calvinist hat), the Grootshoofds-Poort, the ancient, bombastic-looking gate opening on the placid reaches of the Merwede and the Maas, along which white and brown sails still dip and swell—these are some of the pleasant things of Holland.

Europe and modern civilization owe a great debt to this vigorous, industrious, and intelligent people for their inventions and discoveries and their example. The first free state in modern history (save Switzerland, too isolated then to count in European affairs), the Netherlands received an ill reward for their fortitude and constancy. They make ugly reading, the successive attacks of England and France on the land that had so hardly won freedom, and asked only leave to live in peace; but there is fine reading in the story of how there was no lack of heroes to preserve the liberties dead heroes had won. You may see them yet, scattered up and down the land—the brothers Evertsen in Middelburg, lying serenely between the marble ships that forever float on a windless sea, both slain the same year, the *annus mirabilis* of Dryden, in the most miserable war ever waged by England; De Ruyter in Amsterdam, with his flowing flags and conch-blowing nymphs and massive quarterings, all doing honour to his stalwart figure where he lies, resolute, contained, typical of the genius of

his race—*immensi tremor Oceani;* Van Gent at Utrecht, the gracious cavalier, lying prone on his draperies, the dead face looking startlingly lifelike. Van Gent fell in 1672 (that same year of the little treatise on tea), at the second battle of Solebay, near the romantic, now dead town of Dunwich, where, long after, the Dutch cannon balls were picked up in the crumbling ground the sea was claiming. The great sea fight is associated with the dark, limpid, lovely pictures of the Van der Veldes, who knew how to turn the horrors of carnage into things of beauty.

Here the two combatant countries seem much the same; Dunwich, the twelve-hundred-year-old town, one of the most important towns in England, backed against the green meadows and flats of Suffolk, with the red cottages, windmills and watermills, and the ancient churches, must have looked like the coasts of Zeeland or Holland to the sailors on board the beautiful *Eendracht,* Obdam's flagship, blown to bits off these flats. Had the Suffolk people built dikes, they would have preserved their old town, but now the sea has taken it, churches and all, and nothing remains save that memory of the cannon balls afterward turned up, the vision of the Dutch fleet in Solebay on those two occasions, and the grandiose tombs in Middelburg and Utrecht, with the Van der Veldes' pictures.

Fine, jolly sea fights there were, no doubt, and splendid essays of arms behind the two leading maritime nations of the world. Another giant of the long struggle lies in Delft Oude Kerk—Maarten Tromp—and near him that champion of Romance, Piet Hein, who captured the treasure fleet. In this selfsame church the name of Leeuwenhoek reminds us of what science owes this people. From Delft,

where the first William of Orange lies slain, it is but a short distance to Leyden, where stands the university he granted as a reward for the incredible loyalty and courage of the inhabitants through the great siege. There, under the thick, pleasant trees, passing the arched bridges over the shadowed canals, you may find the place hallowed indeed by the memory of great men—Scaliger, Grotius and Boerhaave, Arminius and Gomarus, are among them. Here in earlier days were born some of the painters who help to make the glory of the Netherlands—Lucas van Leyden, Jan Steen, Gerard Dow, Gabriel Metzu, Van Goyen, and he who is among the greatest in the world, Rembrandt.

And how many exiles have wandered here, in gown or with ruffles and sword, pricing a book in a shop on the Rapenburg, wandering out through the Morsch Gate, dreaming of home, yet safe and contented in this generous asylum!

There are, indeed, some of the finest, noblest associations of the English with the Netherlands. Not only in Leyden, but in The Hague and Amsterdam are the haunts where our exiles found peace and protection—in the only country in the world in which it was then to be found. Here were Stewart and Cromwellian alike unmolested; here came men like Locke, Stair, Burnet, and the founder of the Brownists; Carstairs and Argyll found a resting place here; in Amsterdam poor hounded, maligned Shaftesbury died, in peace at last. There is hardly a spot in North and South Holland where some English exile has not lived at some time or other while escaping the persecutions of his native land. Many of them were or have since become

famous; thousands of them lived and died unknown; but the memory of them remains green, to the honour of their Mightinesses the States-General, who shared with them their own birthright of inviolate liberty.

The freedom of the Press was of course another great attraction of this country to these exiles, and has made the Netherlands, through Descartes and Spinoza, the foremost seat of intellect in the world. Locke wrote with passionate love of Holland, and even when he was free to return home regretted leaving his kind, true friends there. How many must have shared his sentiments, and how closely knit in much the two nations were even while the rapacious dictates of commerce caused them to battle together on the North Sea!

Probably Locke found his friends the Dutch in agreement with his medical views, then so advanced from England, and it is certain that they influenced him in his famous *Letter on Toleration*—a virtue practically unknown among the English, for even the exiles themselves had much to learn in that direction.

Long before Locke sheltered here a Dutchman had laughed away the autocratic pretension of the monks. Erasmus loved England as Locke loved Holland; the genial, charming reformer, though commemorated in Rotterdam, comes more humanly to mind in Gouda, his parents' town.

Even before the time of Erasmus English exiles of no mean repute had fled to the Low Countries. After the battle of Wakefield the Duchess of York sent two of her young sons to Utrecht. Later one of these two, Richard,

with his brother Edward, fled from Lynn, in Norfolk, to Alkmaar, and thence to the princely Hague. From Veere in 1471 they sailed with the little fleet equipped for them by their brother-in-law, Charles the Bold—Edward IV, the handsome, gallant King, and Gloucester, afterward the bitterly maligned Richard III.

Dutch farming was in early days a hundred years ahead of that of the English, who learned most of their science from the Netherlands. Even nowadays the Dutch farms all seem to an English eye what we call "model." These farms, all much the same, and not picturesque or romantic looking, in the usual sense of the words, have a peculiar and indefinable charm; the neat buildings, rising from the lush flats, with the screen of trees either trained espalier-wise or rising in tall, graceful groups above the roof line, have a most pleasing effect of premeditated design, like an exact, accomplished drawing—such as, indeed, you may see in faded puces and blues on old tiles.

The evenues of these same thin, spare trees, which seem truly to be endless, have also this effect of deliberate grace. The cause, of course, is that nothing is natural in the country; this artificial training of nature makes the land extraordinarily characteristic of the people, for in all other countries the face of nature has subordinated the tastes, types, and even the character of the inhabitants; here human beings have taken a marsh, reclaimed it, and fashioned it after their own pattern, with beauty unique and pleasing.

The immense horizon, the long distance, the vast sky space, the changing cloud and mist effects, invest with a

strangely remote and peaceful air the modern evidences of a great commercial nation. The great derricks, cranes, and bridges, the huge docks, wharves, and warehouses, the lively waterways, rivers, canals, and seas, are all transmuted to a wide dignity, a graceful if sombre composition of bulk and line that has none of the depression or ugliness usually associated with the busy traffic of modern enterprise.

The water, especially in the evening and at night, with the natural lights, makes the utilitarian city of Rotterdam majestically beautiful. Here the hum and throb of human activity are so set in the air, light, and water that these elements soften and subdue all that is harsh, crude, or ugly.

The whole country lingers in the memory with an effect of muted colours, touched here and there with brightness, and hazed by this copious light flowing from the high heavens. This light, pure gold shows here and there in the hair and complexions of the Dutch women. This is the type that Mierevelt painted, which so well suited the rich satins and laces, and whose lovely throats and hands were so well set off by the thick strings of pearls.

As for the peasant women, they have certainly not changed since the foundation of the Dutch Republic, and remain the type and the ideal of the "domestic woman"—now rather out of fashion in other countries. And in the old houses and the primitive farms of the eleven provinces the toil of the women goes on now as then—polishing, scrubbing, baking, preserving, sewing, cooking, with no thought of amusement beyond the great diversion of the market day.

The walls of the large rooms are either lined with tiles

—white, blue and white, or puce colour and white—or else covered with a fine quality of paint, in clear shades of rose, azure, pea-green, and lemon, that gleams like lacquer and is a great help to cleanliness. The peasants delight in these strong primary colours, and market carts, wagons, barns, and shutters—in fact, all woodwork—are kept coated with this practical, washable paint.

The housewife keeps her entire stores—dry foods, glass, china, linen, clothes, the menfolk's papers, etc.—in deep wall cupboards concealed behind sliding panels. The beds are also in the walls, and in the same manner hidden by day. This system is a great help toward spaciousness and tidiness. The back rooms of the one-storied houses are reached by three or four steps on a wooden flap that, being raised, admits to the light and roomy basement or cellar, where milk, beer, perishable food, etc., are kept; in most houses this is all there is in the way of stairs—also a great labour-saving device. Washable linoleum is used for floor and table covering. The means of heating is, of course, the stove; the main cooking and the weekly baking are done in an outside bakehouse with a huge brick oven, but in the house water is kept continually on the boil, either on peat or charcoal in a brass-lined pail or, more modernly, on a spirit lamp or Primus, or even above a night light in a stand.

A service of cups and boxes of sweets and biscuits is always kept ready on the centre table, covered by a muslin cloth, so that hospitality can be dispensed literally at a moment's notice; this charming custom is universal in the whole country, among high and low alike. The tea services in the great houses are of extreme value, and are still

washed by the mistress herself. Even the farmers' wives possess eggshell china of considerable beauty, often hoarded from the days when the East India Company brought these foreign luxuries to every port in the Netherlands. The Dutch are also extremely good cooks, particularly in the preparation of vegetables, which grow here in abundance and great variety, and in all kinds of sweets and cakes.

The wooden shoes are discarded indoors, and the woman does her housework in thick, hand-knitted woollen stockings. It is the apotheosis of domesticity, the life such as was probably led by our own great-grandmothers—restricted, monotonous, laborious, yet full of enjoyment for mind and fingers, sheltered, secure, and eminently comfortable; an existence without change or amusement, but also without restlessness or nerves. So, at least, it would appear to the observer, though there are evidences that already the changes of modernity have penetrated even into the lives of the Dutch farm or peasant women.

We are familiar with the reputation of the Dutch as colonists, and know how long they have been settled in various parts of England, and how much they have taught us. They have in the same manner made a peaceful penetration into every country in Europe. In France these laborious, thrifty people were encouraged from the days of Henri IV. They drained marshes, founded sugar and paper factories, and at Nantes and Bordeaux the wine trade was almost entirely in their hands. Cardinal Richelieu employed Dutch seamen, then the best in the world, and Colbert induced Dutch manufacturers, savants, and engineers to settle in France, while there was not an art or craft, a science or a trade, that required ingenuity,

patience, and skill at which the Dutch were not supreme. Now that Europe has absorbed all the knowledge that this little nation was the first to acquire so diligently, it is pleasant to remember, when visiting their country, how much we all owe these sturdy pioneers of modern civilization.

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Vlieland
Texel
Uithuizen
Dokkum
St Anna Parochie
Kollum
Stedum
Delfzyl
Groningen
Leeuwarden
Veenwouden
Harlingen
Leek
Paterswold
Winschoten
Heiligerlee
FRIESLAND
Mantgum
Bolsward
Sneek
Workum
Hindeloopen
Stavoren
Heerenveen
Assen
Sloten
GAASTERLAND
Jeminer
DRENTHE
Giethoorn
Meppel
Hoogeveen
Marsdiep
Helden
Wieringen
Medemblik
Enkhuizen
Urk
Hoorn
Bergen
Broek
Alkmaar
Heiloo
Egmond aan Zee
Egmond Binnen
Edam
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Marken
Monnikendam
Zaandam
Broek
Bloemendaal
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Haarlem
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Hasselt
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Kechteren
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Alinclo
Diepenveen
Deventer
Holten
Noordwyk-aan-Zee
Rynsburg
Leyden
Old Rhine
Naarden
Hilversum
Spakenburg
Bunschoten
Nykerk
Apeldoorn
Voorst
Zutphen
Warnsveldt
Amersfoort
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Scheveningen
The Hague
Bodegraven
Boskoop
Woerden
Utrecht
Montfoort
Ryswyk
Delft
Gouda
Ysselstein
Vreeswyk
Vianen
Wyk
Amerongen
Doorn
Dieren
Velp
Arnhem
Hook of Holland
Delfshaven
Rotterdam
Schoonhoven
Culemborg
Nieuwpoort
Kesteren
Hemmen
Elten
Tiel
Old Maas
Zwyndrecht
Gorkum
Nymegen
Cleves
Dordrecht
Zalt Bommel
Grave
Mook
Schouwen
Overflakkee
Zierikzee
Hollandschdiep
Moerdyk
Hertogenbosch
Geertruidenberg
Heerwyk
Xanten
East Scheldt
Duiveland
N. Beveland
Tholen
Breda
Tilburg
Domburg
Veere
Walcheren
Goes
Wouw
Bergen-op-Zoom
Yerseke
Gravenpolder
Flushing
S. Beveland
Borselen
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Breskens
Kadzand
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ZEELAND FLANDERS
ANTWERP
EAST FLANDERS
WEST FLANDERS
BELGIUM